

THE *Laidney*

WORKS

OF

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT,

Dean of ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

VOLUME VIII.

EDINBURGH:

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Shops in London and Edinburgh.

MDCCLXVI.

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LETTERS to and from Dr SWIFT.

A CRITICISM on these LETTERS.

THis volume contains Swift's epistolary correspondence. It is an acknowledged observation, that no part of an author's writings gives a greater insight into his natural disposition than his letters, especially when written with freedom and sincerity. Swift's epistles, and the answers of his friends, afford materials to form conjectures upon the different characters, not only of the Dean, but of his correspondents. The reader is probably become acquainted with Dr Swift, from the account of his life in the first volume; but the manners and opinions of those persons with whom he corresponded, are in every respect so blended with his own, as not to be easily separated; and in such a kind of united view, they will mutually reflect light upon each other.

To a young gentleman just entering into the world, the subject may prove of particular importance; as it may guide him, not only in the choice of his correspondents, but in his manner of writing to them.

The freedom of the press is to be watched and defended with the most jealous eye. It is one of the chief articles of that great charter of liberty to which the people of England are intitled. But as no human institution can be perfect, even this branch of liberty has its exerefcencies that might be pruned. I mean, particularly, that licence which of late has too much prevailed, of publishing epistolary correspondences. Such a fashion, for I know not what else to call it, is extremely pernicious. At present, it satisfies the curiosity of the public; but for the future, it will tend to restrain that unsuspicious openness, which is the principal delight of writing to our friends. I am sorry to say by experience, that the letters which contain the most sincere, and perhaps hasty observations, upon persons, times, and circumstances, are often reserved as treasures, and hoarded up as misers hoard gold; like which, they lie concealed in cabinets and strong boxes for some time, till chancing to fall into the hands of an extravagant heir, or an injudicious executor, they are not only brought into light, but dispersed and exposed, so as to become the property of the whole world. A young man therefore, when he gives his opinion upon any important subject, should consider it well, before he commit his thoughts to paper. He should express himself with diffidence, preserve a prudent restraint over the sallies of wit and humour, and be cautious in all declarations of friendship; as the very common offers of civility are too often explained into undesigned engagements.

I own I find myself under no small difficulty in discussing Swift's letters. General criticisms will be attended with obscurity; and it would be tedious to consider them in their exact order. I shall endeavour therefore to take a review only of what seems to deserve the reader's attention. The correspondence between Dr Swift and Mr

Pope had commenced in a very early part of Mr Pope's life, and was carried on, with scarce any interruption, from the death of Q. Anne. If we may judge of Mr Pope from his works, his chief aim was to be esteemed a man of virtue. His letters are written in that style. His last volumes are all of the moral kind. He has avoided trifles, and consequently has escaped a rock which has proved very-injurious to Swift's reputation. He had given his imagination full scope, and yet has preserved a perpetual guard upon his conduct. The constitution of his body and mind might early incline him to habits of caution and reserve. The treatment which he met afterwards from an innumerable tribe of adversaries, confirmed those habits, and made him slower than the Dean in pronouncing his judgment upon persons and things. His prose writings are little less harmonious than his verse: and his voice in common conversation was so naturally musical, that I remember honest Tom Southern used always to call him *the little nightingale*. His manners were delicate, easy, and engaging, and he treated his friends with a politeness that charmed, and a generosity that was much to his honour. Every guest was made happy within his doors. Pleasure dwelt under his roof, and elegance presided at his table. Dr Swift was of a different disposition. To his domestics he was passionate and churlish; to his equals and superiors rather an entertaining than a desirable companion. He told a story in an admirable manner: his sentences were short and perspicuous, his observations were piercing. He had seen the great world, and had profited much by his experience. He had not the least tincture of vanity in his conversation. He was perhaps, as he said himself, too proud to be vain. When he was polite, it was in a manner entirely his own. In his friendships he was constant and undisguised. He was the same in his enmities. He generally spoke as he thought in all companies, and at all times. I remember to have heard, that he dined once at a Lord Mayor's feast in Dublin, and was attacked and teased by an opulent, boisterous, half-intoxicated Squire, who happened to sit next him: he bore the awkward raillery for some time, and then on a sudden called out in a loud voice to the Mayor, "My Lord, here is one of your bears at my shoulder; he has been worrying me this half hour; I desire you will order him to be taken off." In these last particulars he differed widely from his friend Pope, who could stifle resentment, and wait with patience till a more distant, and perhaps a more seasonable hour of revenge. But notwithstanding the dissimilitude of mind and manners, which was apparent between these two great men, yet the same sort of friendship seems to have subsisted between them as between Virgil and Horace. The mutual affection of the two English poets appears throughout their works. And therefore in this place I cannot avoid taking notice of a report very industriously spread, and not without some degree of success, "That the friendship between Pope and Swift was not so firm and perfect as at the latter end, as at the beginning of their lives." On Dr Swift's side, I am certain it ever remained unalterable: nor did it appear less fervent on the side of Mr Pope. Their letters are the best evidence to determine the doubt. In one of Swift's latest letters to me, not long before he was lost to all human comforts, he says, "When

"When you see my dear friend Pope, tell him, I will answer his letter soon; I love him above all the rest of mankind." In my long correspondence with Mr Pope, I scarce received the least billet from him, without the kindest mention of Dr Swift, and the tenderest anxiety for his state of health. Judge by the following paragraphs.—
 July 12. 1737. "My Lord, The pleasure you gave me in acquainting me of the Dean's better health, is one so truly great, as might content even your own humanity: and whatever my sincere opinion and respect of your Lordship prompts me to wish from your hands for myself, your love for him makes me as happy. Would to God my weight added to yours, could turn his inclinations to this side, that I might live to enjoy him here through your means, and flatter myself it was partly through my own! But this, I fear, will never be the case; and I think it more probable, his attraction will draw me on the other side, which, I protest, nothing less than a probability of dying at sea, considering the weak frame of my breast, would have hindered me from, two years past. In short, whenever I think of him, it is with the vexation of all impotent passions, that carry us out of ourselves, only to spoil our quiet, and make us return to a resignation, which is the most melancholy of all virtues."——April 2. 1738. "I write by the same post that I received your very obliging and humane letter. The consideration you shew towards me, in this just apprehension that any news of the Dean's condition might alarm me, is most kind and generous. The very last post I write to him a long letter, little suspecting him in that dangerous circumstance. I was so far from fearing his health, that I was proposing schemes, and hoping possibilities for our meeting once more in this world. I am weary of it; and shall have one reason more, and one of the strongest that nature can give me, (even when she is shaking my weak frame to pieces), to be willing to leave this world, when our dear friend is on the edge of the other. Yet I hope, I would fain hope, he may yet hover a while on the brink of it, to preserve to this wretched age a relic and example of the last."——*Twitnam, Nov. 7.* "When you get to Dublin, (whether I direct this, supposing you will see our dear friend as soon as possible), pray put the Dean in mind of me, and tell him I hope he received my last. Tell him how dearly I love, and how greatly I honour him; how greatly I reflect on every testimony of his friendship; how much I resolve to give the best I can of my esteem for him to posterity; and assure him, the world has nothing in it I admire so much, nothing the loss of which I should regret so much, as his genius and his virtues."

My excuse, for I stand in need of none, by having inserted those scraps of letters, is my real desire of convincing the reader, that the affection of Swift and Pope subsisted as entire and uninterrupted as their friends could wish, or their enemies regret. It must be owned, that we as seldom see a mutual attachment between poets, as between statesmen. "True friendship," as Tully observes, "proceeds from a reciprocal esteem, and a virtuous resemblance of manners." When such is the basis, the variety in certain tenets and opinions is

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of no ill consequence to the union; and will scarce ever unloose the social ties of love, veneration, and esteem. Thus the friendship between Atticus and Hortensius, although they were of different sects, one a Stoic, and the other an Epicurean, subsisted, like Mr Pope's and Dr Swift's, firm and constant to the last; when that of Anthony, Lepidus, and Augustus, continued no longer than while it was subservient to their views of interest. Catiline says, *Idem velle, ac idem nolle, ea demum amicitia est*. This often attends a vitious conspiracy; and perhaps an agreement so perfectly mutual, is scarce to be met with in any other instance. Emulation generally breaks the chain of friendship between poets. They are running with the utmost eagerness to the same goal: no wonder, if, in the race, they endeavour to trip up each other's heels.

As I have often reverted in my mind certain particulars relating to my two poetical friends, I have always thought, that the circumstance of their pursuing different roads in poetry, and living in different kingdoms, was probably one of the happiest incidents in their lives. Such a separation prevented all personal dissensions, and fixed them in a correspondence, that constantly tended to establish their endearments; when, perhaps, a residence near each other might have had a very contrary effect. It is much easier to rectify any mistake, or to cool any animosity that may have arisen, in a letter, than to recal a passionate verbal answer, especially if uttered with all the actions and vehemence of anger. The impression of such a scene remains long upon the mind of the person offended, and the old adage is transposed, *Vox audita manet, litera scripta perit*. Few men can submit to contradiction. Swift was certainly not of the number; and therefore I am persuaded, that his distance from his English friends proved a strong incitement to their mutual affection. But I must again repeat, that, throughout the long series of letters which have been published, not the least altercations appear to have happened between Swift and Pope.

In all Swift's writings, you will find his own peculiar vein of humour. The same liberty of expression would have been improper and absurd in any other writer; but it produced the consequences which he desired. His seeming arrogance gained him more favour, than the humility and affected benevolence of others. His raillery and freedom of censure, are conveyed in a manner more prevalent; and perhaps often more agreeable, than flattery. He seldom praised, but where merit was conspicuous. A single stroke of his pen pleased more, and gave more honour, than a long flattering dedication from any other author. His style was masterly, correct, and strong; never diffusive, yet always clear; and if we consider it in comparison with his predecessors, he has outdone them all, and is one, perhaps the chief, of those few select English writers, who have excelled in elegance and propriety of language.

Lord Bacon is the first author who has attempted any style that can be relishable to the present age; for I must own, that I think Swift, and his contemporaries, have brought our language to the utmost degree of perfection, without the help of a Longinus, a Quintilian, or even of a dictionary, or a grammar. Lord Bacon has writ-

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ten with an infinite fund of knowledge: every science that he treat^s upon, is discussed by him with the greatest learning and dignity; and he shews himself at once a philosopher, an historian, a politician, and a divine: but his dialect (for that demands our present attention) is quibbling and pedantic; and never more so than when he condescends to flatter his royal master, and the minions of that court.

Consider the prosaical works of *Milton*, you will find them more nervous than elegant; more distinguished by the strength of reason, than by the rules of rhetoric; his diction is harsh, his periods tedious; and when he becomes a prose writer, the majesty that attends his poetry, vanishes, and is entirely lost. Yet, with all his faults, and exclusive of his character as a poet, he must ever remain the only learned author of that tasteless age in which he flourished: and it is probable, that his great attention to the Latin language might have rendered him less correct, than he otherwise would have been, in his native tongue.

Harrington has his admirers; he may possibly have his merits, but they flow not in his style. A later writer, of the same republican principles, has far excelled him; I mean *Algernon Sydney*, whose discourses concerning government are admirably written, and contain great historical knowledge, and a remarkable propriety of diction; so that his name, in my opinion, ought to be much higher established in the temple of literature, than I have hitherto found it placed.

Lord Clarendon is an historian whose dignity of expression has justly given him the preference to any of our biographical authors. But his periods are the periods of a mile. His parentheses imbarass the sense of his narration, and certain inaccuracies appearing throughout his works, are delivered with a formality that renders them still more conspicuous.

Among our English writers, few men have gained a greater character for elegance and correctness, than *Sprat* Bishop of Rochester, and few men have deserved it less. When I have read his works, I have always wondered from whence such a piece of good fortune might have arisen; and could only attribute it to Mr Cowley, who, in a very delicate copy of verses, has celebrated his friend Dr *Sprat* for eloquence, wit, and a certain candid style, which the poet compares to the river Thames gliding with an even current, and displaying the most beautiful appearances of nature. Poets and painters have their favourites, whom they transmit to posterity in what colours and attitudes they please. But I am mistaken, if, upon a review of *Sprat's* works, his language will not sooner give an idea of one of the insignificant tottering boats upon the Thames, than of the smooth noble current of the river itself.

Sir William Temple is an easy, careless, incorrect writer, elegantly negligent, politely learned, and engagingly familiar.

Thus I have cursorily mentioned some of the brightest sons of Fame among our English authors, only to point out the preference due to Dr *Swift*. But he is not intitled alone to the olive garland: he has had his coadjutors in the victory. The triumvirate, to whom we owe an elegance and propriety unknown to our forefathers, are SWIFT, ADDISON, and BOLINGBROKE. At the sight of such

6 A CRITICISM ON THE LETTERS

names, no dispute can arise in preferring the English moderns to the English ancients. The present century, and indeed all future generations, may be congratulated upon the acquisition of three such men.

But to return more closely to Swift: He has perfectly studied the drama of human life, and particularly the tendency and irregularities of its different characters. He has chosen to recommend virtue, by representing vice in a disagreeable and ridiculous light. As his temper was naturally full of acrimony, a certain innate severity runs throughout all his letters. In the advice which he offers to his friends, and in the general account which he gives of his own conduct, he is too close an economist. This parsimony proceeded from a desire of being independent; and since that was the cause, he will be forgiven, or at least excused by all honest men.

Mr Pope had different talents from his friend Swift. His imagination was fine and delicate; his fancy was ever on the wing. In his earlier time of life, his way of thinking was diffusive, and consequently his judgment was unconfined. As that judgment ripened with years, he shewed the full strength of it in his *Ethic epistles*, and his *Essay on man*. There the poet has almost yielded to the philosopher; and his moral system has charmed more by the force of truth and reason, than even by the numbers with which he adorned it.

I cannot avoid thinking, that, in this particular branch of learning, Mr Pope owed the exertion of his talents to Lord Bolingbroke, who had studied the procedure and limits of the human understanding, as exactly as Swift had considered the irregularities of the passions in different characters of the human species. Lord Bolingbroke had early made himself master of books and men: but, in his first career of life, being immersed at once in business and pleasure, he ran through a variety of scenes in a surprising and eccentric manner. When his passions subsided by years and disappointments, and when he improved his rational faculties by more grave studies and reflection, he shone out in his retirement with a lustre peculiar to himself; though not seen by vulgar eyes. The gay statesman was changed into a philosopher equal to any of the sages of antiquity. The wisdom of Socrates, the dignity and ease of Pliny, and the wit of Horace, appeared in all his writings and conversation.

To declare my opinion of the whole collection of letters in this volume, I own it has not answered my expectation. The index at the beginning will make one hope for great treasures, from the illustrious names that are there inserted: but he will scarce find any remarkable instructions of morality, or even the common reasonings and refinements that might naturally arise from so high a class of men, in the ordinary current of their thoughts. What is more surprising, he will seldom discover any keen strokes of satire, or any instantaneous sallies of vivacity. I have often heard Swift say, "When I sit down to write a letter, I never lean upon my elbow, till I have finished it." By which expression he meant, that he never studied for particular phrases, or polished paragraphs. His letters therefore are the truer representations of his mind. They are written in the warmth of his affections; and when they are considered in the light of kindness and sincerity, they illustrate his character to a very

very high degree. Throughout his various correspondence you will discover very strong marks of an anxious, benevolent friend: and, to my great pleasure, I find the misanthrope often lost in the good-natured man. Read his letters to Mr Gay, and you will be of my sentiment; read also those to Dr Sheridan, and you will be farther confirmed in that opinion. We may compound therefore to lose satire and raillery, when we gain humanity and tenderness in their stead. Yet, even in some of his highest scenes of benevolence, his expressions are delivered in such a manner, as to seem rather the effects of haughtiness than of good-nature. But you must never look upon him as a traveller in the common road. He must be viewed through a *camera obscura*, that turns all objects the contrary way. When he appears most angry, he is most pleased; when most humble, he is most assuming. Such was the man, and in such variegated colours must he be painted.

The letters from Lord Bolingbroke are written with an elegance and politeness that distinguish them from all the rest. We see they were not intended for the press; but how valuable are the most careless strokes of such a pen?

Gay's letters have nothing in them striking or commendatory. His sentiments are those of an honest, indolent, good-natured man. He loved Swift to a degree of veneration: and the friendship was returned with great sincerity. Swift writes to him in the same strain as he would have written to a son; and seems to distinguish him as the correspondent to whom he has not the least grain of reserve. In the several accounts which he gives of his situation at Dublin, and the idle manner of his passing his time there, he writes sometimes in an ironical, and sometimes in a contrary style.

I should have been much pleased, in finding some of Dr Arbuthnot's letters among this collection. Although he was justly celebrated for wit and learning, there was an excellence in his character more amiable than all his other qualifications: I mean the excellence of his heart. He has shewed himself equal to any of his contemporaries in humour and vivacity; and he was superior to most men in acts of humanity and benevolence: his very sarcasms are the satirical strokes of good-nature; they are like slaps of the face given in jest, the effects of which may raise blushes, but no blackness will appear after the blows. He laughs as jovially as an attendant upon Bacchus, but continues as sober and considerate as a disciple of Socrates. He is seldom serious, except in his attacks upon vice; and then his spirit rises with a manly strength, and a noble indignation. His epitaph upon Charters (allowing one small alteration, the word *permitted* instead of *connived at*) is a complete and masterly composition in its kind*. No man exceeded him in the moral duties of life: a merit still more to his honour, as the ambitious powers of wit and genius are seldom submissive enough to confine themselves within the limitations of morality. In his letter to Mr Pope†, written as it were upon his deathbed, he discovers such a noble fortitude of mind at the approach of his dissolution, as could only be inspired by a clear con-

* See this epitaph in vol. 6. p. 202.

† See Pope's works, vol. 8. let. 47.

science, and the calm retrospect of an uninterrupted series of virtue. The Dean laments the loss of him with a pathetic sincerity. "The death of Mr Gay and the Doctor [Arbuthnot] hath been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from Lord Bolingbroke." I have chosen this last quotation, not more in honour of Swift's tenderness and affection to those whom he esteemed, than with a design of specifying to you as fine a groupe of friends, [Bolingbroke, Swift, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay], as have appeared since the Augustan age. As their letters were not intended for the public, perhaps I was unreasonable in looking for medals, and not being contented with the common current species. In our prejudices of favour or aversion we are apt to be deceived by names: nor can it be doubted, that such writers might have furnished us with familiar letters, very different from those which have been collected in this volume. They are filled indeed (especially in the correspondence between Swift and Pope) with the strongest expressions of mutual esteem; but those expressions are repeated too often. When friendship has subsisted so long, that time cannot increase, nor words improve it, the commerce of affection between friends ought to be carried on in a style that neither sinks below politeness, nor rises into forced compliments. I cannot avoid observing the epistolary conciseness that was in fashion among the ancients, especially their conclusive sentences, *Vale*; or again, *Si valeas, bene est*; *valeo*; which I own seems preferable to our method of loading every letter with compliments, not only to wives and children, but to uncles, aunts, and cousins: and, of consequence, every relation that is not particularly named, is particularly affronted. It will appear too minute a criticism to affirm, that the English language is not well adapted for epistolary writings. Be that as it may, it is certainly inferior to the French; which engages, and perhaps improves us by a successive flow of phrases that are peculiar to that nation. Madame de Sevigne has filled four volumes of letters, all addressed to her daughter: they contain nothing, except different scenes of maternal fondness; yet, like a classic, the oftener they are read, the more they are relished. Monsieur de Pelisson has published three volumes of letters, which he calls *Lettres historiques*, and which are little else than materials for a gazette. They inform us at what time the *Grand Monarque* arose, when he went to bed, at what hour he dined, and what he said while he was at supper: yet all these trifles are told in so agreeable a manner, and appear so natural and easy, that I can scarce think the skill of Ovid greater, who, in his *Fasts*, has turned the Roman calendar into elegant poetry, and has versified a set of old almanacks. I need not mention Voiture, or Balzac; and perhaps it was wrong to turn aside into the Roman and the French territories, when I ought to have confined myself to the British islands. But I love to wander about with you, and, in writing as in walking, to peep into every corner that may afford us entertainment. *Orrery.*

* See Swift's letter to Pope, May 12. 1735. p. 171.

LETTERS

LETTERS to and from Dr SWIFT.

From the year 1713 to 1737.

L E T T E R I.

Mr POPE to Dr SWIFT *.

S I R,

Binfield, Dec. 8. 1713.

NOT to trouble you at present with a recital of all my obligations to you, I shall only mention two things, which I take particularly kind of you: your desire that I should write to you; and your proposal of giving me twenty guineas to change my religion; which last you must give me leave to make the subject of this letter.

Sure, no clergyman ever offered so much out of his own purse for the sake of any religion. 'Tis almost as many pieces of gold, as an apostle could get of silver from the priests of old, on a much more valuable consideration. I believe it will be better worth my while to propose a change of my faith by subscription, than a translation of Homer. And to convince you how well disposed I am to the reformation, I shall be content, if you can prevail with my Lord Treasurer and the ministry to rise to the same sum, each of them, on this pious account, as my Lord Halifax has done on the profane one. I am afraid there's no being at once a poet and a good Christian; and I am very much straitened between two, while the Whigs seem willing to contribute as much, to continue me the one, as you would,

* This letter was wrote by Mr Pope in answer to one from Dr Swift, wherein he had jocosely made an offer to his friend of a sum of money, *ex causa religionis*, or, in plain English, to induce Mr Pope to change his religion. *Orrery*.—It was never inserted in any former edition of Swift's works.

to make me the other. But if you can move every man in the government, who has above ten thousand pounds a-year, to subscribe as much as yourself, I shall become a convert, as most men do, when the Lord turns it to my interest. I know they have the truth of religion so much at heart, that they'd certainly give more to have one good subject translated from Popery to the church of England, than twenty Heathenish authors out of any unknown tongue into ours. I therefore commission you, Mr DEAN, with full authority, to transact this affair in my name, and to propose as follows. First, That as to the head of our church, the Pope, I may engage to renounce his power, whensoever I shall receive any particular indulgences from the head of your church, the Queen.

As to communion in one kind, I shall also promise to change it for communion in both, as soon as the ministry will allow me.

For invocations to saints, mine shall be turned to dedications to sinners, when I shall find the great ones of this world as willing to do me any good, as I believe those of the other are.

You see I shall not be obstinate in the main points. But there is one article I must reserve, and which you seemed not unwilling to allow me, prayer for the dead. There are people to whose souls I wish as well as to my own; and I must crave leave humbly to lay before them, that though the subscriptions above mentioned will suffice for myself, there are necessary perquisites and additions, which I must demand on the score of this charitable article. It is also to be considered, that the greater part of those whose souls I am most concerned for, were unfortunately heretics, schismatics, poets, painters, or persons of such lives and manners, as few or no churches are willing to save. The expence will therefore be the greater to make an effectual provision for the said souls.

Old Dryden, though a Roman Catholic, was a poet; and it is revealed in the visions of some ancient saints, that no poet was ever saved under some hundred of masses. I cannot set his delivery from purgatory at less than fifty pounds Sterling.

Walsh

Walth was not only a Socinian, but (what you'll own is harder to be saved) a Whig. He cannot modestly be rated at less than an hundred.

L'Estrange being a Tory, we compute him but at twenty pounds; which I hope no friend of the party can deny to give, to keep him from damning in the next life, considering they never gave him sixpence to keep him from starving in this.

All this together amounts to one hundred and seventy pounds.

In the next place, I must desire you to represent, that there are several of my friends yet living, whom I design, God willing, to outlive, in consideration of legacies; out of which it is a doctrine in the reformed church, that not a farthing shall be allowed to save their souls who gave them.

There is one **** who will die within these few months, with ***** one Mr Jervas, who hath grievously offended in making the likeness of almost all things in heaven above and earth below; and one Mr Gay, an unhappy youth, who writes pastorals during the time of divine service; whose case is the more deplorable, as he hath miserably lavished away all that silver he should have reserved for his soul's health, in buttons and loops for his coat.

I cannot pretend to have these people honestly saved under some hundred pounds, whether you consider the difficulty of such a work, or the extreme love and tenderness I bear them, which will infallibly make me push this charity as far as I am able. There is but one more whose salvation I insist upon, and then I have done: but indeed it may prove of so much greater charge than all the rest, that I will only lay the case before you and the ministry, and leave to their prudence and generosity, what sum they shall think fit to bestow upon it.

The person I mean, is Dr Swift, a dignified clergyman, but one, who, by his own confession, has composed more libels than sermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent people, That too much wit is dangerous to salvation, this unfortunate gentleman must certainly be damned to all eternity. But I hope his long experience in the world, and frequent

quent conversation with great men, will cause him (as it has some others) to have less and less wit every day. Be it as it will, I should not think my own soul deserved to be saved, if I did not endeavour to save his; for I have all the obligations in nature to him. He has brought me into better company than I cared for, made me merrier when I was sick than I had a mind to be, and put me upon making poems, on purpose that he might alter them, &c.

I once thought I could never have discharged my debt to his kindness; but have lately been informed, to my unspeakable comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For Mons. de Montagne has assured me, "that the person who receives a benefit, obliges the giver:" for since the chief endeavour of one friend is to do good to the other, he who administers both the matter and occasion, is the man who is liberal. At this rate it is impossible Dr Swift should be ever out of my debt, as matters stand already: and for the future, he may expect daily more obligations from

*His most faithful, affectionate,
humble servant,*

A. POPE.

I have finished the *Rape of the Lock*; but I believe I may stay here till Christmas, without hindrance of business.

L E T T E R II.

Mr POPE to Dr SWIFT.

June 18. 1714.

Whatever apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I shall use none now, to a man who has owned himself as splenetic as a cat in the country. In that circumstance, I know by experience, a letter is a very useful, as well as amusing thing. If you are too busied in state-affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures; either doubling it into a pyramidal, or
twisting

twisting it into a serpentine form; or, if your disposition should not be so mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of studious minds are apt to sit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt division of the paper, it may not be unpleasant to try to fit and rejoin the broken lines together. All these amusements I am no stranger to in the country; and doubt not but, by this time, you begin to relish them in your present contemplative situation.

I remember a man who was thought to have some knowledge in the world, used to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their friends in the country. But my increasing experience convinces me he was mistaken; for I find a great many here grievously complaining of you upon this score. I am told further, that you treat the few you correspond with, in a very arrogant style; and tell them, you admire at their insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even inquiring of your retreat*: but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting epistle from you. My Lord Oxford says, you have not written to him once since you went. But this perhaps may be only policy in him or you; and I, who am half a Whig, must not entirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an embassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous state-treatise from your retirement; and a wit who affects to imitate Balsac, says, that the ministry now are like those Heathens of old who received their oracles from the woods. The gentlemen of the Roman-Catholic persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper, that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the court of Rome, in order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the pretender. Dr Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the life and ad-

* Some time before the death of Q. Anne, when her ministers were quarrelling, and the Dean could not reconcile them, he retired to a friend's house in Berkshire, and never saw them after. *Dub. edit.*

ventures of Scriblerus *. This indeed must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I shall translate Homer by the by. Mr Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I can't name Mr Gay, without all the acknowledgments which I shall ever owe you on his account. If I writ this in verse, I would tell you, you are like the sun; and while men imagine you to be retired or absent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who serve your friends with the least ostentation; it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter which I fear you will think the most impertinent. I am, with the truest affection,

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R III.

From Dr SWIFT to Mr POPE.

Dublin, June 28. 1715.

MY Lord Bishop of Clogher † gave me your kind letter, full of reproaches for my not writing. I am naturally no very exact correspondent; and when I leave a country without probability of returning, I think as seldom as I can of what I loved or esteemed in it, to avoid the *desiderium* which of all things makes life most uneasy. But you must give me leave to add

* This project (in which the principal persons engaged were Dr Arbuthnot, Dr Swift, and Mr Pope) was, to write a complete satire in prose upon the abuses in every branch of science, comprised in the history of the life and writings of Scriblerus. Of which only some detached parts and fragments were done; such as, the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, the *Travels of Gulliver*, the *Treatise of the profound*, the *literal Criticisms on Virgil*, &c. Warb.

† Dr St George Ash, formerly a fellow of Trinity college, Dublin, (to whom the Dean was a pupil), afterwards Bishop of Clogher, and translated to the see of Derry in 1716-17. *Dub. edit.*

one thing; that you talk at your ease, being wholly unconcerned in public events: for if your friends the Whigs continue, you may hope for some favour; if the Tories return, you are at least sure of quiet. You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me. Do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? *I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.* — Do you imagine I can be easy, when I think of the probable consequences of these proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of so many hundred thousand good subjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my silence to the eclipse, but it was that eclipse which happened on the 1st of August.

I borrowed your Homer from the Bishop, (mine is not yet landed), and read it out in two evenings. If it pleaseth others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation. Yet I am angry at some bad rhymes and triplets; and pray in your next do not let me have so many unjustifiable rhymes to *war* and *gods*. I tell you all the faults I know; only in one or two places you are a little obscure; but I expected you to be so in one or two and twenty. I have heard no soul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over; nor do we very much abound in judges, at least I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your notes are perfectly good, and so are your preface and essay. You were pretty bold in mentioning Lord Bolingbroke in that preface. I saw the key to the Lock but yesterday: I think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the present times*.

God be thanked, I have yet no parliamentary business; and if they have none with me, I shall never seek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for some years past, not when I thought them tolerably good; and therefore, if I can get leave to be absent,

* Put these two last observations together, and it will appear, that Mr Pope was neither wanting to his friends for fear of party, nor would insult a ministry to humour his friends. He said of himself, and I believe he said truly, that *he never wrote a line to gratify the animosity of any one party at the expence of another.* Warb.

I shall be much inclined to be on that side, when there is a parliament on this. But truly I must be a little easy in my mind before I can think of Scriblerus.

You are to understand, that I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house. My family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board-wages; and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment, (which last is very rare), I eat a mutton-pye, and drink half a pint of wine. My amusements are, defending my small dominions against the Archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir. *Perditur hæc inter misero lux.* I desire you will present my humble service to Mr Addison, Mr Congreve, and Mr Rowe, and Gay. I am, and will be always, extremely

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R IV.

Mr POPE to Dr SWIFT.

June 20. 1716.

I Cannot suffer a friend to cross the Irish seas, without bearing a testimony from me of the constant esteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he should tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts, and in our cups, and how I learn to sleep less*, and drink more, whenever you are named among us. I look upon a friend in Ireland, as upon a friend in the other world; whom (Popishly speaking) I believe constantly well disposed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that state of separation, though I hear nothing from him, and make addresses to him but very rarely. A Protestant divine cannot take it amiss, that I treat him in the same manner with my patron saint.

I can tell you no news, but what you will not sufficiently wonder at, that I suffer many things as an author militant; whereof, in your days of probation, you have been a sharer, or you had not arrived to that tri-

* Alluding to his constant custom of sleeping after dinner. *Ward.*
umphant

umphant state you now deservedly enjoy in the church. As for me, I have not the least hopes of the cardinalate, though I suffer for my religion in almost every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the psalms of David, if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a scandalous one in my name *. This report I dare not discourage too much, in a prospect I have at present of a post under the Marquis de Langallerie †; wherein if I can but do some signal service against the Pope, I may be considerably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare confide in. If it should happen hereafter, that I should write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me. Every one must live, and I beg you will not be the man to manage the controversy against me. The church of Rome I judge (from many modern symptoms, as well as ancient prophecies) to be in a declining condition; that of England will in a short time be scarce able to maintain her own family: so churches sink as generally as banks in Europe, and for the same reason; that religion and trade, which at first were open and free, have been reduced into the management of companies, and the roguery of directors.

I don't know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you; but this is not a time for any man to talk to the purpose. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity, which I would not venture to export; and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way which I shall say, is, that I am, and always will be, with the utmost sincerity,

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R V.

From Dr SWIFT to Mr POPE.

Aug. 30. 1716.

I Had the favour of your's by Mr F.; of whom, before any other question relating to your health or fortune,

* In Curl's collection.

† One who made a noise then, as Count Bonneval has done since.

or success as a poet, I inquired your principles, in the common form, "Is he a Whig, or a Tory?" I am sorry to find they are not so well tallied to the present juncture as I could wish. I always thought the terms of *facto* and *jure* had been introduced by the poets, and that possession of any sort in kings was held an unexceptionable title in the courts of Parnassus. If you do not grow a perfect good subject in all its present latitudes, I shall conclude you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power; whereby one great inconvenience will follow, that you, and the world, and posterity, will be utterly ignorant of their virtues. For either your brethren have miserably deceived us these hundred years past, or power confers virtue, as naturally as five of your Popish sacraments do grace.—You sleep less, and drink more;—but your master Horace was *vini somnique benignus*: and, as I take it, both are proper for your trade. As to mine, there are a thousand poetical texts to confirm the one; and as to the other, I know it was anciently the custom to sleep in temples, for those who would consult the oracles, "Who dictates to me slumbering *," &c.

You are an ill Catholic, or a worse geographer; for I can assure you, Ireland is not Paradise; and I appeal even to any Spanish divine, whether addresses were ever made to a friend in hell, or purgatory? And who are all these enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curl, Gildon, 'Squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few others whose fame I have forgot. Tools, in my opinion, are as necessary for a good writer, as pen, ink, and paper. And besides, I would fain know, whether every draper doth not shew you three or four damn'd pieces of stuff to set off his good one? However, I will grant, that one thorough bookselling-rogue is better qualified to vex an author, than all his cotemporary scribblers in critic or satire, not only by stolen copies of what was incorrect, or unfit for the public, but by downright laying other men's dulness at your door. I had a long design upon the ears of that Curl, when I was in credit; but the rogue would never allow me a fair stroke at them, although

my penknife was ready drawn and sharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poisoned, although the historian pretends to have been an eye-witness: but I beg pardon, sack might do it, although ratsbane would not. I never saw the thing you mention as falsely imputed to you; but I think the frolics of merry hours, even when we are guilty, should not be left to the mercy of our best friends, until Curl and his ressemblers are hanged.

With submission to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under the Turks to be idle and unnecessary. Have a little patience, and you will find more merit and encouragement at home by the same methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice for any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore pray do not run and disgrace us among the Turks, by telling them you were forced to leave your native home, because we would oblige you to be a Christian; whereas we will make it appear to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

There is a young ingenious Quaker in this town, who writes verses to his mistress, not very correct, but in a strain purely what a poetical Quaker should do, commending her look and habit, &c. It gave me a hint, that a set of Quaker pastorals might succeed, if our friend Gay * could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful subject. Pray hear what he says. I believe further, the pastoral ridicule is not exhausted; and that a porter, footman, or chairman's pastoral † might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate pastoral, among the whores and thieves there?

Lastly, to conclude, I love you never the worse for seldom writing to you. I am in an obscure scene, where you know neither thing nor person. I can only answer your's which I promise to do after a sort, whenever

* Gay wrote a pastoral of this kind, which is published in his works. *Warb.*

† Swift himself wrote one of this kind, intitled, *Dermot and Sheelah*. See it in vol. 6. p. 189.

you think fit to employ me. But I can assure you, the scene and the times have depressed me wonderfully; for I will impute no defect to those two paltry years which have slipt by since I had the happiness to see you. I am, with the truest esteem,

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R VI. *

From Dr SWIFT to Mr POPE. †

Dublin, Jan. 10. 1721.

A Thousand things have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determin'd to lay open my mind, to you. I rather chuse to appeal to you than to my Lord

* This letter Mr Pope never received, nor did he believe it was ever sent. *Pope and Warb.*

† This letter deserves the greater attention, as it seems to furnish more materials of Dr Swift's life and principles, than any other of his epistolary writings. The letter breathes an air of sincerity and freedom, and is address'd to a particular friend, at a time when the views of ambition were at an end. It may therefore be considered as a confession of one departing from this world, who only is desirous to vindicate his own character, and is anxious that his ashes may rest in peace.

It was written immediately after the arbitrary conduct of a judge in Ireland, who endeavour'd to destroy the freedom of juries, and consequently the very essence of that liberty and safety which we have a right to possess by the constitution of our state. Swift very generously declares himself averse to all rigorous proceedings against persons suspected of problematical guilt. "By such strict inquiries," says he, "a gate is left open to the whole tribe of informers; the most accursed, prostitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind." Upon this subject I cannot avoid recollecting some particulars from a book, which has lately given me great delight and instruction, and which I recommend very warmly to your perusal. I mean *L'esprit des loix*. The author, M. de Montesquieu, observes, "that informers have been chiefly encouraged under the most tyrannical governments. In the reign of Tiberius triumphal ornaments were confer'd upon them, and statues erected to their honour. In the reign of Nero, upon the discovery and punishment of a pretended conspiracy, triumphal dignities were allotted to Turpilianus, Cocceius Nerva, and Tigillinus." In another

Lord Chief Justice Whitshed, under the situation I am in. For I take this cause properly to lie before you. You are a much fitter judge of what concerns the credit of

other part of his book, the Baron de Montesquieu takes notice, "that in Turkey, where little regard is shewn to the honour, lives, or estates of the subject, all causes are determined by the presiding Bashaw: and in Rome, the judges had no more to do than to declare, that the person accused was guilty of a particular crime, and then the punishment was found in the laws." From these, and other examples of arbitrary government, this elegant author takes a particular pleasure in distinguishing and admiring the civil constitution of England; where, he says, "the jury determine, whether the fact brought under their cognisance, be proved or not; if it be proved, the judge pronounces the punishment inflicted by the law for such a particular fact: and for this," adds the Baron, "he need only open their eyes." But if M. de Montesquieu had read Swift's letter, or indeed had recollected many notorious facts of our history, he must have observed, that the judges have been often deaf to the repeated voice of the jury, and have not only shut their eyes against our excellent laws, but have assumed "that terrible and menacing air which Commodus ordered to be given to his statues."

The method of trials by juries, is generally looked upon as one of the most excellent branches of our constitution. In theory it certainly appears in that light. According to the original establishment, the jurors are to be men of competent fortunes in the neighbourhood; and are to be so avowedly indifferent between the parties concerned, that no reasonable exception can be made to them on either side. In treason, the person accused has a right to challenge five and thirty, and in felony twenty, without shewing cause of challenge. Nothing can be more equitable. No prisoner can desire a fairer field. But the misfortune is, that our juries are often composed of men of mean estates, and low understandings. Many difficult points of law are brought before them, and submitted to their verdict, when perhaps they are not capable of determining, properly and judiciously, such nice matters of justice, although the judges of the court explain the nature of the case, and the law which arises upon it. But if they are not defective in knowledge, they are sometimes, I fear, from their station and indigence, liable to corruption. This indeed is an objection more to the privilege lodged with juries, than to the institution itself. The point most liable to objection, is the power which any one or more of the twelve have to starve the rest into a compliance with their opinion; so that the verdict may possibly be given by strength of constitution, not by conviction of conscience; "and wretches hang that jurymen may dine."

In this letter is most evidently displayed Swift's immutable attachment to Ireland. Such a kind of patriotism must have proceeded from a true love of liberty; for he hated individuals, and despised most of the

of a writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Besides, I doubt whether the arguments I could suggest to prove my own innocence, would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the long robe to those in furs, upon whose decision, about the difference of style or sentiments, I should be very unwilling to leave the merits of my cause.

Give me leave then to put you in mind, (although you cannot easily forget it), that, about ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town, upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to Berkshire; where you may remem-

the men of property and power in that kingdom: he owed them no obligations; and while by his writings he laboured to make their posterity happy, he forced from themselves an involuntary, but universal applause. His conduct was so uniform and constant in the cause of Ireland, that he not only gained the praise, but the confidence of that whole nation; who are a people seldom, if ever, inclined to study and pursue their own interest, and who are always exceedingly apt to suspect any advice that is contrary, or in defiance to a ministerial direction.

Swift's principles of government seem to have been founded upon that excellent maxim, *Salus populi suprema est lex*. He begins by clearing himself from Jacobitism. He speaks of the revolution as a necessary, but dangerous expedient, which has since been attended with unavoidable bad consequences. He declares his mortal antipathy to standing armies in time of peace. He adores the wisdom of that institution which rendered our parliaments annual. He prefers the landed to the moneyed interest, and expresses a noble abhorrence to the suspension of those laws upon which the liberty of the subject depends. When these articles of his political tenets are examined, they will leave no room for any one particular party to assume the honour of having had him in their alliance. He was neither Whig nor Tory, neither Jacobite nor Republican. He was Dr Swift.

His judgment in relation to the visible decay of literature and good sense, is perfectly just. He attributes this national calamity to the prevailing luxury of the times; which he instances in the encouragement of factions, and of several public diversions, all tending to the increase of folly, ignorance, and vice. His sentiments are delivered more with the air of a philosopher than of a divine: and the conclusion of the letter is so proper and so excellent a defence of his own manner of acting and thinking, that, in regard to his memory, I must be at the trouble of transcribing it. [Here the last paragraph of the letter is inserted].

In short, this letter is one of the most serious and best performances that he has given us in the epistolary way. *Errata.*

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ber that you gave me the favour of a visit. While I was in that retirement, I writ a discourse which I thought might be useful in such a juncture of affairs, and sent it up to London; but, upon some difference in opinion between me and a certain great minister now abroad, the publishing of it was deferred so long, that the Queen died; and I recalled my copy, which hath been ever since in safe hands. In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent princess, I came to my station here; where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy, and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the Royal family which now reigns, further than the prayer-book informs me. I cannot tell who is chancellor, who are secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking party-zeal.

I had indeed written some memorials of the four last years of the Queen's reign, with some other informations which I received, as necessary materials to qualify me for doing something in an employment then designed me*: but, as it was at the disposal of a person who had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdained to accept it.

These papers, at my few hours of health and leisure, I have been digesting into order by one sheet at a time†; for I dare not venture any further, lest the humour of

* Historiographer.

† These papers some years after were brought finished by the Dean into England, with an intention to publish them. But a friend on whose judgment he relied, (the same I suppose whom he mentions above, as being abroad at the time of writing this letter), dissuaded him from that design. He told the Dean, there were several facts he knew to be false, and that the whole was so much in the spirit of party-writing, that though it might have made a seasonable pamphlet in the time of their administration, it was a dishonour to just history. The Dean would do nothing against his friend's judgment; yet it extremely chagrined him: and he told a common friend, that since ** did not approve his history, he would cast it into the fire, though it was the best work he had ever written. However, it did not undergo this fate, and is said to be yet in being. *Warb.*

searching

searching and seizing papers should revive; not that I am in pain of any danger to myself, (for they contain nothing of present times or persons, upon which I shall never lose a thought while there is a cat or a spaniel in the house), but to preserve them from being lost among messengers and clerks.

I have written in this kingdom, a discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own manufactures instead of those from England *. This treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments, or were expectants. Upon which a person in great office here immediately took the alarm. He sent in haste for the Chief Justice, and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately published, with a design of setting the two kingdoms at variance; directing at the same time, that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of law. The Chief Justice had so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to outdo his orders. The grand juries of the county and city were practised effectually with, to represent the said pamphlet with all aggravating epithets; for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their presentments published for several weeks in all the news-papers. The printer was seized, and forced to give great bail. After his trial the jury brought him in not guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry; the Chief Justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge, by what they call a special verdict. During the trial, the Chief Justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly, that the author's design was to bring in the pretender; although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole treatise, and although it was known, that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles, publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and unpopular, the trial of the verdict was deferred from

* A proposal for the universal use of Irish manufactures, vol. 3. p. 3. *Pope.*

one term to another, until, upon the Duke of G—ft—n the Lord Lieutenant's arrival, his Grace, after mature advice, and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *Noli prosequi*.

This is the more remarkable, because it is said that the man is no ill decider in common cases of property, where party is out of the question: but when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to push it forward, it must needs confound any man of little spirit and low birth, who hath no other endowment than that sort of knowledge, which, however possessed in the highest degree, can possibly give no one good quality to the mind*.

It is true, I have been much concerned for several years past, upon account of the public as well as for myself, to see how ill a taste for wit and sense prevails in the world, which politics, and South-sea, and party, and opera's, and masquerades, have introduced. For, besides many insipid papers which the malice of some hath intitled me to, there are many persons appearing to wish me well, and pretending to be judges of my style and manner, who have yet ascribed some writings to me, of which any man of common sense and literature would be heartily ashamed. I cannot forbear instancing a trea-

* This is a very strange assertion. To suppose that a consummate knowledge of the laws, by which civilized societies are governed, can give no one good quality to the mind, is making ethics (of which public laws are so considerable a part) a very unprofitable study. The best division of the sciences is that old one of Plato, into ethics, physics, and logic. The severer philosophers condemn a total application to the two latter, because they have no tendency to mend the heart; and recommend the first as our principal study, for its efficacy in this important service. And, sure, if any human speculations can mend the heart, they must be those which have man for their object, as a reasonable, a social, and a civil being. And these are all included under *ethics*, whether you call the science *morality* or *law*. And with regard to the law of England, we must be much prejudiced against it, not to allow, that what Tully affirms concerning the law of the twelve tables, may with more justice be applied to ours. *Fremant omnes licet, dicam quod sentio: bibliothecas mehercule omnium philosophorum, unum mihi videtur Pandectarum volumen, et auctoritatis pondere et utilitatis ubertate, superare.* But the best proof of its moral efficacy, is the manners of its professors: and these, in every age, have been such as were the first improved, or the last corrupted. *Warb.*

tise called a *Dedication upon dedications*, which many would have to be mine; although it be as empty, dry, and servile a composition, as I remember at any time to have read. But, above all, there is one circumstance which makes it impossible for me to have been author of a treatise, wherein there are several pages containing a panegyric on King George; of whose character and person I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curiosity to inquire into either, living at so great a distance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

Indeed, I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I were asked or no; but never affected to be a counsellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to see myself so far outdone by the Earl of Oxford in my own trade as a scholar, and too good a courtier not to discover his contempt of those who would be men of importance out of their sphere. Besides, to say the truth, although I have known many great ministers ready enough to hear opinions, yet I have hardly seen one that would ever descend to take advice: and this pedantry ariseth from a maxim themselves do not believe at the same time they practise by it, That there is something profound in politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.

I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the ministers to each other. This might have been done, if others who had more concern and more influence, would have acted their parts; and if this had succeeded, the public interest, both of church and state, would not have been the worse, nor the Protestant succession endangered.

But, whatever opportunities a constant attendance of four years might have given me for endeavouring to do good offices to particular persons, I deserve at least to find tolerable quarter from those of the other party; for many of which I was a constant advocate with the Earl of Oxford; and for this I appeal to his Lordship. He knows how often I pressed him in favour of Mr Addison, Mr Congreve, Mr Rowe, and Mr Steele; although I freely confess, that his Lordship's kindness to them

them was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the esteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer. For I can never forget the answer he gave to the late Lord Halifax, who, upon the first change of the ministry, interceded with him to spare Mr Congreve. It was by repeating these two lines of Virgil,

*Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pæni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe.*

Pursuant to which he always treated Mr Congreve with the greatest personal civilities, assuring him of his constant favour and protection; and adding, that he would study to do something better for him.

I remember it was in those times a usual subject of raillery towards me among the ministers, That I never came to them without a Whig in my sleeve; which I do not say with any view towards making my court: for the new principles * fixed to those of that denomination, I did then, and do now from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predecessors. I have conversed in some freedom with more ministers of state of all parties than usually happens to men of my level; and I confess, in their capacity as ministers, I look upon them as a race of people whose acquaintance no man would court, otherwise than upon the score of vanity or ambition. The first quickly wears off, (and is the vice of low minds; for a man of spirit is too proud to be vain), and the other was not my case. Besides, having never received more than one small favour, I was under no necessity of being a slave to men in power; but chose my friends by their personal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue. I frequently conversed with Mr Addison, and the others I named, (except Mr Steele), during all my Lord Oxford's ministry; and Mr Addison's friendship to me continued inviolable, with as much kindness as when we used to

* He means particularly the principle at that time charged upon them by their enemies, of an intention to *proscribe the Tories.* Warb.

meet at my Lord Sommers * or Halifax, who were leaders of the opposite party.

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injustice I have these many years been pelted by your pamphleteers, merely upon account of some regard which the Queen's last ministers were pleased to have for me: and yet in my conscience I think I am a partaker in every ill design they had against the Protestant succession, or the liberties and religion of their country; and can say with Cicero, "that I should be proud to be included with them in all their actions, *tanquam in equo Trojano.*" But if I have never discovered, by my words, writings, or actions, any party-virulence †, or dangerous designs against the present powers; if my friendship and conversation were equally shewn among those who liked or disapproved the proceedings then at court, and that I was known to be a common friend of all deserving persons of the latter sort, when they were in distress; I cannot but think it hard, that I am not suffered to run quietly among the common herd of people, whose opinions unfortunately differ from those which lead to favour and preferment.

I ought to let you know, that the thing we called a Whig in England, is a creature altogether different from those of the same denomination here; at least it was so during the reign of her late Majesty. Whether those on your side have changed or no, it hath not been my business to inquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr Addison, when he first came over hither secretary to the Earl of Wharton, then Lord Lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and discourse of the chief managers here. He told me, they were a sort of people who seemed to think, that the principles of a Whig consisted in nothing else but damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed religion.

I was discoursing some years ago with a certain mini-

* Lord Sommers had very warmly recommended Dr Swift to the favour of Lord Wharton, when he went the Queen's Lieutenant into Ireland in the year 1709. *Warb.*

† The *Examiners*, I suppose, were not then published amongst the Dean's works. *Warb.*

ster about that Whiggish or Fanatical genius so prevalent among the English of this kingdom: his Lordship accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's soldiers, adventurers established here, who were all of the fourest leaven, and the meanest birth, and whose posterity are now in possession of their lands and their principles. However, it must be confessed, that of late some people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, because interest, the great motive of quarrelling, is at an end: for it is hardly worth contending who shall be an exciseman, a country-vicar, a crier in the courts, or an under-clerk,

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a person so ill treated as I have been, must, at some time or other, have discovered very dangerous opinions in government. In answer to which, I will tell you what my political principles were in the time of her late glorious Majesty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or discourse.

First, I always declared myself against a Popish successor to the crown, whatever title he might have by the proximity of blood. Neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts; first, as it was established by law; and, secondly, as it hath much weight in the opinions of the people: for necessity may abolish any law, but cannot alter the sentiments of the vulgar; right of inheritance being perhaps the most popular of all topics: and therefore in great changes, when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and discontent among the meaner people, which, under a weak prince and corrupt administration, may have the worst consequences upon the peace of any state.

As to what is called a revolution-principle, my opinion was this, That whenever those evils which usually attend and follow a violent change of government, were not in probability so pernicious as the grievances we suffer under a present power, then the public good will justify such a revolution. And this I took to have been the case in the Prince of Orange's expedition; although in the consequences it produced some very bad effects, which are likely to stick long enough by us.

I had likewise in those days a mortal antipathy against

standing armies in times of peace; because I always took standing armies to be only servants hired by the master of the family for keeping his own children in slavery; and because I conceived, that a prince who could not think himself secure without mercenary troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his subjects; although I am not ignorant of those artificial necessities which a corrupted ministry can create for keeping up forces to support a faction against the public interest.

As to parliaments, I adored the wisdom of that Gothic institution which made them annual; and I was confident our liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation, until that ancient law were restored among us. For who sees not, that while such assemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the ministry and the deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifest danger of liberty? which traffic would neither answer the design nor expence, if parliaments met once a-year.

I ever abominated that scheme of politics, (now about thirty years old), of setting up a moneyed interest in opposition to the landed. For I conceived there could not be a truer maxim in our government than this, That the possessors of the soil are the best judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the same way, funds of credit and South-sea projects would neither have been felt nor heard of.

I could never discover the necessity of suspending any law upon which the liberty of the most innocent persons depended; neither do I think this practice hath made the taste of arbitrary power so agreeable, as that we should desire to see it repeated. Every rebellion subdued and plot discovered, contribute to the firmer establishment of the prince. In the latter case the knot of conspirators is entirely broke, and they are to begin their work anew under a thousand disadvantages: so that those diligent inquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons, to every person whose face a minister thinks fit to dislike, are not only opposite to that maxim,

maxim, which declareth it better that ten guilty men should escape, than one innocent suffer; but likewise leave a gate wide open to the whole tribe of informers, the most accursed, and prostitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

It is true the Romans had a custom of chusing a dictator, during whose administration the power of other magistrates was suspended. But this was done upon the greatest emergencies; a war near their doors, or some civil dissension: for armies must be governed by arbitrary power. But when the virtue of that commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of dictator became perpetual, in the persons of the Cæsars and their successors, the most infamous tyrants that have any where appeared in story.

These are some of the sentiments I had relating to public affairs, while I was in the world. What they are at present, is of little importance either to that or myself: neither can I truly say I have any at all; or, if I had, I dare not venture to publish them: for however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before midsummer. And indeed I have often wished, for some time past, that a political catechism might be published by authority four times a year, in order to instruct us how we are to speak, write, and act, during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of such an instructor: for, intending to make my court to some people on the prevailing side, by advancing certain old Whiggish principles, which it seems had been exploded about a month before, I have passed for a disaffected person. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is for a man in obscurity to attempt defending his reputation as a writer, while the spirit of faction hath so universally possessed the minds of men, that they are not at leisure to attend to any thing else. They will just give themselves time to libel and accuse me; but cannot spare a minute to hear my defence. So in a plot-discovering age, I have often known an innocent man seized and imprisoned, and forced to lie several months in chains, while the ministers were not at leisure to hear his

his petition, until they had prosecuted and hanged the number they proposed.

All I can reasonably hope for by this letter, is to convince my friends, and others who are pleased to wish me well, that I have neither been so ill a subject, nor so stupid an author, as I have been represented by the virulence of libellers; whose malice hath taken the same train in both, by fathering dangerous principles in government upon me, which I never maintained; and insipid productions, which I am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been soured by personal ill treatment, or by melancholy prospects for the public, I am too much a politician to expose my own safety by offensive words. And if my genius and spirit be sunk by increasing years, I have at least enough discretion left, not to mistake the measure of my own abilities, by attempting subjects where those talents are necessary, which perhaps I may have lost with my youth.

L E T T E R VII.

Dr SWIFT to Mr GAY.

Dublin, Jan. 8. 1722-3.

COMING home after a short Christmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table; and little expected when I opened it, to read your name at the bottom. The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England; there I made my friendships, and there I left my desires. I am condemned for ever to another country. What is in prudence to be done? I think, to be *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis*. What can be the design of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a scurvy sleep, which however is better than none? I am towards nine years older since I left you; yet that is the least of my alterations: my business, my diversions, my conversations, are all entirely changed for the worse, and so are my studies and my amusements in writing. Yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be passable enough, if you would let me alone. I shall not be able to relish my wine, my parsons, my horses,

horses, nor my garden, for three months, until the spirit you have raised shall be dispossessed. I have sometimes wondered that I have not visited you; but I have been stopt by too many reasons, besides years and laziness; and yet these are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year amongst you, there would be to me *desiderio nec pudor nec modus*. I was three years reconciling myself to the scene, and the business to which fortune hath condemned me; and stupidity was what I had recourse to. Besides, what a figure should I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, distress, or imprisonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threaten myself with the journey, and am every summer practising to get health to bear it: the only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your colic. Do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not be always, *Et tibi quos mihi dempsit apponet annos*. I am heartily sorry you have any dealings with that ugly distemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exercise. I wish they could have as good an effect upon the giddiness I am subject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I should have been glad if you had lengthened your letter, by telling me the present condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, &c.; but you mention only Mr Pope, who, I believe, is lazy, or else he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your case of needing great mens favour, and could heartily wish that you were in his. I have been considering why poets have such ill success in making their court, since they are allowed to be the greatest and best of all flatterers. The defect is, that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth: they will give things under their hand, which they make a conscience of speaking. Besides, they are too libertine to haunt antichambers, too poor to bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to second-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under original sin by the dedication of your colloques

logues to Lord Bolingbroke? I am an ill judge at this distance; and, besides, am, for my ease, utterly ignorant of the commonest things that pass in the world: but if all courts have a sameness in them, (as the parsons phrase it), things may be as they were in my time, when all employments went to parliament mens friends, who had been useful in elections, and there was always a huge list of names in arrears at the treasury, which would at least take up your seven years expedient to discharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the surest course would be, to get your friend who lodgeth in your house to recommend you to the next chief governor who comes over here, for a good civil employment, or to be one of his secretaries; which your parliamentmen are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reasonable; you may dine twice a-week at the deanery-house; there is a set of company in this town sufficient for one man; folks will admire you, because they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or sumptuously here; or if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wish I could do more than say I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late court, and the successors; and by the force of too much honesty or too little sublunary wisdom, you fell between two stools. Take care of your health and money; be less modest, and more active; or else turn parson, and get a bishoprick here: would to God they would send us as good ones from your side!

I am ever, &c.

L E T T E R VIII.

Mr POPE to Dr SWIFT.

Jan. 12. 1723.

I Find a rebuke in a late letter of yours, that both stings and pleaseth me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a postscript to my friend Gay's, makes

makes me not content to write less than a whole letter; and your seeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a sincere effect of friendship. Indeed, as I cannot but own the laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us hath both had and given *) a surfeit of writing; so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly intitled to my friendship, that it was a possession you could not imagine stood in need of any further deeds or writings to assure you of it.

Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate state at this distance, and in this absence, Dean Swift lives still in England, in every place and company where he would chuse to live; and I find him in all the conversations I keep, and in all the hearts in which I desire any share.

We have never met these many years without mention of you. Besides my old acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date are such as were yours before. Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley, may look upon me as one entailed upon them by you. Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take me with all his other hereditary rights: and indeed he seems grown so much a philosopher, as to set his heart upon some of them as little, as upon the poet you gave him. It is sure my ill fate, that all those I most loved, and with whom I most lived, must be banished. After both of you left England, my constant host was the bishop of Rochester †. Sure, this is a nation that is cursedly afraid of being over-run with too much politeness, and cannot regain one great genius, but at the expence of another ‡. I tremble for my Lord Peterborow, (whom I now lodge with); he has too

* Alluding to his large work on Homer.

† Dr Atterbury.

‡ The Bishop of Rochester thought this to be indeed the case; and that the price agreed on for Lord B.'s return was his banishment: an imagination which so strongly possessed him when he went abroad, that all the expostulations of his friends could not convince him of the folly of it. *Warb.*

much wit as well as courage, to make a solid general * : and if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself. This leads me to give you some account of the manner of my life and conversation ; which has been infinitely more various and dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me ; and among all sexes, parties, and professions. A glut of study and retirement in the first part of my life cast me into this ; and this, I begin to see, will throw me again into study and retirement.

The civilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have hindered me from being violent or sour to any party ; but at the same time the observations and experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surpris'd at any. I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the violences and hardships I see practis'd by either. The merry vein you knew me in, is sunk into a turn of reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me ; and yet I have acquired a quietness of mind which by fits improves into a certain degree of chearfulness, enough to make me just so good-humoured as to wish that world well. My friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none, but to knaves, (for fools I have learned to bear with) ; and such I cannot be commonly civil to ; for I think those men are next to knaves who converse with them. The greatest man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you, both how to gain and how to use the freedom of friendship with men much my superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise ; but

* This Mr Walsh seriously thought to be the case, where, in a letter to Mr Pope, he says,—“ When we were in the north, my Lord Wharton shewed me a letter he had received from a certain great general in Spain, [Lord Peterborow]. I told him, I would by all means have that general recalled, and set to writing here at home ; for it was impossible that a man with so much wit as he shewed, could be fit to command an army, or do any other business.” Pope’s works, vol. 7. let. 5. Sept. 9. 1706. *Warb.*

not to have flattered them, and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourse with poets and scribblers, unless where by great chance I have found a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally; none have been enemies, but who were also strangers to me; and as there is no great need of an eclairsissement with such, whatever they writ or said, I never retaliated; not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the anxiety of a wish; the strongest I have, would be to pass my days with you, and a few such as you: but fate has dispersed them all about the world; and I find to wish it is as vain, as to wish to see the millennium and the kingdom of the just upon earth.

If I have sinned in my long silence, consider there is one to whom you yourself have been as great a sinner. As soon as you see his hand, you will learn to do me justice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.

L E T T E R IX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr SWIFT.

I Am not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to laziness; in defending his own cause he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate while he appeals to you as his judge. You will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous tribunals. You resemble perfectly the two alehouse-keepers in Holland, who were at the same time burgomasters of the town, and taxed one another's bills alternately. I declare beforehand I will not stand to the award. My title to your friendship is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it: but annual acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it; and I begin to suspect, by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dis-

pute it, and to urge prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself, since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity, was it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and less dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me. That love which I used to scatter with some profusion among the female kind, has been these many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes, (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly), and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my acquaintance and my friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves; those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buz about me while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a hermitage but for the sake of the hermit; a few philosophical friends come often to mine; and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of party was never heard in this quiet place; gazettes and pamphlets are banished from it; and if the lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes, by which it is judged that this illustrious philosopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his precursors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian seers) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such monster as party. Alas, I am soon awakened from that pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman historians, by Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no history of our own country, till that body of it which you promised to finish, appears*.

* See the second note p. 23. above.

I am under no apprehension that a glut of study and retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel, is that I fell so late into this course of life: my philosophy grows confirmed by habit; and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.* The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all. Some have cured me of my fears, by shewing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by shewing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprise. In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of titles, and rank, and estate, and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased at what happens in it, any farther than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it; and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquillity is the general tenor of my life: good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad. I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones. My acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly. I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance should, methinks, precede them. My losses of this kind give me but little trouble; I contributed nothing to them; and a friend who breaks with me unjustly, is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this town, (which will be in a few days), I shall fall back into that course of life which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me: I have an aversion to them both, but in the ordinary course of life I think I can bear the sensible

knave better than the fool. One must indeed with the former be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword-cuttler's shop in Germany: but even in these constrained postures the witty rascal will divert me; and he that diverts me, does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin. The fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teases me like the fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it.—Adieu, dear Swift; with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

L E T T E R X.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, Sept. 20. 1723.

Returning from a summer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to write letters to our best friends; and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it. One thing is clear, that it shews a mighty difference betwixt friendship and love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your civility makes you say, that I am still remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myself here—*Non sum qualis eram.* I left you in a period of life, when one year does more execution than three at yours; to which if you add the dulness of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. I have no very strong faith in your pretenders to retirement; you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and

and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi et fuga sæculi*; unless a poet grows weary of too much applause, as ministers do of too much weight of business.

Your happiness is greater than your merit, in chusing your favourites so indifferently among either party: this you owe partly to your education, and partly to your genius, employing you in an art in which faction has nothing to do; for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the constitution of church and state, than a Christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both parties will approve your poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of friendship are new to me*. I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my friendship, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another scene; and therefore I distribute it in pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my fellow-prisoners, if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate knaves much better than fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them; which, however, I own is more dangerous, though not so troublesome as that of fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a friendship among all men of genius, and would fain have it done: they are seldom above three or four contemporaries; and if they could be united, would drive the world before them. I think it was so among the poets in the time of Augustus; but envy, and party, and pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large tribe. Under the name of poets and scribblers, I suppose you mean the fools you are content to see sometimes when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this country. I chuse my

* Yet they are the Christian notions. *Warb.*

companions among those of least consequence and most compliance. I read the most trifling books I can find; and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects: but riding, walking, and sleeping, take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago; and have several things to finish, which I put off to twenty years hence: *Hæc est vita solutorum*, &c. I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath passed four months this summer with two grave acquaintance at his country-house, without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the court of requests, the park, the operas, and the coffee-house, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr Arbuthnot, Mr Congreve, and Gay.—I think there are no more *codem tertio's* between you and me, except Mr Jervas, to whose house I address this, for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your last, whether you lodge with Lord Peterborow, or he with you.

I am ever, &c.

L E T T E R XI.

Sept. 14. 1725.

I Need not tell you with what real delight I should have done any thing you desired, and in particular any good offices in my power towards the bearer of your letter, who is this day gone for France. Perhaps it is with poets as with prophets; they are so much better liked in another country than their own, that your gentleman, upon arriving in England, lost his curiosity concerning me. However, had he tried, he had found me his friend; I mean, he had found me yours. I am disappointed at not knowing better a man whom you esteem, and comfort myself only with having got a letter from you; with which, after all, I sit down a gainer; since, to my great pleasure, it confirms my hope of
once

once more seeing you. After so many dispersions and so many divisions, two or three of us may yet be gathered together; not to plot, not to contrive silly schemes of ambition, or to vex our own or others hearts with busy vanities, (such as perhaps at one time of life or other take their tour in every man); but to divert ourselves, and the world too if it pleases, or at worst, to laugh at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as at ourselves. Your travels * I hear much of; my own, I promise you, shall never more be in a strange land, but a diligent, I hope useful, investigation of my own territories †. I mean no more translations, but something domestic, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

If you come to us, I'll find you elderly ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurse, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noise; as you will guess, when I tell you they are my own mother and my own nurse. I can also help you to a lady who is as deaf, though not so old, as yourself; you'll be pleased with one another, I'll engage, though you don't hear one another; you'll converse like spirits by intuition. What you'll most wonder at, is, she is considerable at court, yet no party-woman; and lives in court, yet would be easy, and make you easy.

One of those you mention, (and I dare say always will remember), Dr Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be, (he bids me tell you, and I write this by him), he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reason he has to desire a little longer life, is the wish to see you once more.

He is gay enough in this circumstance to tell you, he would give you (if he could) such advice as might cure your deafness; but he would not advise you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it, because you may by that means hear as much as you will, and answer as little as you please. Believe me

Your's, &c.

* Gulliver.

† The essay on man.

L E T T E R XII.

*From Dr SWIFT.**Sept. 29. 1725.*

I Am now returning to the noble scene of Dublin, into the grand monde, for fear of burying my parts; to signalize myself among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread and butter, through those dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (besides ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my travels *, in four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dispersions: but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours, is to vex the world, rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen, without reading. I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations. Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented, that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities; and all my love is towards individuals. For instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers; but I love Counsellor such a one, and Judge such a one. 'Tis so with physicians, (I will not speak of my own trade), soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called *man*, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years, (but do not tell), and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials towards a treatise, proving the falsity

* Gulliver's travels.

of that definition, *animal rationale*, and to shew it should be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of misanthropy (though not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind till all honest men are of my opinion. By consequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear, that it will admit of no dispute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds, that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your *Odysey* was finished, being yet in the country, which I shall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the present, but shall like it three fourths the less, for the mixture you mention of other hands; however, I am glad you saved yourself so much drudgery.—I have been long told by Mr Ford of your great achievements in building and planting, and especially of your subterranean passage to your garden, whereby you turned a blunder into a beauty, which is a piece of *ars poetica*.

I have almost done with Harridans, and shall soon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The lady whom you describe to live at court, to be deaf, and no party-woman, I take to be Mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be Mercy; for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at court: Justice is blind, and perhaps deaf; but neither is she a court-lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a court-lady; but then she is a most damnable party-woman, and will never make me easy, as you promise. It must be Riches, which answers all your description. I am glad she visits you; but my voice is so weak, that I doubt she will never hear me.

Mr Lewis sent me an account of Dr Arbuthnot's illness; which is a very sensible affliction to me, who, by living so long out of the world, have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. Oh, if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my travels! But however he is not without fault. There is a passage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish

Irish in that age; where, after abundance of praises, he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our Doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful; but, alas, he hath a sort of slouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian, though not a Catholic.

I hear nothing of our friend Gay, but I find the court keeps him at hard meat. I advised him to come over here with a Lord Lieutenant. Philips writes little flams (as Lord Leicester called those sort of verses) on Miss Carteret. A Dublin blacksmith, a great poet, hath imitated his manner in a poem to the said Miss. Philips is a complainer; and on this occasion I told Lord Carteret, that complainers never succeeded at court, though railers do.

Are you altogether a country-gentleman, that I must address to you out of London, to the hazard of your losing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, although so much paper is left? I have an ill name, and therefore shall not subscribe it, but you will guess it comes from one who esteems and loves you about half as much as you deserve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern at what I am just told is in some of the news-papers, that Lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has so much youth and vigour left, (of which he hath not been thrifty); but I wonder he has no more discretion.

L E T T E R XIII.

Oct. 15. 1725.

I Am wonderfully pleased with the suddenness of your kind answer. It makes me hope you are coming towards us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends, in proportion as you draw nearer to them, and are getting into our vortex. Here is one who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experience of all that comes of shining) learned to be content with returning to his first point, without the thought

or

or ambition of shining at all. Here is another, who thinks one of the greatest glories of his father was to have distinguished and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleased with the hope of seeing you again, than of reviewing a world; every part of which he has long despised, but what is made up of a few men like yourself. He goes abroad again, and is more chearful than even health can make a man; for he has a good conscience into the bargain, (which is the most catholic of all remedies, though not the most universal). I knew it would be a pleasure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write so soon to you.

I am sorry poor P. is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his reward be of the next, he is of all poets the most miserable. I'm also sorry for another reason; if they don't promote him, they'll spoil the conclusion of one of my satires, where, having endeavoured to correct the taste of the town in wit and criticism, I end thus,

But what avails to lay down rules for sense?

In —'s reign these fruitless lines were writ,

When Ambrose Philips was prefer'd for wit!

Our friend Gay is used as the friends of Tories are by Whigs (and generally by Tories too). Because he had humour, he was supposed to have dealt with Dr Swift: in like manner as when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the devil. He puts his whole trust at court in that lady whom I described to you, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy. I wish she really were riches for his sake; though as for your's, I question whether (if you knew her) you would change her for the other.

Lord Bolingbroke had not the least harm by his fall. I wish he had received no more by his other fall. Lord Oxford had none by his. But Lord Bolingbroke is the most improved mind since you saw him, that ever was improved, without shifting into a new body, or being: *paulo minus ab angelis*. I have often imagined to myself, that if ever all of us meet again, after so many varieties and changes, after so much of the old world and of the old

old man in each of us has been altered, that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single atom of the other, remains just the same; I've fancied, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the millennium, quite in peace, divested of all our former passions, smiling at our past follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the just in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging angel of wrath, to break your vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this world; nay, would make them *eat your book*, which you have made, I doubt not, as bitter a pill for them as possible.

I won't tell you what designs I have in my head (besides writing a set of maxims in opposition to all Rochefoucault's principles *) till I see you here, face to face. Then you shall have no reason to complain of me, for want of a generous disdain of this world, though I have not lost my ears in yours and their service. Lord Oxford too (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this letter, and he deserves to be always mentioned in every thing that is addressed to you, or comes from you) expects you: that ought to be enough to bring you hither; 'tis a better reason than if the nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can desire, into your principle of love of individuals; and I think the way to have a public spirit, is first to have a private one: for who can believe, (said a friend of mine), that any man can care for a hundred thousand people, who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a patriot, any more than a friend.

I designed to have left the following page for Dr Arbuthnot to fill; but he is so touched with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to answer it by a whole letter. He too is busy about a book, which I guess he will tell you of. So adieu.—What remains worth telling you? Dean Berkley is well, and happy in the prosecution of his scheme. Lord Oxford

* This was only said as an oblique reproof of the horrid misanthropy in the foregoing letter; and which he supposed might be chiefly occasioned by the Dean's fondness for Rochefoucault, whose maxims are founded on the principle of an universal selfishness in human nature. *Warb.*

and Lord Bolingbroke in health; Duke Disney so also; Sir William Wyndham better; Lord Bathurst well. These, and some others, preserve their ancient honour and ancient friendship. Those who do neither, if they were d—d, what is it to a Protestant priest, who has nothing to do with the dead? I answer, for my own part, as a Papist, I would not pray them out of purgatory.

My name is as bad an one as yours, and hated by all bad poets, from Hopkins and Sternhold to Gildon and Cibber. The first prayed against me with the Turk, and a modern imitator of theirs (whom I leave you to find out) has added the Christian to them, with proper definitions of each, in this manner.

The Pope's the whore of Babylon,

The Turk he is a Jew;

The Christian is an Infidel

That sitteth in a pew.

LETTER XIV.

From Dr SWIFT.

Nov. 26. 1725.

I Should sooner have acknowledged yours, if a feverish disorder, and the relics of it, had not disabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuses, because I hope I am pretty near seeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; because if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counter-parts of my heart. I fear I have not expressed that right; but I mean well, and I hate blots. I look in your letter, and in my conscience you say the same thing, but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord Bolingbroke, that I wish he were banished again; for then I should hear from him, when he was full of philosophy, and talked *de contemptu mundi*. My Lord Oxford was so extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his son's birth: which I immediately

acknowledged; but before my letter could reach him, I wished it in the sea. I hope I was more afflicted than his Lordship. 'Tis hard that parsons and beggars should be over-run with brats, while so great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have received his father's picture, but I lament (*sub sigillo confessionis*) that it is not so true a resemblance as I could wish. Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety. I wish there were an hospital built for its despisers, where one might act with safety; and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endowed. P** is *fort chancellor*, whether he shall turn parson or no. But all employments here are engaged, or in reversion. Cast wits and cast beaux have a proper sanctuary in the church: yet we think it a severe judgment, that a fine gentleman, and so much the finer for hating ecclesiastics, should be a domestic humble retainer to an Irish prelate. He is neither secretary nor gentleman-usher, yet serves in both capacities. He hath published several reasons why he never came to see me; but the best is, that I have not waited on his Lordship. We have had a poem sent from London, in imitation of that on Miss Carteret. It is on Miss Harvey of a day old; and we say and think it is yours. I wish it were not, because I am against monopolies.—You might have spared me a few more lines of your satire, but I hope in a few months to see it all. To hear boys like you talk of millenniums and tranquillity! I am older by thirty years, Lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we last were together; and we should differ more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honour, my Lord looking on to see how the gamesters play, and I railing at you both. I desire you and all my friends will take a special care, that my disaffection to the world may not be imputed to my age; for I have credible witnesses ready to depose, that it hath never varied from the twenty-first to the fifty-eighth year of my life, (pray fill that blank charitably). I tell you after all, that I do not hate mankind: it is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable animals, and are angry at being disappointed. I have always rejected that definition,

tion, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with — than I was with the kite that last week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleased when one of my servants shot him two days after. This I say, because you are so hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write maxims in opposition to Rochefoucault, who is my favourite, because I found my whole character in him *: however, I will read him again, because it is possible I may have since undergone some alteration.—Take care the bad poets do not outwit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. Mœvius is as well known as Virgil; and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your verses: and as to the difference between good and bad fame, 'tis a perfect trifle. I ask a thousand pardons, and so leave you for this time, and will write again, without concerning myself whether you write or no.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XV.

Dec. 16. 1725.

I Find myself the better acquainted with you for a long absence, as men are with themselves for a long affliction. Absence does but hold off a friend, to make one see him the more truly. I am infinitely more pleased to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you seem to think in my favour; an opinion which has perhaps been aggrandized by the distance or dulness of Ireland, as objects look larger through a medium of fogs: and yet I am infinitely pleased with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our wits) our judgments jump in the notion, that all scribblers should be passed by in silence. To vindicate one's self against such nasty slander, is much as wise as it was in your countryman, when the people imputed a stink to him, to prove the contrary by shewing his backside. So let Gildon and Philips rest in peace! What Virgil had to do with Mœvius, that he should wear him upon

* This, methinks, is no great compliment to his own heart. *Warb.*

his sleeve to all eternity, I don't know. I have been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may possibly meet in England. We, your true acquaintance, will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a wit, and hate you. So you know the worst; unless you are as vindictive as Virgil, or the aforesaid Hibernian.

I wish as warmly as you for an hospital in which to lodge the despisers of the world; only I fear it would be filled wholly, like Chelsea, with maimed soldiers, and such as had been disabled in its service. I would rather have those that, out of such generous principles as you and I, despise it, fly in its face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger against the great; my spleen is at the little rogues of it. It would vex one more to be knocked on the head with a piss-pot, than by a thunderbolt. As to great oppressors, they are like kites or eagles; one expects mischief from them: but to be squirted to death (as poor Wycherly said to me on his deathbed) by apothecaries apprentices, by the under-strappers of under-secretaries to secretaries who were no secretaries,—this would provoke as dull a dog as Ph——s himself.

So much for enemies: now for friends. Mr L—— thinks all this indiscreet: the Doctor not so; he loves mischief the best of any good-natured man in England. Lord B. is above trifling. When he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal: *if ever he trifles, it must be when he turns a divine.* Gay is writing tales for Prince William. I suppose Mr Philips will take this very ill, for two reasons: one, that he thinks all childish things belong to him; and the other, because he'll take it ill to be taught, that one may write things to a child without being childish. What have I more to add, but that Lord Oxford desires earnestly to see you; and that many others, whom you do not think the worst of, will be gratified by it? None more, be assured, than
Your's, &c.

P. S. Pope and you are very great wits, and, I think, very indifferent philosophers. If you despised the world

as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be so angry with it. The founder of your sect, that noble original whom you think it so great an honour to resemble *, was a slave to the worst part of the world, to the court; and all his big words were the language of a slighted lover, who desired nothing so much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing so much as a rupture. I believe the world hath used me as scurvily as most people; and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the simple, false, capricious thing. I should blush alike, to be discovered fond of the world, or piqued at it. Your definition of *animal rationis capax*, instead of the common one *animal rationale*, will not bear examination. Define but reason, and you will see why your distinction is no better than that of the Pontiff Cotta, between *mala ratio*, and *bona ratio*. But enough of this. Make us a visit, and I'll subscribe to any side of these important questions which you please. We differ less than you imagine perhaps, when you wished me banished again: but I am not less true to you and to philosophy in England, than I was in France.

Your's, &c. B.

LETTER XVI.

From Dr SWIFT.

London, May 4. 1726:

I Had rather live in forty Irelands, than under the frequent disquiets of hearing you are out of order. I

always apprehend it most after a great dinner; for the least transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and one sup more than your stint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than those sots who are carried dead drunk to bed. My Lord Peterborow spoiled every body's dinner, but especially mine, with telling us, that you were detained by sickness. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pot-hook that will give me a better account of your health; which concerns me more than others, because I love and esteem

* Seneca.

E 3: you

you for reasons that most others have little to do with, and would be the same although you had never touched a pen, further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for my journey. I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can; and when I write to you, I will strive not to think of you. This I intend in return to your kindness; and further, I know no body has dealt with me so cruelly as you; the consequences of which usage I fear will last as long as my life; for so long shall I be, in spite of my heart, entirely your's.

L E T T E R XVII.

Aug. 22. 1726.

MAny a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, and many more you will cost me, till the day you return. I really walked about like a man banished; and when I came home, found it no home. 'Tis a sensation like that of a limb lopped off; one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it is not. I may say you have used me more cruelly than you have done any other man; you have made it more impossible for me to live at ease without you. Habitue itself would have done that, if I had less friendship in my nature than I have. Besides, my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which presents you to me in every place I frequent. I shall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of Ciceter, or the pleasing prospect of Byberry, but your idea must be joined with them; nor see one seat in my own garden, or one room in my own house, without a phantom of you, sitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Chester, I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and closeness of the uneasy coach, and wished a hundred times I had either a deanery or a horse in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my soul peevish ever since with all about me, from a warm uneasy desire after you. I am gone out of myself to no purpose, and cannot catch you. *Inbiat in pedes* was not more properly applied to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard

regard to your departure. I wish I could think no more of it, but lie down and sleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far soever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends, that every thing you wish may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there in the state you wish him or her; so that your visits to us may have no other effect, than the progress of a rich man to a remote estate, which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only serves to make him live happier where he is, with no disagreeable prospect if ever he should chuse to remove. May this be your state till it become what I wish. But indeed I cannot express the warmth with which I wish you all things, and myself you. Indeed you are ingraved elsewhere than on the cups you sent me, (with so kind an inscription), and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleased with them, but take them very kindly too: and had I suspected any such usage from you, I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did; for at this rate I may say,

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

I will bring you over just such another present, when I go to the deanery of St Patrick's; which I promise you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarem pateras*, &c. Till then I'll drink (or Gay shall drink) daily healths to you, and I'll add to your inscription the old Roman vow for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX. My mother's age gives me authority to hope it for your's. Adieu.

L E T T E R XVIII.

Sept. 3. 1726.

YOur's to Mr Gay gave me greater satisfaction than that to me (though that gave me a great deal); for to hear that you were safe at your journey's end, exceeds the account of your fatigues while in the way to it: otherwise believe me, every title of each is important to me, which sets any one thing before my eyes that

that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I guess reached you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with Sir ———, who expressed his desire of having seen you again before you left us. He said, he observed a willingness in you to live among us; which I did not deny; but at the same time told him, you had no such design in your coming this time, which was merely to see a few of those you loved: but that indeed all those wished it, and particularly Lord Peterborow and myself, who wished you loved Ireland less, had you any reason to love England more. I said nothing but what I think would induce any man to be as fond of you as I; plain truth, did they know either it or you. I can't help thinking (when I consider the whole short list of our friends), that none of them, except you and I, are qualified for the mountains of Wales. The Doctor goes to cards, Gay to court; one loses money, one loses his time: another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling foil. One lady you like has too much of France to be fit for Wales: another is too much a subject to princes and potentates, to relish that wild taste of liberty and poverty. Mr Congreve is too sick to bear a thin air; and she that leads him, too rich to enjoy any thing. Lord Peterborow can go to any climate, but never stay in any. Lord Bathurst is too great a husbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr Bethel indeed is too good and too honest to live in the world; but yet 'tis fit, for its example, he should. We are left to ourselves in my opinion, and may live where we please, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas: and for me, I assure you I love the world so well, and it loves me so well, that I care not in what part of it I pass the rest of my days. I see no sunshine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glimpse of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power; perhaps 'tis a mistake, but however there's something in it generous. Mr *** takes it extreme kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he is only to thank
his

his ill fortune : for, if I am not in an error, he would rather be in power, than out.

To shew you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will, with great truth, apply to myself an old sentence : " Those that are in, may abide in ; and those " that are out, may abide out : yet to me, those that " are in shall be as those that are out, and those that " are out shall be as those that are in."

I am indifferent as to all those matters ; but I miss you as much as I did the first day, when (with a short sigh) I parted. Where-ever you are, (or on the mountains of Wales, or on the coast of Dublin,

*Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris —*),

I am, and ever shall be your's, &c.

L E T T E R XIX.

Mr GAY to Dr SWIFT.

Nov. 17. 1726.

ABout ten days ago a book was published here of the travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the conversation of the whole town ever since. The whole impression sold in a week ; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally said that you are the author ; but I am told, the bookseller declares, he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the cabinet-counsel to the nursery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search for particular applications in every leaf ; and 'tis highly probable we shall have keys published to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord — is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature ;

nature; at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplished of his species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man*. Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The Duchess-dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it: she declares, that she hath now found out, that her whole life hath been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes; and that if she knew Gulliver, though he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she would give up her present acquaintance for his friendship. You may see by this, that you are not much injured by being supposed the author of this piece. If you are, you have disoblged us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr Arbuthnot, who says, it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among lady-critics, some have found out that Mr Gulliver had a particular malice to maids of honour. Those of them who frequent the church, say, his design is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithstanding, I am told the Princess hath read it with great pleasure. As to other critics, they think the flying island is the least entertaining; and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himself, 'tis agreed that part was not writ by the same hand, though this hath its defenders too. It hath passed Lords and Commons, *nemine contradicente*; and the whole town, men, women, and children, are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never seen, and which hath not yet reached Ireland. If it hath not, I believe what we have

* It is no wonder a man of worth should condemn a satire on his species; as it injures virtue, and violates truth: and as little, that a corrupt man should approve it, because it justifies his principles, and tends to excuse his practice. *W^{ar}b.*

said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourself, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima*; which we modern naturalists pronounce ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, styl. Greg. at farthest. But to us your friends, the coming of such a black swallow as you, will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at court.

The princess is clothed in Irish silk; pray give our service to the weavers. We are strangely surprised to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B—— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like Honynhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo, and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but yourself.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to make them a present of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are mistaken: we envy those you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

L E T T E R XX.

Nov. 16. 1726.

I Have resolved to take time; and, in spite of all misfortunes and demurs, which sickness, lameness, or disability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two least fingers of one

one hand hang impediments to the others *, like useless dependents, who only take up room, and never are active or assistant to our wants. I shall never be much the better for them.—I congratulate you first upon what you call your cousin's wonderful book, which is *publica trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesman, is delightful; I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I've never been a night in London since you left me, till now for this very end; and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

I find no considerable man very angry at the book. Some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a satire: but none, that I hear of, accuse it, of particular reflections; (I mean no persons of consequence, or good judgment; the mob of critics, you know, always are desirous to apply satire to those they envy for being above them): so that you needed not to have been so secret upon this head. Motte received the copy, he tells me, he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark, from a hackney-coach. By computing the time, I found it was after you left England: so, for my part, I suspend my judgment.

I am pleased with the nature and quality of your present to the Princess. The Irish stuff you sent to Mrs. H. her R. H. laid hold of, and has made up for her own use. Are you determined to be national in every thing, even in your civilities? You are the greatest politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational politician, there is no great fear of you, you will never succeed.

Another thing in which you have pleased me, was

* This was occasioned by a bad accident as he was returning home in a friend's chariot; which in passing a bridge was overturned, and thrown with the horses into the river. The glasses being up, and Mr Pope unable to break them, he was in immediate danger of drowning; when the postilion, who had just recovered himself, beat the glass which lay uppermost to pieces; a fragment of which cut one of Mr Pope's hands very dangerously. *Warb.*

what you say to Mr P.; by which it seems to me, that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reason. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men; and it is high time to be so, after twenty or thirty years observation of the great world.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

I question not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their interest: but God forbid any honest or witty man should be of any but that of his country. They have scoundrels enough to write for their passions and their designs; let us write for truth, for honour, and for posterity. If you must needs write about politics at all, (but perhaps 'tis full as wise to play the fool any other way), surely it ought to be so as to preserve the dignity and integrity of your character with those times to come, which will most impartially judge of you.

I wish you had writ to Lord Peterborow: no man is more affectionate toward you. Don't fancy none but Tories are your friends; for at that rate I must be, at most, but half your friend, and sincerely I am wholly so. Adieu, write often, and come soon; for many wish you well, and all would be glad of your company.

L E T T E R XXI.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, Nov. 17. 1726.

I Am just come from answering a letter of Mrs H—'s. I writ in such mystical terms, that I should never have found out the meaning, if a book had not been sent me, called *Gulliver's Travels*, of which you say so much in your's. I read the book over; and in the second volume observe several passages which appear to be patched and altered *, and the style of a different

* This was the fact, which is complained of and redressed in the Dublin edition of the Dean's works. *Warb.*—See preface to this edition.

fort, unless I am much mistaken. Dr Arbuthnot likes the projectors least *; others, you tell me, the flying island: some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations; yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed: so that, in these cases, I think the best method is, to let censure and opinion take their course. A bishop here said, that book was full of improbable lies; and, for his part, he hardly believed a word of it. And so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court-expedient of keeping me in prison for a plotter; but at the same time I must tell you, that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? Another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can fifty fables.

I am just going to perform a very good office; it is to assist with the Archbishop, in degrading a parson who couples all our beggars; by which I shall make one happy man; and decide the great question of an indelible character in favour of the principles in fashion. This I hope you will represent to the ministry in my favour, as a point of merit; so farewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries. He declared to us, that he resolved to be hanged; only desired, that when he was to go to the gallows, the Archbishop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good Catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice.—Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend, I would desire all my acquaintance to give out, that his copy was basely mangled, and abused, and added to, and blotted out

* Because he understood it to be intended as a satire on the *Royal Society*. *Warb.*

by the printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly. Adieu.

L E T T E R XXII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dec. 5. 1726.

I Believe the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourself; and with reason, because I may probably be a greater loser by it. What have accidents to do with those who are neither jockeys, nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a rascally groom shall gallop a foundered horse ten miles upon a causey, and get home safe.

I am very much pleased that you approve what was sent; because I remember to have heard a great man say, that nothing required more judgment than making a present; which when it is done to those of high rank, ought to be of something that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the same time do me justice, in what you observe as to Mr P. Besides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwise; and therefore I follow a very easy road to virtue, and purchase it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a state of power, and dependence a state of slavery? We care not three pence whether a prince or minister will see us or no: we are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree, that riches are liberty; but then we are to put into the balance, how long our apprenticeship is to last in acquiring them.

Since you have received the verses, I most earnestly intreat you to burn those which you do not approve, and in those few where you may not dislike some parts, blot out the rest, and sometimes (though it be against the laziness of your nature) be so kind to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have some few of those things I call thoughts moral and diverting; if you please I will send the best I can pick from them,

to add to the new volume. I have reason to chuse the method you mention of mixing the several verses, and I hope thereby, among the bad critics, to be intitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am so happy to have a letter from my Lord Peterborow, for which I intreat you will present him with my humble respects and thanks, though he all-to-be-Gullivers me by very strong insinuations. Though you despise riddles, I am strongly tempted to send a parcel to be printed by themselves, and make a nine-penny job for the bookseller. There are some of my own, wherein I exceed mankind; *mira poemata!* the most solemn that ever were seen; and some writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine; but I will not praise myself. You approve that writer who laughs, and makes others laugh: but why should I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it so happy? therefore I resolve from henceforth to handle only serious subjects, *nisi quid tu, docte Trebati, dissentis.*

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R XXIII.

March 8. 1726-7.

MR Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whose acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you: and I think the acquaintance of so valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the least obligations.

Our miscellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiously pleased with this joint volume; in which methinks we look like friends, side by side, serious and merry by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to posterity; not in the stiff forms of learned authors, flattering each other, and setting the rest of mankind at nought; but in a free, unimportant, natural, easy manner, diverting others just as we diverted ourselves. The third volume consists of verses; but I would chuse to print none but such as have some peculiarity,

liarity, and may be distinguished for ours from other writers. There's no end of making books, Solomon said, and above all, of making miscellanies, which all men can make. For unless there be a character in every piece, like the mark of the elect, I should not care to be one of the twelve thousand signed.

You received, I hope, some commendatory verses from a horse and a Lilliputian, to Gulliver, and an heroic epistle of Mrs Gulliver. The bookseller would fain have printed them before the second edition of the book; but I would not permit it without your approbation; nor do I much like them. You see how much like a poet I write; and yet if you were with us, you'd be deep in politics. People are very warm, and very angry, very little to the purpose; but therefore the more warm and the more angry. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.* I stay at Twitnam, without so much as reading news-papers, votes, or any other paltry pamphlets. Mr Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are sent for your diversion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks I am at Glubbudrib, with none but ancients and spirits about me.

I am rather better than I use to be at this season; but my hand (though, as you see, it has not lost its cunning) is frequently in very awkward sensations, rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done some mischief already, and just been strong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long, lively letter, which will attend this. She has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you. We fancy some letters have been intercepted, or lost by accident. About ten thousand things I want to tell you: I wish you were as impatient to hear them; for if so, you would, you must come early this spring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vexed at losing Mr Stopford as soon as I knew him: but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value must settle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of them, and I forgive you this one.

L E T T E R XXIV.

O^s. 2. 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you; and your kind letter left for me at Mr Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I can't tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that it is almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good, or give any ease to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not; and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than in mine; though at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness. I can't explain my meaning; perhaps you know it. But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way, as you did here in your's. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your so sudden departure: for the last time I saw you, you assured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unless your health grew better; and I don't find it did so. I never complied so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so entirely from you; nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised, that before you went, we should meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in your's. We are quite sorry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and more satisfactory state; but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe we shall have something better than even a friend there; but

but certainly here we have nothing so good. Adieu for this time. May you find every friend you go to as pleased and happy, as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled.

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R XXV.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, Oct. 12. 1727.

I Have been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in, and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune hath made my home. I have there a large house, and servants and conveniencies about me. I may be worse than I am; and I have no where to retire. I therefore thought it best to return to Ireland, rather than go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part, as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world, and I know no body alive or dead to whom I am so much obliged: and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wished, that God almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another state; and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneasy; yet my giddiness alone would not have done, if that unsociable comfortless deafness had not quite tired me. And I believe I should have returned from the inn, if I had not feared it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely, besides all other faults, I should be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it hath pleased God,
that

that you are not in a state of health, to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together; such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent, whether we give them trouble or no. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me; you could refuse to see any body; and here is a large house, where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither; which was changing my agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which however I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myself with accounts; so that I am very well qualified to be a Lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increase Mr Congreve's amendment; though he does not deserve it like you, having been too lavish of that health which Nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the preacher said, "the day of judgment was nearer than ever it had been before."

Pray God send you health, *det salutem, det opes; animam æquam tibi ipse parabis*. You see Horace wished for money, as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the court till you do so too.

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R XXVI.

From Dr SWIFT.

Oct. 30. 1727.

THE first letter I writ after my landing was to Mr Gay; but it would have been wiser to direct it to Tonson or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better

better known than to the runners of the post-office. In that letter you will find what a quick change I made in seven days from London to the deanery, through many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected, in how few hours, with a swift horse, or a strong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the antipodes. If I did not know you more by your conversation and kindness than by your letter, I might be base enough to suspect, that, in point of friendship, you acted like some philosophers who writ much better upon virtue than they practised it. In answer, I can only swear, that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years further than by inexpressible nonsense; but now I can every night distinctly see Twickenham, and the grotto, and Dawley, and many other *et cetera's*, and it is but three nights since I beat Mrs Pope. I must needs confess, that the pleasure I take in thinking on you, is very much lessened by the pain I am in about your health. You pay dearly for the great talents God hath given you; and for the consequences of them, in the esteem and distinction you receive from mankind, unless you can provide a tolerable stock of health; in which pursuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather intreat you would mend it, by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke, and your other physicians. When you talked of cups and impressions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting scripture, not to your advantage. I mean what was said to David by one of his brothers: *I knew thy pride, and the naughtiness of thy heart*. I remember when it grieved your soul to see me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which, if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have cost me a hundred pounds; for I live worse here upon more. Did you ever consider, that I am for life almost twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do Port, and have neither coach, chair, nor mother? As to the world, I think you ought to say to it with St Paul, *If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?*

This

This is more proper still, if you consider the French word *spiritual*, in which sense the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a present of a thousand pound, I would not allow myself to be in your debt; and if I made you a present of two, I would not allow myself to be out of it. But I have not half your pride: witness what Mr Gay says in his letter, that I was censured for begging presents, though I limited them to ten shillings. I see no reason (at least my friendship and vanity see none) why you should not give me a visit, when you shall happen to be disengaged. I will send a person to Chester to take care of you, and you shall be used by the best folks we have here, as well as civility and good-nature can contrive. I believe local motion will be no ill physic; and I will have your coming inscribed on my tomb, and recorded in never-dying verse.

I thank Mrs Pope for her prayers; but I know the mystery. A person of my acquaintance, who used to correspond with the last Great Duke of Tuscany, shewing one of the Duke's letters to a friend, and professing great sense of his Highness's friendship, read this passage out of the letters, *I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good*. The person to whom this was read, and who knew the Duke well, said, the meaning of *real good* was only, that the other might turn a good Catholic. Pray ask Mrs Pope, whether this story is applicable to her and me? I pray God bless her, for I am sure she is a good Christian, and (which is almost as rare) a good woman.

Adieu.

L E T T E R XXVII.

Mr GAY to Dr SWIFT.

Oct. 22. 1727.

THE Queen's family is at last settled; and in the list I was appointed Gentleman-usher to the Princess Louisa, the youngest Princess; which, upon account that I am so far advanced in life, I have declined accepting;

accepting; and have endeavoured, in the best manner I could, to make my excuses by a letter to her Majesty. So now all my expectations are vanished; and I have no prospect, but in depending wholly upon myself, and my own conduct. As I am used to disappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be disappointed; so that I am in a blessed condition.— You remember you were advising me to go into Newgate to finish my scenes the more correctly.— I now think I shall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my opera is already finished. I leave the rest of this paper to Mr Pope.

Gay is a free man, and I writ him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the same. It will mend him, and make him a better man than a court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Augustus time, if he pleased; but I won't in the time of our Augustus. My poem, (which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of, for fear of the Curls and Dennis's of Ireland, and still more for fear of the worst of traitors, our friends and admirers), my poem, I say, will shew what a distinguishing age we lived in. Your name is in it, with some others, under a mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bless you, and give you health and spirits,

*Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind.*

These two verses are over and above what I have said of you in the poem. Adieu.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Dr SWIFT to Mr GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 23. 1727.

I Entirely approve your refusal of that employment, and your writing to the Queen. I am perfectly confident

fidest you have a keen enemy in the ministry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven. Upon reasoning with myself, I should hope they are gone too far to discard you quite, and that they will give you something; which, although much less than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumstantiated; and since you already just live, a middling help will make you just tolerable. Your lateness in life (as you so soon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almost the eldest men may hope to see changes in a court. A minister is always seventy: you are thirty years younger; and consider, Cromwel himself did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a shilling, which Dr Birch said was a serious thing. Get a stronger fence about your 1000 l. and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be advised by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the most refractory, honest, good-natured man I ever have known. I could argue out this paper.—I am very glad your opera is finished, and hope your friends will join the reader to make it succeed, because you are ill-used by others.

I have known courts these thirty six years, and know they differ; but in some things they are extremely constant. First, in the trite old maxim of a minister's never forgiving those he hath injured. Secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends. Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing. Fourthly, in sacrificing those whom we really wish well, to a point of interest or intrigue. Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for those who can do service or disservice.

Now, why does not Pope publish his dulness*? The rogues he marks, will die of themselves in peace, and so will his friends, and so there will be neither punishment nor reward.—Pray inquire how my Lord St John does? There's no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his.—I wonder whether you begin to taste the pleasure of independency; or whether you do not sometimes leer upon the court, *oculo retorto*.

* The Dunciad.

Will you not think of an annuity, when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchase-money? Have you dedicated your opera, and got the usual dedication-fee of twenty guineas? How is the Doctor? Does he not chide, that you never called upon him for hints? Is my Lord Bolingbroke, at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philosopher, or a writer? Is Mr Pultney in expectation of a son, or my Lord Oxford of a new old manuscript?

I bought your opera to-day for sixpence; a cursed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface; both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand goût*.

We are as full of it, *pro modulo nostro*, as London can be; continually acting, and houses cramm'd, and the Lord Lieutenant several times there laughing his heart out. I did not understand, that the scene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Cassius, till I was told it. I wish Mackheath, when he was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying. I would have had his fellow-rogues desire his commands about a successor, and he to answer, Let it be the most worthy, &c. We hear a million of stories about the opera, of the applause at the song, *That was lewell'd at me*, when two great ministers were in a box together, and all the world staring at them. I am heartily glad your opera hath mended your purse, though perhaps it may spoil your court.

Will you desire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr Pultney, and Mr Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thousand pounds, that you may laugh at courts, and bid ministers —

Ever preserve some spice of the aldermen, and prepare against age, and dulness, and sickness, and coldness, or death of friends. A whore has a resource left, that she can turn bawd; but an old decayed poet is a creature abandoned, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewise Polly's mezzotinto. Lord, how the school-boys at Westminster, and university-lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh as ministers can make weep?

I will excuse Sir — the trouble of a letter. When
VOL. VIII. G ambassadors

ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his nephew, after two years; the Emperor answered, that he likewise condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and respected him very much, and do still as much as ever; and it is a return sufficient, if he pleases to accept the offers of my most humble service.

The Beggar's opera hath knocked down Gulliver; I hope to see Pope's Dulness knock down the Beggar's opera, but not till it hath fully done its job.

To expose vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public service than all the ministers of state from Adam to Walpole; and so adieu.

L E T T E R XXIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr SWIFT.

POpe charges himself with this letter. He has been here two days; he is now hurrying to London; he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more; and, before the end of the week, he will be, for ought I know, at Dublin. In the mean time, his *Dulness** grows and flourishes, as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work. The many will stare at it, the few will smile, and all his patrons, from Bickerstaff to Gulliver, will rejoice, to see themselves adorned in that immortal piece.

I hear that you have had some return of your illness, which carried you so suddenly from us, if indeed it was your own illness which made you in such haste to be at Dublin. Dear Swift, take care of your health. I'll give you a receipt for it, *à la Montagne*, or, which is better, *à la Bruyère*. *Nourir bien votre corps; ne le fatiguer jamais: laisser rouiller l'esprit, meuble inutile, voire outil dangereux: laisser sonner vos cloches le matin, pour éveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le Doyen d'un sommeil doux et profond, qui lui procure de beaux songes: lever vous tard, et aller à l'église, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi et bien déjeuné.* As to myself, (a person about

* The Duciad.

whom I concern myself very little), I must say a word or two out of complaisance to you. I am in my farm, and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots. I have caught hold of the earth, (to use a gardener's phrase), and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an easy matter to transplant me again. Adieu. Let me hear from you, at least of you. I love you for a thousand things; for none more than for the just esteem and love which you have for all the sons of Adam.

P. S. According to Lord Bolingbroke's account, I shall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to desire you to expect my soul there with you by that time; but as for the jade of a body that is tacked to it, I fear there will be no dragging it after. I assure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at court absolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the gynocracy are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber, and the British journalish; so that we may live at quiet, and apply ourselves to our more abstruse studies. The only courtiers I know, or have the honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr Bowry. The former is at present so employed in the elevated airs of his opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity, (that of her Majesty's waterman), that I can scarce obtain a categorical answer from either to any thing I say to them. But the opera succeeds extremely, to yours and my extreme satisfaction, of which he promises this post to give you a full account. I have been in a worse condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment: so it must be in you, and in posterity, to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu. While I am, I am your's. Pray love me, and take care of yourself.

L E T T E R XXX.

March 23. 1727-8.

I Send you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in New England, wherein you'll find a real person,

a member of their parliament, of the name of *Jonathan Gulliver*. If the fame of that traveller has travelled thither, it has travelled very quick to have folks christened already by the name of the supposed author. But if you object, that no child so lately christened, could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into parliament; I reply, (to solve the riddle), that the person is an *Anabaptist*, and not christened till full age, which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular, that these two names should be united.

Mr Gay's opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his thousand pound*: he'll soon be thinking of a fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar, — as Cato said; for ambitious, false, or flattering people, to domineer in. Nay they would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words in quiet. I despise the world yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you, and the court more than all the rest of the world. As for those scribblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my *Dulness*, (which, by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name, *The Dunciad*), how much that nest of hornets are my regard, will easily appear to you, when you read the treatise of the Bathos.

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose, and, as Tully calls it, *in consuetudine studiorum*. Would to God our persons could but as well and as surely be inseparable! I find my other ties dropping from me: some worn off, some torn off, others relaxing daily:

* Before Mr Gay had fenced this thousand pounds, he had a consultation with his friends about the disposal of it. Mr L. advised him to intrust it to the funds, and live upon the interest; Dr Arbuthnot, to intrust it to Providence, and live upon the principal; and Mr Pope was for purchasing an annuity for life. In this uncertainty he could only say with the old man in Terence, *Fecistis probe*:

Incertior sum multo, quam dudum. Warb.

my

my greatest, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, time is shaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older, for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless, for having been so long helped and tended by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who required me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful; and the less fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend, to be amused or entertained. My constitution too has had its share of decay, as well as my spirits; and I am as much in the decline at forty, as you at sixty. I believe we should be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable. Your deafness would agree with my dullness; you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you should be as destitute of the social comforts of life, as I must when I lose my mother; or that ever you should lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly, as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafness; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or say in this kind, obliges me, nay, delights me, to see the justice you do me in thinking me concerned in all your concerns; so that though the pleasantest thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier, next to that it pleases me, that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is, to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I can't but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity; and of whom I have always found, (if I may quote myself),

That each bad author is as bad a friend.

This poem will rid me of those insects..

Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite, Graii;

Nescio quid majus nascitur Illade;

I mean than *my Iliad*; and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but however, if it silence these fellows *, it must be something greater than any *Iliad* in Christendom. Adieu.

L E T T E R XXXI.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, May 10. 1728.

I Have with great pleasure shewn the New-England news-paper with the two names *Jonathan Gulliver*; and I remember Mr Fortescue sent you an account from the assizes, of one *Lemuel Gulliver*, who had a cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for historians. Mr Gay's opera hath been acted here twenty times; and my Lord Lieutenant † tells me, it is very well performed; he hath seen it often, and approves it much.

You give a most melancholy account of yourself, and which I do not approve. I reckon, that a man subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easinesses, and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as beef and mutton for constant diet before partridges; I mean a middle kind both for understanding and fortune; who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell without offence, that I am otherwise engaged at present. This you cannot expect from any of those that either you, or I, or both are acquainted with on your side; who are only fit for our healthy seasons, and have much

* It did, in a little time, effectually silence them. *Warb.*

† Lord Carteret.

business of their own. God forbid I should condemn you to Ireland, (*quanquam O!*); and for England I despair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my season of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loss will be very sensible, whenever it shall happen. I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly housekeeper*, who hath been my W—lp—le above thirty years, whenever I lived in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villa's near this town: you have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough, yet not half. Except absence from friends, I confess freely that I have no discontent at living here; besides what arises from a silly spirit of liberty, which as it neither sours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach farther than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad; but I am impatient to have it *volare per ona*;—there is now a vacancy for fame. The Beggars opera hath done its task; *dissedat, uti com-
vivat satur*. Adieu.

L E T T E R XXXII.

From Dr SWIFT.

June 1. 1728.

I Look upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two, as a peculiar triumvirate, who have nothing to expect, or to fear; and so far fittest to converse with one another: only he and I are a little subject to schemes, and one of us (I wont say which) upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do with. I do profess, without affectation, that your kind opinion of

* Mrs Brent.

me as a patriot, (since you call it so), is what I do not deserve; because what I do is owing to perfect rage and resentment, and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly, and baseness about me, among which I am forced to live. And I will take my oath, that you have more virtue in an hour, than I in seven years: for you despise the follies, and hate the vices of mankind, without the least ill effect on your temper; and with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better; whereas with me it is always directly contrary. I hope, however, this is not in you from a superior principle of virtue, but from your situation; which hath made all parties and interests indifferent to you, who can be under no concern about high and low church, Whig and Tory, or who is first minister.—Your long letter was the last I received till this by Dr Delany, although you mention another since. The Doctor told me your secret about the Dunciad; which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and perhaps may wholly disappoint it. As to one of your inquiries, I am easy enough in great matters; but have a thousand paltry vexations in my little station; and the more contemptible, the more vexatious. There might be a *Lutrin* writ upon the tricks used by my chapter to tease me. I do not converse with one creature of station or title, but I have a set of easy people whom I entertain when I have a mind: I have formerly described them to you; but when you come, you shall have the honours of the country as much as you please; and I shall, on that account, make a better figure as long as I live. Pray God preserve Mrs Pope for your sake and ease; I love and esteem her too much to wish it for her own: if I were five and twenty, I would wish to be of her age, to be as secure as she is of a better life. Mrs P. B. has writ to me, and is one of the best letter-writers I know; very good sense, civility, and friendship, without any stiffness or constraint. The Dunciad has taken wind here; but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the university-lads will croud to kiss the hem of your garment. I am grieved to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forced him to the Bath. Tell me,

is not Temperance a necessary virtue for great men, since it is the parent of Ease and Liberty? so necessary for the use and improvement of the mind, and which philosophy allows to be the greatest felicities of life? I believe, had health been given so liberally to you, it would have been better husbanded without shame to your parts.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

Dawley, June 28. 1728.

I Now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two hay-cocks; but his attention is somewhat diverted, by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the triumvirate between yourself and me; though he says, that he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures like Anthony. It is upon a foresight of this, that he has fitted up his farm; and you will agree, that this scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him, and his great temperance and œconomy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a bishoprick in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might inquire of his hay-makers; but as to his temperance, I can answer, that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his Lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard him yesterday agree with a painter for 200 l. to paint his country-hall with trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, &c. and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm.—Now turn over a new leaf.—

He bids me assure you, he should be sorry not to have more schemes of kindness for his friends, than of ambition

tion for himself. There, though his schemes may be weak, the motives at least are strong. And he says further, if you could bear as great a fall and decrease of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in Ireland an hour.

The *Dunciad* is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription, which makes me proudest. It will be attended with *Proeme*, *Prolegomena*, *Testimonia Scriptorum*, *Index Authorum*, and notes *Variorum*. As to the latter, I desire you to read over the text, and make a few in any way you like best*, whether dry raillery, upon the style and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humerous, upon the authors in the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel passages of the ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my mother not ill; Dr Arbuthnot vexed with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

From Dr SWIFT.

July 16. 1728.

I Have often run over the *Dunciad* in an Irish edition, (I suppose full of faults), which a gentleman sent me. The notes I could wish to be very large, in what relates to the persons concerned; for I have long observed, that twenty miles from London no body understands hints, initial letters, or town facts and passages; and in a few years not even those who live in London. I would have the names of those scribblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of the poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have all the parodies (as they are called) referred to the author they imitate.—When I began this long paper, I thought I should have filled it with setting

* Dr Swift did so.

down the several passages I had marked in the edition I had; but I find it unnecessary, so many of them falling under the same rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never, in my opinion, saw so much good satire, or more good sense, in so many lines. How it passes in Dublin I know not yet; but I am sure it will be a great disadvantage to the poem, that the persons and facts will not be understood, till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be published till towards winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again I insist, you must have your asterisks filled up with some real names of real dunces.

I am now reading your preceeding letter of June 28. and find, that all I have advised above is mentioned there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymously, as published by the commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, &c. and among many complaints of spurious editions. I am thinking whether the editor should not follow the old style of this excellent author, &c. and refine in many places when you meant no refinement; and into the bargain, take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, histories, and performances.

As to yourself, I doubt you want a spurrier-on to exercise and to amusements; but to talk of decay at your season of life, is a jest. But you are not so regular as I. You are the most temperate man God-ward, and the most intemperate yourself-ward, of most I have known. I suppose Mr Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more flesh, and two hundred less in money. Providence never designed him to be above two and twenty, by his thoughtlessness and cullibility. He hath as little foresight of age, sickness, poverty, or loss of admirers, as a girl at fifteen. By the way, I must observe, that my Lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of his kindness to me) argues most sophistically: the fall from a million to a hundred thousand pounds is not so great, as from eight hundred pounds a-year to one: besides, he is a controller of fortune, and poverty dares not look a great minister in the face under his lowest declension. I never knew him live so great and expensively as he hath done since his return from exile; such mortals

mortals have resources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bless you, whose great genius has not so transported you as to leave you to the courtesy of mankind; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a philosopher,—and Gay is a slave just by two thousand pounds too little.—And Horace was of my mind, and let my Lord contradict him if he dares.——

L E T T E R XXXV.

Bath, Nov. 12. 1728.

I Have passed six weeks in quest of health, and found it not; but I found the folly of solicitude about it in a hundred instances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of physicians, the blind obedience of some patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe at a certain time of life, men are either fools or physicians for themselves, and zealots or divines for themselves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's visit; but last week I repented that wish, having been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland; from which I am just relieved, by an assurance that you are still at Sir A——'s planting and building; two things that I envy you for, besides a third, which is the society of a valuable lady. I conclude, (though I know nothing of it), that you quarrel with her, and abuse her every day, if she is so. I wonder I hear of no lampoons upon her, either made by yourself, or by others, because you esteem her. I think it a vast pleasure, that whenever two people of merit regard one another, so many scoundrels envy and are angry at them: it is bearing testimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have received of late, at the finding yours and my name constantly united in any silly scandal, I think you would go near to sing *Io triumphs!* and celebrate my happiness in verse; and, I believe, if you will not, I shall. The inscription to the Dunciad is now printed, and inserted in the poem. Do you care I should say
any

any thing farther how much that poem is yours ? since certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the rest of our lives ! The whole weight of scribblers would just serve to find us amusement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them. Every stick you plant, and every stone you lay, is to some purpose ; but the business of such lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raising nothing. I only wish we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities ; and let those who have so great a mind to have more wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but ease, health, peace, and fair weather ! I think it is the best wish in the world, and you know whose it was. If I lived in Ireland, I fear the wet climate would endanger more than my life ; my humour, and health ; I am so atmospherical a creature.

I must not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words spoken of you in the drawing-room, was not true. The sayings of princes are generally as ill related, as the sayings of wits. To such reports little of our regard should be given, and less of our conduct influenced by them.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, Feb. 13. 1728.

I Lived very easily in the country. Sir A. is a man of sense, and a scholar, has a good voice, and my Lady a better ; she is perfectly well bred, and desirous to improve her understanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid when she read wrong. With that, and walking, and making twenty little amusing improvements, and writing family-verses of mirth by way of libels on my lady, my time passed very well, and in very great order ; infinitely better than here, where I see no creature but my servants, and my old Presby-

terian housekeeper, denying myself to every body, till I shall recover my ears.

The account of another Lord Lieutenant was only in a common news-paper when I was in the country ; and if it should have happened to be true, I would have desired to have had access to him, as the situation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr Congreve, whom I loved from my youth, and who surely, besides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to squander away a very good constitution in his younger days ; and I think a man of sense and merit like him, is bound in conscience to preserve his health, for the sake of his friends, as well as of himself. Upon his own account I could not much desire the continuance of his life under so much pain, and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me ; and I have an addition of weight on my spirits since we lost him ; though I saw him so seldom ; and possibly if he had lived on, should never have seen him more. I do not only wish, as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humoured physician *, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to every body, hath abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally ; they pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together ; he loves them all, and they him. He has twenty of these at command ; if one of them dies, it is no more than poor Tom ! he gets another, or takes up with the rest, and is no more moved than at the loss of his cat ; he offends no body, is easy with every body. — Is not this the true happy man ? I was describing him to my Lady A —, who knows him too ; but she hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health. I would give half my fortune for the same temper ; and yet I cannot say I love it ; for I do not love my Lord —, who is much of the Doctor's nature. I hear Mr Gay's second opera †, which you mention, is forbid ; and then he will be once more fit to be advised, and reject your advice. Adieu.

* Dr Helsham.

† Polly.

L E T .

L E T T E R XXXVII.

Dr SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Mar. 21. 1729.

YOU tell me you have not quitted the design of collecting, writing, &c. This is the answer of every sinner who defers his repentance. I wish Mr Pope were as great an urger as I, who long for nothing more than to see truth under your hands, laying all detraction in the dust.—I find myself disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble, that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslaved people among whom I live. I knew an old Lord in Liecestershire, who amused himself with mending pitchforks and spades for his tenants *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects on which I might employ them; and contemning my private fortune, would gladly cross the channel, and stand by, while my betters were driving the boars out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of such an endeavour. When I was of your age, I often thought of death; but now after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me less. I conclude, that Providence hath ordered our fears to decrease with our spirits: and yet I love *la bagatelle* better than ever; for finding it troublesome to read at night, and the company here growing tasteless, I am always writing bad prose, or worse verses, either of rage or raillery, whereof some few escape to give offence or mirth, and the rest are burnt.

They print some Irish trash in London, and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends; for all are spurious except one paper *, for which Mr Pope very lately chid me. I remember your Lordship used to say, that a few good speakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common

Intituled, *A libel on Dr Delany and a certain great Lord*, vol. 6. p. 323.

method of a majority, by calling, To the question, would never hold long when reason was on the other side. Whether politics do not change, like gaming, by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant; but I believe in your time you would never, as a minister, have suffered an act to pass through the H. of C—s, only because you were sure of a majority in the H. of L—s to throw it out: because it would be unpopular, and consequently a loss of reputation. Yet this we are told hath been the case in the qualification-bill relating to pensioners. It should seem to me, that corruption, like avarice, hath no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your ministry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do, I have often compared it with these last sixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe, and we running seven millions in debt. I am forced to play at small game, to set the beasts here a-madding, merely for want of better game: *Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possim, &c.* — The d— take those politics, where a dunce might govern for a dozen years together. I will come in person to England, if I am provoked, and send for the dictator from the plough. I disdain to say, *O mibi præteritos*—but *cruda deo viridisque senectus*. Pray, my Lord, how are the gardens? have you taken down the mount, and removed the yew-hedges? Have you not bad weather for the spring-corn? Has Mr Pope gone farther in his ethic poems? and is the head-land sown with wheat? and what says Polybius? and how does my Lord St John *? Which last question is very material to me, because I love Burgundy, and riding between Twickenham and Dawley.—I built a wall five years ago; and when the masons played the knaves, nothing delighted me so much as to stand by, while my servants threw down what was amiss. I have likewise seen a monkey overthrow all the dishes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleasure of seeing them tumble, and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wish you would invite me to such another entertainment: but you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for

* Lord St John of Battersea, father to Lord Bolingbroke.

me to have done with the world; and so I would, if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole. I wonder you are not ashamed to let me pine away in this kingdom, while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the *melange* above written, and declare it to be a true copy of my present disposition; which must needs please you, since nothing was ever more displeasing to myself. I desire you to present my most humble respects to my Lady.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

Dr SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5. 1729.

I Do not think it could be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart. I hated it in all its circumstances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me, in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own; so I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last summer in a news-paper, that you were writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history; which you often promised Mr Pope and me to do. I know he desires it very much; and I am sure I desire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My Lord, I have no other notion of OEconomy, than that it is the parent of Liberty and Ease; and I am not the only friend you have who hath chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends otherwise very good, not to intermeddle with mens affairs in such nice matters. And, my Lord,

I have made a maxim, that should be writ in letters of diamonds, That a wise man ought to have money in his head, but not in his heart. Pray, my Lord, inquire, whether your prototype, my Lord Digby, after the restoration, when he was at Bristol, did not take some care of his fortune, notwithstanding that quotation I once sent you out of his speech to the H. of Commons? In my conscience, I believe Fortune, like other drabs, values a man gradually less for every year he lives. I have demonstration for it: because if I play at piquet for fixpence with a man or a woman two years younger than myself, I always lose; and there is a young girl of twenty, who never fails of winning my money at backgammon, though she is a bungler, and the game be ecclesiastic. As to the public, I confess nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it, but these frequent returns of deafness, which have hindered me from passing last winter in London: yet I cannot but consider the perfidiousness of some people, who I thought, when I was last there, upon a change that happened, were the most impudent in forgetting their professions that I have ever known. Pray, will you please to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, That *res nolunt diu male administrari*; the commonness makes me not know who is the author, but sure he must be some modern.

I am sorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill health; but I protest I never knew a very deserving person of that sex, who had not too much reason to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was the day before; which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then all on a sudden dropping into the present. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropt in; and the disappointment vexes me to this very day; and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes, than I have to think of them.

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Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatness are got, and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, "That all times are equally virtuous" and vitious;" wherein he differs from all poets, philosophers, and Christians, that ever writ. It is more probable, that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world; but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia, and hardly a thimble-full in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modest enough to confess that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of corruption. I say this, because I have a scheme, in spite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of virtue; and when the nation is ripe for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a hermit, by which I am got backwards about nineteen hundred years in the æra of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a-day, and read Baronius. *Hic explicit epistola ad Dom. Bolingbroke, et incipit ad amicum Pope.*

Having finished my letter to Aristippus, I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs Pope, having heard from others that she was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unreasonable to trouble you. I am ashamed to tell you, that when I was very young, I had more desire to be famous than ever since; and fame, like all things else in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you who are so much younger, although you want that health you deserve, yet your spirits are as vigorous as if your body were sounder. I hate a croud, where I have not an easy place to see and be seen. A great library always makes me melancholy, where the best author is as much squeezed, and as obscure, as a porter at a coronation. In my own little library, I value the complements of Græ-
vius

vius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio, (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke), more than all my books besides; because whoever comes into my closet, casts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchsafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you, it is almost incredible how opinions change, by the decline or decay of spirits; and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours from a boy to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue riband, or of a coach and six horses. To be remembered for ever on the account of our friendship, is what would exceedingly please me; but yet I never loved to make a visit, or be seen walking with my betters, because they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no sooner writ this than I corrected myself, and remembered Sir Fulk Grevil's epitaph, "Here lies, &c. who was friend " to Sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I most heartily thank you, for your desire that I would record our friendship in verse; which if I can succeed in, I will never desire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You must present my humble service to Mrs Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reason, that she may live to take care of you.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

From Dr SWIFT.

Aug. 11. 1729.

I AM very sensible, that in a former letter I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wishes and desires; which however I find with some comfort do now daily decline, very suitable to my state of health for some months past. For my head is never perfectly free from giddiness, and especially towards night. Yet my disorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafness this half-year; so I am
like

like a horse, which, though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this comparison puts me in mind to add, that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wish you would imitate me. As to this country, there have been three terrible years dearth of corn, and every place strowed with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation, the two thirds of whose revenues are spent out of it, and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of women will not suffer them to wear their own manufactures, even where they excel what come from abroad. This is the true state of Ireland in a very few words. These evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is absolutely undone, as I have been telling often in print these ten years past.

What I have said requires forgiveness; but I had a mind for once to let you know the state of our affairs, and my reason for being more moved than perhaps becomes a clergyman, and a piece of a philosopher: and perhaps the increase of years and disorders may hope for some allowance to complaints, especially when I may call myself a stranger in a strange land. As to poor Mrs Pope, (if she be still alive), I heartily pity you and pity her. Her great piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age hath made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her best friends will most wish her eased of her labours, when she hath so many good works to follow them. The loss you will feel by the want of her care and kindness, I know very well; but she has amply done her part, as you have yours. One reason why I would have you in Ireland when you shall be at your own disposal, is, that you may be master of two or three years revenues, *provisæ frugis in annos copia*, so as not to be pinched in the least when years increase, and perhaps your health impairs: and when this kingdom is utterly at an end, you may support me for the few years I shall happen to live; and who knows but you may pay me exorbitant interest, for the spoonful of wine, and scraps of a chicken it will cost me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reason to complain of ingratitude; for I never yet

yet knew any person one tenth part so heartily disposed as you are to do good offices to others, without the least private view.

Was it a gasconade to please me, that you said your fortune was increased 100 l. a-year since I left you? You should have told me how. Those *subsidia senectuti* are extremely desirable, if they could be got with justice, and without avarice; of which vice though I cannot charge myself yet, nor feel any approaches towards it, yet no usurer more wishes to be richer, (or rather to be surer of his rents). But I am not half so moderate as you; for I declare I cannot live easily under double to what you are satisfied with.

I hope Mr Gay will keep his 3000 l. and live on the interest, without decreasing the principal one penny; but I do not like your seldom seeing him. I hope he is grown more disengaged from his intentness on his own affairs, which I ever disliked, and is quite the reverse to you, unless you are a very dextrous disguiser. I desire my humble service to Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurst, and particularly to Mrs B—, but to no lady at court. God bless you for being a greater dupe than I. I love that character too myself, but I want your charity. Adieu.

L E T T E R XL.

O^r. 9. 1729.

IT pleases me that you received my books at last: but you have never once told me if you approve the whole, or disapprove not of some parts of the commentary, &c. It was my principal aim in the entire work, to perpetuate the friendship between us, and to shew, that the friends or the enemies of one were the friends or enemies of the other. If, in any particular, any thing be stated or mentioned in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new editions now coming out here, may have it rectified. You'll find the octavo rather more correct than the quarto, with some additions to the notes and epigrams cast in, which I wish had been increased by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoice in hearing that Drap-
piers-

piers-hill is to emulate Parnassus. I fear the country about it is as much impoverished. I truly share in all that troubles you, and wish you removed from a scene of distress, which I know works your compassionate temper too strongly. But if we are not to see you here, I believe I shall once in my life see you there. You think more for me, and about me, than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you'll not be contented, though I am, that the additional 100 l. a-year is only for my life. My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it: she will never be troublesome to me, if she be not so to herself. But a melancholy object it is, to observe the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a person to whom one is tied by the links of both. I can't tell whether her death itself would be so afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs. I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away 100 l. a-year. Don't be angry: I will not live to be very old; I have revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were wanting a friend above ground.

Mr Gay assures me his 3000 l. is kept entire and sacred. He seems to languish after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he, or not? The Doctor is unalterable, both in friendship and quadrille. His wife has been very near death last week: his two brothers buried their wives within these six weeks. Gay is sixty miles off, and has been so all this summer, with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. He is the same man; so is every one here that you know. Mankind is unamendable, *Optimus ille qui minimis urgetur*.—Poor Mrs * * is like the rest; she cries at the thorn in her foot, but will suffer no body to pull it out. The court-lady I have a good opinion of; yet I have treated her more negligently than you would do, because you like to see the inside of a court, which I do not. I have seen her but twice. You have a desperate

rate hand at dashing out a character by great strokes, and at the same time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you should draw mine, if I were conscious of any guilt: but if I were conscious only of folly, God send it! for as no body can detect a great fault so well as you, no body would so well hide a small one. But, after all, that lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vast deal for a courtier. I can assure you, that Lord Peterborow always speaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your friend as any one. I must throw away my pen; it cannot, it will never tell you, what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.*

L E T T E R XLI.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr SWIFT.

Brussels, Sept. 27. 1729.

I Have brought your French acquaintance * thus far on her way into her own country, and considerably better in health than she was when she went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes, that she will recover such a degree of health as may render old age supportable. Both of us have closed the tenth lustre, and it is high time to determine how we shall play the last act of the farce. Might not my life be intitled much more properly a *What-d'ye-call-it*, than a *farce*? Some comedy, a great deal of tragedy, and the whole interspersed with scenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr Balordo, the prototype of your hero.—I used to think sometimes formerly of old age and of death; enough to prepare my mind, not enough to anticipate sorrow, to dash the joys of youth, and to be all my life a-dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and find it more as I proceed on my journey: little regret when I look backwards, little apprehension when I look forward. You complain grievously of your situation in Ireland: I would complain of mine too in England; but I will not;

* Lady Bolingbroke.

may, I ought not; for I find by long experience, that I can be unfortunate without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the *figure of living* and the *pleasure of giving*, though your old prating friend Montague does something like it in one of his rhapsodies. To tell you my reasons would be to write an essay, and I shall hardly have time to write a letter: but if you will come over, and live with Pope and me, I'll shew you in an instant why those two things should not *aller de pair*; and that forced retrenchments on both may be made, without making us even uneasy. You know that I am too expensive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind the power of descending without anxiety two or three stages more. In short, Mr Dean, if you will come to a certain farm in Middlesex, you shall find that I can live frugally without growling at the world, or being peevish with those whom Fortune has appointed to eat my bread, instead of appointing me to eat theirs: and yet I have naturally as little disposition to frugality as any man alive. You say you are no philosopher, and I think you are in the right to dislike a word which is so often abused. But I am sure you like to follow reason, not custom, (which is sometimes the reason, and oftner the caprice of others, of the mob of the world). Now, to be sure of doing this, you must wear your philosophical spectacles as constantly as the Spaniards used to wear theirs. You must make them part of your dress; and sooner part with your broad-brimmed beaver, your gown, your scarf, or even that emblematical vestment your surplice. Through this medium you will see few things to be vexed at, few persons to be angry at: and yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wish altered, and persons whom we ought to wish hanged.

In your letter to Pope, you agree, that a regard for fame becomes a man more towards his exit than at his entrance into life; and yet you confess, that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your sentiment is true and natural; your reasoning, I am afraid, is not so upon this occasion. Prudence will make us desire fame, because it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wise

man's means; his ends are his own good, and the good of society. You poets and orators have inverted this order; you propose fame as the end; and good, or at least great actions, as the means. You go further; you teach our self-love to anticipate the applause which we suppose will be paid by posterity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads besides your own. I am afraid this may have done some harm in the world.

Fame is an object which men pursue successfully by various and even contrary courses. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as essential, and on the means as indifferent; so that Fabricius and Crassus, Cato and Cæsar, pressed forward to the same goal. After all, perhaps it may appear, from a consideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world, without calling this passion, or this direction of self-love into your aid. Tacitus has crowded this excuse for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *Contemptu fame contemni virtutes*. But now, whether we consider fame as an useful instrument in all the occurrences of private and public life, or whether we consider it as the cause of that pleasure which our self-love is so fond of; methinks, our entrance into life, or (to speak more properly) our youth, not our old age, is the season when we ought to desire it most, and therefore when it is most becoming to desire it with ardor. If it is useful, it is to be desired most when we have, or may hope to have, a long scene of action open before us. Towards our exit, this scene of action is, or should be closed; and then, methinks, it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing which we have no longer occasion for. If it is pleasant, the sooner we are in possession of fame, the longer we shall enjoy this pleasure. When it is acquired early in life, it may tickle us on till old age; but when it is acquired late, the sensation of pleasure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having tasted it sooner.

From my farm, Oct. 5.

I am here. I have seen Pope, and one of my first inquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am sorry to

to hear; you are building it seems, on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpose, in some county of Ireland*. Though I have built in a part of the world which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill fortune and yours, yet I am sorry you do the same thing. I have repented a thousand times of my resolution, and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Adieu, my old and worthy friend. May the physical evils of life fall as easily upon you, as ever they did on any man who lived to be old; and may the moral evils which surround us, make as little impresson on you, as they ought to make on one who has such superior sense to estimate things by, and so much virtue to wrap himself up in.

My wife desires not to be forgotten by you. She's faithfully your servant, and zealously your admirer. She will be concerned and disappointed not to find you in this island at her return, which hope both she and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

L E T T E R XLII.

Dr SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Oct. 31. 1729.

I Received your Lordship's travelling letter of several dates, at several stages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in so many places. As to your ten lustres, I remember, when I complained in a letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jest, and answered me out of Terence, *Isa commemoratio est quasi exprobratio*. How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to answer for, all monastically passed in this country of liberty, and delight, and money, and good company! I go on answering your letter. It is you were my hero, but the other † never was: yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and

* In the county of Armagh, called *Drapier's Hill*.

† Lord Oxford.

often vindicated him, in the beginning of your ministry, from my accusations. But I granted he had the greatest inequalities of any man alive, and his whole scene was fifty times more a What-d'ye-call-it, than yours: for I declare yours was *une*; and I wish you would so order it, that the world may be as wise as I upon that article. Mr Pope wishes it too; and I believe there is not a more honest man in England, even without wit. But you regard us not.—I was forty-seven years old * when I began to think of death; and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to sleep.—I writ to Mr Pope, and not to you. My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its time, is many degrees inferior to yours; all my pretensions from person and parts infinitely so; I a younger son of younger sons; you born to a great fortune: yet I see you, with all your advantages, sunk to a degree that you could never have been without them: but yet I see you as much esteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more, (though it be almost impossible), than ever you were in your highest exaltation;—only I grieve like an alderman, that you are not so rich. And yet, my Lord, I pretend to value money as little as you; and I will call five hundred witnesses (if you will take Irish witnesses) to prove it. I renounce your whole philosophy, because it is not your practice. By the *figure of living*, (if I used that expression to Mr Pope), I do not mean the parade, but a suitableness to your mind; and as for the *pleasure of giving*, I know your soul suffers when you are debarred of it. Could you, when your own generosity and contempt of outward things, (be not offended, it is no ecclesiastical; but an Epictetian phrase), could you, when these have brought you to it, come over, and live with Mr Pope and me at the deanery? I could almost wish the experiment were tried;—no, God forbid, that ever such a scoundrel as Want should dare to approach you. But in the mean time do not brag; retrenchments are not your talent. But as old Weymouth said to me in his lordly Latin, *Philosophia verba ignavia opera*; I wish you could learn arithmetic, that three and two make five, and

* The year of Queen Anne's death.

will never make more. My philosophical spectacles which you advised me to, will tell me, that I can live on 50 l. a-year, (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to); but I cannot endure that *otium* should be *sine dignitate*.—My Lord, what I would have said of fame, is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life; because I cannot be a great Lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *subsidium*; I would endeavour that my betters should seek me by the merit of something distinguishable, instead of my seeking them. The desire of enjoying it in after times is owing to the spirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn to know the house is so full, that there is no room for above one or two at most in an age through the whole world. My Lord, I hate and love to write to you; it gives me pleasure, and kills me with melancholy. The d—— take stupidity, that it will not come to supply the want of philosophy.

L E T T E R XLIII.

From Dr SWIFT.

OCT. 31. 1729.

YOU were so careful in sending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleased four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, text and comment; but am one abstracted from every body, in the happiness of being recorded your friend, while wit, and humour, and politeness shall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition, we know nothing of it; for we have an octavo of our own, which hath sold wonderfully, considering our poverty, and dulness, the consequence of it.

I writ this post to Lord B. and told him in my letter, that, with a great deal of loss for a frolic, I will fly as soon as build; I have neither years, nor spirits, nor money, nor patience for such amusements. The frolic is gone off, and I am only 100 l. the poorer. But this kingdom is grown so excessively poor, that we wise men must think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not two hundred thou-

land pounds of specie in the whole island; for we return thrice as much to our absentees as we get by trade, and so are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print these ten years, to as little purpose as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Irish politics, which I only mention, because it so nearly touches myself. I must repeat what, I believe, I have said before, that I pity you much more than Mrs Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes, is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender disposition; and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much satisfied that your additional 100 l. *per annum* is for your life as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends, I would not have them glad to be rid of you; and I shall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have imbroiled me with Lord B—— about the figure of living, and the pleasure of giving. I am under the necessity of some little paltry figure in the station I am: but I make it as little as possible. As to the other part, you are base, because I thought myself as great a giver as ever was of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a secret even from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue. Adieu.

L——C——, who doth his duty of a good governor in inflaming this kingdom as much as he can, talks to me of you in the manner he ought.

L E T T E R XLIV.

Lord BOLLINGBROKE to Dr SWIFT.

Nov. 19. 1729.

I Find that you have laid aside your project of building in Ireland, and that we shall see you in this island *cum zephyris, et hirundine prima*. I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age; sure I am that the force of friendship does. I loved you almost twenty years ago; I thought of you as well as I do now; better was beyond the power of conception, or, to avoid an equivoke, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for
loving

loving you as well when I knew you less, or for loving you as well after loving you so many years, I shall not determine. What I would say is this: Whilst my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels less need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftener, they busy me, they warm me more: is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another state, (*for vera amicitia non nisi inter bonos*), begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great band of their future society? There is no one thought which soothes my mind like this. I encourage my imagination to pursue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty of the intellect * comes boisterously in, and wakes me from so pleasing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on oeconomics than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will say, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500 l. a-year as well as with 5000: the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the estate. I do assure you, that I have never quitted the design of collecting, revising, improving, and extending several materials which are still in my power; and I hope that the time of setting myself about this last work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curiosity and importance are lost, and some of them in a manner which would surprise and anger you. However, I shall be able to convey several great truths to posterity, so clearly and so authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, since Pope is to write

* *Viz. Reason.* Tully (or, what is much the same, his disciple) observes something like this on the like occasion; where, speaking of Plato's famous book of the soul, he says, *Nescio quomodo, dum lego, adsentior; cum posui librum, et mecum ipse de immortalitate animorum cepti cogitare, adsensio illa omnis elabatur.* Cicero seems to have had but a confused notion of the *cause* which the letter writer has here explained, namely, that the *imagination* is always ready to indulge so flattering an idea, but severer *reason* corrects and disclaims it. As to RELIGION, that is out of the question; for Tully wrote to his few philosophic friends. *Warb.*

to you. No matter : for, upon recollection, the rules of proportion are not broken ; he will say as much to you in one page, as I have said in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earnest ; it is a fine one ; and will be, in his hands, an original *. His sole complaint is, that he finds it too easy in the execution. This flatters his laziness ; it flatters my judgment, who always thought, that (universal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead ; I do not except Horace. Adieu.

L E T T E R XLV.

Nov. 28. 1729.

THis letter (like all mine) will be a rhapsody ; it is many years ago since I wrote as a wit †. How many occurrences or informations must one omit, if one determined to say nothing that one could not say prettily ? I lately received from the widow of one dead correspondent, and the father of another, several of my own letters of about fifteen and twenty years old ; and it was not unentertaining to myself to observe, how and by what degrees I ceased to be a witty writer ; as either my experience grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correspondents on the other. Now, as I love you better than most I have ever met with in the world, and esteem you too the more, the longer I have compared you with the rest of the world ; so inevitably I write to you more negligently, that is, more openly, and what all but such as love one another will call writing worse. I smile to think how Curl would be bit, were our epistles to fall into his hands, and how gloriously they would fall short of every ingenious reader's expectations ?

You can't imagine what a vanity it is to me, to have something to rebuke you for in the way of œconomy. I love the man that builds a house *subito ingenio*, and makes a wall for a horse ; then cries, " We wise

* Essay on man.

† He used to value himself on this particular. Warb.

" men

“men must think of nothing but getting ready money.” I am glad you approve my annuity; all we have in this world is no more than an annuity, as to our own enjoyment: but I will increase your regard for my wisdom, and tell you, that this annuity includes also the life of another*, whose concern ought to be as near me as my own, and with whom my whole prospects ought to finish. I throw my javelin of hope no farther, *Cur brevi fortis jaculamur ævo*—&c.

The second (as it is called, but indeed the eighth) edition of the Dunciad, with some additional notes and epigrams, shall be sent you, if I know any opportunity; if they reprint it with you, let them by all means follow that octavo edition.—The Drapier’s letters are again printed here, very laudably as to paper, print, &c.; for you know I disapprove Irish politics, (as my commentator tells you), being a strong and jealous subject of England. The lady you mention, you ought not to complain of for not acknowledging your present; she having lately received a much richer present from Mr Knight of the South-sea; and you are sensible she cannot ever return it to one in the condition of an outlaw. It is certain, as he can never expect any favour†, his motive must be wholly disinterested. Will not this reflection make you blush? Your continual deplorings of Ireland make me wish you were here long enough to forget those scenes that so afflict you: I am only in fear if you were, you would grow such a patriot here too, as not to be quite at ease, for your love of old England.—It is very possible, your journey in the time I compute, might exactly tally with my intended one to you; and if you must soon again go back, you would not be unattended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put an end to a very long, and a very irreproachable life. My constant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and lessen extremely my desires of long life; since I see the best that can come of it is a miserable benediction. I look upon my-

* His mother’s.

† He was mistaken in this. Mr Knight was pardoned, and came home in the year 1742. *Warb.*

self to be many years older in two years since you saw me: the natural imbecillity of my body, joined now to this acquired old age of the mind, makes me at least as old as you, and we are the fitter to crawl down the hill together: I only desire I may be able to keep pace with you. My first friendship at sixteen, was contracted with a man of seventy; and I found him not grave enough or consistent enough for me, though we lived well to his death. I speak of old Mr Wycherly; some letters of whom (by the by) and of mine, the booksellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and your's *. I don't much approve of it; though there is nothing for me to be ashamed of, because I will not be ashamed of any thing I do not do myself, or of any thing that is not immoral, but merely dull, (as for instance, if they printed this letter I am now writing; which they easily may, if the underlings at the post-office please to take a copy of it). I admire, on this consideration, your sending your last to me quite open, without a seal, wafer, or any closure whatever, manifesting the utter openness of the writer. I would do the same by this, but fear it would look like affectation to send two letters so together.—I will fully represent to our friend, (and, I doubt not, it will touch his heart), what you so feelingly set forth as to the badness of your Burgundy, &c. He is an extreme honest man; and indeed ought to be so, considering how very indiscreet and unreserved he is: but I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idlenesses in the way of wit. You know my maxim, to keep as clear of all offence, as I am clear of all interest in either party. I was once displeased before at you, for complaining to Mr *** of my not having a pension, and am so again at your naming it to a certain Lord. I have given proof in the course of my whole life, (from the time when I was in the friendship of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr Craggs, even to this when I am civilly treated by Sir R. Walpole), that I ne-

* See the occasion, in the second and third paragraphs of the preface to the first volume of Pope's letters, the 7th of Warburton's edition of his works.

ver thought myself so warm in any party's cause as to deserve their money; and therefore would never have accepted it: but give me leave to tell you, that of all mankind the two persons I would least have accepted any favour from, are those very two to whom you have unluckily spoken of it. I desire you to take off any impressions which that dialogue may have left on his Lordship's mind, as if I ever had any thought of being beholden to him, or any other in that way. And yet you know I am no enemy to the present constitution; I believe, as sincere a wellwisher to it, nay, even to the church established, as any minister in or out of employment whatever; or any bishop of England or Ireland. Yet am I of the religion of Erasmus, a Catholic: so I live, so I shall die; and hope one day to meet you, Bishop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr Garth, Dean Berkeley, and Mr Hutchinson, in that place to which God of his infinite mercy bring us, and every body!

Lord B.'s answer to your letter I have just received, and join it to this packet. The work he speaks of with such abundant partiality, is a system of ethics in the Horatian way.

L E T T E R XLVI.

April 14. 1730.

THis is a letter extraordinary, to do and say nothing but recommend to you (as a clergyman, and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, and for a good and an honest man: moreover he is above seventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word *bonest*. I shall think it a kindness done myself, if you can propagate Mr Westley's subscription for his commentary on Job, among your divines, (bishops excepted, of whom there is no hope), and among such as are believers, or readers of scripture; even the curious may find something to please them, if they scorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his prose more than you formerly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a
favourer

favourer of it, and allows you to do your best to serve an old Tory, and a sufferer for the church of England, though you are a Whig, as I am.

We have here some verses in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you would not use me so ill as to flatter me. I therefore think it is some other weak Irishman.

P. S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I protest to you. But since he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I seek no epistolary fame, but am a good deal pleased to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the most friendly intimacy together.——Pliny writ his letters for the public; so did Seneca, so did Balfac, Voiture, &c. Tully did not; and therefore these give us more pleasure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a secret which was intended to be kept from us. That is a pleasure. We see Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, such as they really were, and not such as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as historians and poets have represented them to ours. That is another pleasure. I remember to have seen a procession at Aix-la-Chapelle, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the shoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial saint. Follow him into the vestry; you see the bearer slip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary size, and is set by among other lumber.——I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public spirit would be less grieved, or oftener comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a visit at least. It will not be the fault of several persons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good-will and little power produce such slow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to heaven alone, and heavenly men.——I know you will be angry with me, if I say nothing to you of a poor woman*, who is still on the other side of the water in a most languishing state of

* Lady Bolingbroke.

health. If she regains strength enough to come over, (and she is better within a few weeks), I shall nurse her in this farm * with all the care and tenderness possible. If she does not, I must pay her the last duty of friendship where-ever she is, though I break through the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu. I am most faithfully and affectionately yours.

L E T T E R XLVII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr SWIFT.

Jan. 1730-31.

I Begin my letter, by telling you, that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, though feeble and precarious, is better than it has been these two years. She is much your servant; and as she has been her own physician with some success, imagines she could be yours with the same. Would to God you was within her reach. She would, I believe, prescribe a great deal of the *medicina animi*, without having recourse to the books of Trismegistus. Pope and I should be her principal apothecaries in the course of the cure; and though our best botanists complain, that few of the herbs and simples which go to the composition of these remedies, are to be found at present in our soil, yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; besides, by the help of a little chymistry, the most noxious juices may become salubrious, and rank poison a specific.—Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world, to the present and to future ages, whilst I begin this letter which he is to finish to you. What good he will do to mankind, I know not; this comfort he may be sure of; he cannot do less than you have done before him. I have sometimes thought, that if preachers, hangmen, and moral writers keep vice at a stand, or so much as retard the progress of it, they do as much as human nature admits. A real reformation is not to be brought about by ordi-

* Lord Bolingbroke's seat at Dawley in Middlesex. *Warr.*

nary means; it requires those extraordinary means which become punishments as well as lessons. National corruption must be purged by national calamities. — Let us hear from you. We deserve this attention, because we desire it, and because we believe that you desire to hear from us.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr SWIFT.

March 29.

I Have delayed several posts answering your letter of January last, in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be set a-going, you shall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger, either from the nature of my distemper, or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay, (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates), we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy; for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. *Passions* (says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other) are the *gales* of life. Let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us, in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the

the morning. I recal the time, (and am glad it is over), when about this hour I used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business: my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past, and even the present affairs of life, stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me! Passions in their force would bring all these, nay even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave Pope to speak for himself; but I must tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She says she would find strength enough to nurse you, if you was here; and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak. The slow fever works under, and mines the constitution: we keep it off sometimes; but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life. Death is not to her the king of terrors; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself.— You shall not stay for my next, as long as you have for this letter; and in every one Pope shall write something much better than the scraps of old philosophers, which were the presents, *munuscula*, that Stoical sop Seneca used to send in every epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My Lord has spoken justly of his lady: why not I of my mother? Yesterday was her birthday, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminished, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers; this is all she does. I have reason to thank God for continuing so long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years those cares which

are now as necessary to her as hers have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes, very much softens the mind ; but perhaps may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made some strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend : perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it ; but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass through, just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet am I just now writing (or rather planning) a book, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour.— And just now too I am going to see one I love very tenderly ; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the courtesy of England.—*Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.* While we do live, we must make the best of life,

Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædat) eamus,

as the shepherd said in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am your's.

L E T T E R XLIX.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr SWIFT.

YOU may assure yourself, that if you come over this spring, you will find me not only got back into the habits of study, but devoted to that historical task which you have set me these many years. I am in hopes of some materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propose to myself. If they are not to be had, I must accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of ; and you will be surprised to find, that I have been partly drawn by him, and partly by myself, to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important subject ; that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority except sacred authority ; and that I have ventured to

to start a thought, which must, if it is pushed as successfully as I think it is, render all your metaphysical theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expression in one of your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this subject; and yet I am persuaded, that divines and free-thinkers would both be clamorous against it, if it was to be submitted to their censure, as I do not intend that it shall. The passage I mean, is that where you say, that you told Dr ** the grand points of Christianity ought to be taken as infallible revelations *, &c.

It has happened, that whilst I was writing this to you, the Doctor came to make me a visit from London, where I heard he was arrived some time ago. He was in haste to return, and is, I perceive, in great haste to print. He left with me eight dissertations †, a small part, as I understand, of his work; and desired me to peruse, consider, and observe upon them against Monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two first, I find myself unable to serve him. The principles he reasons upon, are begged in a disputation of this sort; and the manner of reasoning is by no means close and conclusive. The sole advice I could give him in conscience, would be that which he would take ill, and not follow. I will get rid of this task as well as I can; for I esteem the man, and should be sorry to disoblige him where I cannot serve him.

As to retirement and exercise, your notions are true. The first should not be indulged so much as to render us savage, nor the last neglected so as to impair health. But I know men, who, for fear of being savage, live with all who will live with them, and who, to preserve their health, saunter away half their time. Adieu. Pope calls for the paper.

P. S. I hope what goes before will be a strong mo-

* In this maxim all bigotted divines and free-thinking politicians agree; the one for fear of disturbing the established religion; the other lest that disturbance should prove injurious to their administration of government. Warb.

† Revelation examined with candor.

tive to your coming. God knows if ever I shall see Ireland; I shall never desire it, if you can be got hither, or kept here. Yet I think I shall be, too soon, a free-man.—Your recommendations I constantly give to those you mention; though some of them I see but seldom, and am every day more retired. I am less fond of the world, and less curious about it; yet no way out of humour, disappointed, or angry; though in my way I receive as many injuries as my betters; but I don't feel them; therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I pass almost all my time at Dawley and at home. My Lord (of which I partly take the merit to myself) is as much estranged from politics as I am. Let philosophy be ever so vain, it is less vain now than politics, and not quite so vain at present as divinity. I know nothing that moves strongly but satire; and those who are ashamed of nothing else, are so of being ridiculous. I fancy, if we three were together but for three years, some good might be done even upon this age.

I know you'll desire some account of my health. It is as usual, but my spirits rather worse. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either a taste or talent for politics, and the world minds nothing else. I have personal obligations which I will ever preserve, to men of different sides; and I wish nothing so much as public quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit, if I can take off any man from grating or satirical subjects, merely on the score of party: and it is the greatest vanity of my life, that I have contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to subjects moral, useful, and more worthy his pen. Dr ———'s book is what I can't commend so much as Dean Berkeley's*, though it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: but the whole book, though he meant it *ad populum*, is, I think, purely *ad clerum*. Adieu.

* A fine original work, called, *The minute philosopher*.

L E T T E R L.

Dr SWIFT to Mr GAY.**Dublin, March 19. 1729.*

I Deny it. I do write to you according to the old stipulation; for when you kept your old company, when I writ to one, I writ to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain, since you are got into a new world, and will answer all your letters. You are first to present my most humble respects to the Duchess of Queensberry; and let her know, that I never dine without thinking of her, although it be with some difficulty that I can obey her, when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the sauce is not very consistent. You must likewise tell her Grace, that she is a general toast among all honest folks here, and particularly at the deanery, even in the face of my Whig subjects.—I will leave my money in Lord Bathurst's hands, and the management of it (for want of better) in yours: and pray keep the interest-money in a bag wrapt up and sealed by itself, for fear of your own fingers under your carelessness. Mr Pope talks of you as a perfect stranger; but the different pursuits, and manners, and interests of life, as Fortune hath pleased to dispose them, will never suffer those to live together, who by their inclinations ought never to part. I hope when you are rich enough, you will have some little œconomy of your own in town or country, and be able to give your friend a pint of Port; for the domestic season of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vampt play, although Mr Pope seemed to have, and although it were ever so good: but you should have done like the parsons, and changed your text, I mean the title, and the names of the persons. After all, it was an effect of idleness; for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wish you

* The following letters from Dr Swift to Mr Gay, from let. 50. to let. 61. inclusive, were found among Mr Gay's papers, and returned to Dr Swift by the Duke of Queensberry and Mr Pope.

had

had 100 l. a-year more for horses.—I ride and walk whenever good weather invites, and am reputed the best walker in this town and five miles round. I writ lately to Mr Pope. I wish you had a little villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.

L E T T E R L I.

Dublin, Nov. 10. 1730.

W HEN my Lord Peterborow, in the Queen's time, went abroad upon his embassies, the ministry told me, that he was such a vagrant, they were forced to write *at* him by guess, because they knew not where to write *to* him. This is my case with you; sometimes in Scotland, sometimes at Ham-walks, sometimes God knows where. You are a man of business, and not at leisure for insignificant correspondence. It was I got you the employment of being my Lord Duke's *premier ministre*: for his Grace having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be intrusted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a strong inclination to spend a summer near Salisbury-downs, having rode over them more than once, and, with a young parson of Salisbury, reckoned twice the stones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety-three. I desire to present my most humble acknowledgments to my Lady Duchess in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that she is *matre pulchra filia pulchrrior*. I never saw her since she was a girl, and would be angry she should excel her mother, who was long my principal goddess. I desire you will tell her Grace, that the ill management of forks is not to be helped when they are only bidental, which happens in all poor houses, especially those of poets; upon which account a knife was absolutely necessary at Mr Pope's, where it was morally impossible with a bidental fork to convey a morsel of beef, with the incumbrance of mustard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her Grace hath cost me thirty pounds, to provide tridents for

for fear of offending her; which sum I desire she will please to return me.—I am sick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my disorder. I have a strong mind to spend my 200 l. next summer in France. I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that sum left in this kingdom. You want no settlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a settlement) till you increase your fortune to what will support you with ease and plenty, a good house and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you. For I have often known a she-cousin of a good family and small fortune, passing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till she grew an old maid, and every body weary of her. Mr Pope complains of seldom seeing you: but the evil is unavoidable; for different circumstances of life have always separated those whom friendship would join. God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progress towards real happiness here, which would make life more desirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneasy as it did yourself; I mean the removal of that solicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually filled your thoughts, and disturbed your conversation. For if it be true, what Mr Pope seriously tells me, you will have opportunity of saving every groat of the interest you receive; and so by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to pass the rest of your wineless life, in ease and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having received a penny from those tasteless ungrateful people from whom you deserved so much, and who deserve no better geniuses than those by whom they are celebrated.—If you see Mr Caesar, present my humble service to him; and let him know, that the scrub libel printed against me here, and reprinted in London, for which he shewed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myself, and sent to a Whig printer. It was in the style and genius of such scoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this strain against a friend of mine whom you know.—But my paper is ended.

LET.

L E T T E R LII.

Dublin, Nov. 19. 1730.

I Writ to you a long letter about a fortnight past, concluding you were in London, from whence I understood one of your former was dated. Nor did I imagine you were gone back to Aimsbury so late in the year; at which season I take the country to be only a scene for those who have been ill used by a court, on account of their virtues; which is a state of happiness the more valuable, because it is not accompanied by envy, although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a dukedom to lose favour in the manner their Graces have done. I believe my Lord Carteret, since he is no longer Lieutenant, may not wish me ill; and I have told him often, that I only hated him as Lieutenant. I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors; and I confess at the same time, that he had six times a regard to my recommendation, by preferring so many of my friends in the church. The two last acts of his favour were, to add to the dignities of Dr Delany and Mr Stopford; the last of whom was, by you and Mr Pope, put into Mr Pultney's hands. I told you in my last, that a continuance of giddiness (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at present. For in my case, a domestic life is necessary; where I can, with the centurion, say to my servant, Go, and he goeth; and, Do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and consequently a Duchess is at this time the hatefullest lady in the world to me, one only excepted; and I beg her Grace's pardon for that exception; for, in the way I mean, her Grace is ten thousand times more hateful. I confess I begin to apprehend you will squander my money, because I hope you never less wanted it; and if you go on with success for two years longer, I fear I shall not have a farthing of it left. The Doctor hath ill informed me, who says that Mr Pope is at present the chief poetical favourite; yet Mr Pope himself talks like a philosopher, and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honest folks here is, that Duck

is absolutely to succeed Euſden in the laurel; the contention being between Concannen, or Theobald, or ſome other hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking; but the dubious ſtate of your affairs in thoſe days was too much the ſubject, and I wiſh the Duchefs had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing contributed ſo much to my eaſe as the turn of affairs after the Queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unleſs I would have been a greater rascal than happened to ſuit with my temper. I therefore ſat down quietly at my morſel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all ſucceeding meaſures and miniſtries, by way of ſauce to reſiſt my meat: and I confeſs one point of conduct in my Lady Duchefs's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Iriſh practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you ſpend a dozen lines in telling me you muſt leave off, that you may give my Lady Duchefs room to write, and ſo you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200 l. to have left place for as many more.

To the Duchefs.

MADAM,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of reſpect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the ſtairs. I am glad you know your duty: for it hath been a known and eſtabliſhed rule above twenty years in England, That the firſt advances have been conſtantly made me by all ladies who aſpired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet I know not by what weakneſs, I have condeſcended graciouſly to diſpenſe with you upon this important article. Though Mr Gay will tell you, that a nameleſs perſon * ſent me eleven meſſages before I would yield to a viſit: I mean a perſon to whom he is infinitely obliged, for being the occaſion of the happineſs he now enjoys, under the protection and favour of my Lord Duke and your Grace. At the ſame time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your

* The Princeſs of Wales, afterward Queen Caroline.

manner of making your advances. You say, perhaps you shall not like me: I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate; for I have certain intelligence, that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings yours have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will, out of fear and prudence, appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless: for Diogenes himself would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

L E T T E R LIII.

Dublin, March 13. 1730-1.

YOUR situation is an odd one; the Duchess is your treasurer, and Mr Pope tells me you are the Duke's. And I had gone a good way in some verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct in a negative way; not to do so and so, &c. like other treasurers; how to deal with servants, tenants, or neighbouring 'squires, which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance; and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me. I prove, that poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue, and contempt of money, &c.—Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your shoe? unless you would make your court at St. James's, by affecting to imitate the Prince of Lilliput.—But the rest of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the Duchess, I shall say no more to you, but apply myself to her Grace.

MADAM, Since Mr Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and since I have the same perfection, I will settle that matter immediately, to prevent those ill consequences he apprehends. Your Grace shall have your own way, in all places except your own house, and the domains about it. There, and there only, I expect to have mine; so that you have all the world to reign

reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houses in town and country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all human kind, except myself, and to be never in the wrong, but when you differ from me. You shall have a greater privilege in the third article, of speaking your mind; which I shall graciously allow you now and then to do even to myself, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your Grace's letter; which having not read this fortnight, (having been out of town, and not daring to trust myself with the carriage of it), the presumptuous manner in which you begin had slipt out of my memory. But I forgive you to the seventeenth line, where you begin to banish me for ever, by demanding me to answer all the good character some partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived sixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermission of two summers in England; and consequently am fifty years older than I was at the Queen's death, and fifty thousand times duller, and fifty million times more peevish, perverse, and morose; so that under these disadvantages, I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about some twenty bars length. Pray, Madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me sit at your left hand, at least within three of you? for of two bad ears, my right is the best. My groom tells me, that he likes your park, but your house is too little. Can the parson of the parish play at backgammon, and hold his tongue? Is any one of your women a good nurse, if I should fancy myself sick for four and twenty hours? How many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When these preliminaries are settled, I must be very poor, very sick, or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Aimsbury. For I profess you are the first lady that ever I desired to see since the first of August 1714; and I have forgot the date when that desire grew strong upon me; but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone on foot for that happiness as far as to your house in Scotland. But I can soon recollect the time, by asking some ladies

here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company: which however I think was a sign of my ill judgment; for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring your Grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad spelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourself. False spelling is only excusable in a chamber-maid, for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting-women.—Pray God preserve your Grace and family; and give me leave to expect, that you will be so just to remember me among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage, and generosity; after which you must conclude, that I am, with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient and most humble servant, &c.

To Mr GAY.

I have just got yours of February 24. with a postscript by Mr Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his hand-writing. How much does his philosophy exceed mine! I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

L E T T E R LIV.

Dublin, June. 29. 1731.

EVer since I received your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Bristol, to pass a month at Aimsbury, as the Duchess hath given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered. First, I thought I had done with my law-suit, and so did all my lawyers; but my adversary, after being in appearance a Protestant these twenty years, hath declared he was always a Papist, and consequently, by the law here, cannot buy nor (I think) sell; so that I am at sea again, for almost all I am worth. But I have
still

still a worse evil: for the giddiness I was subject to, instead of coming seldom and violent, now constantly attends me more or less; though in a more peaceable manner, yet such as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy; and the Duchess, in all her youth, spirit and grandeur, will make a very ill nurse, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians must live where they can command, and scold; I must have horses to ride, I must go to bed and rise when I please, and live where all mortals are subservient to me. I must talk nonsense when I please, and all who are present must commend it. I must ride thrice a-week, and walk three or four miles besides, every day.

I always told you Mr ——— was good for nothing but to be a rank courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the Duchess; and I hate to see you so charitable, and such a cully; and yet I love you for it, because I am one myself.

You are the silliest lover in Christendom. If you like Mrs ———, why do you not command her to take you? if she does not, she is not worth pursuing. You do her too much honour; she hath neither sense nor taste, if she dares to refuse you, though she had ten thousand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I understand your meaning, and I am sure I had never the least thoughts of any myself. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of self-love; and I do sometimes reproach you for not honouring me by letting the world know we are friends.

I see very well how matters go with the Duchess in regard to me. I heard her say, Mr Gay, fill your letter to the Dean, that there may be no room for me; the frolic is gone far enough; I have writ thrice; I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come, let him come; what a clutter is here? positively I will not write a syllable more. She is an ungrateful Duchess, considering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thousands she had before.—I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000 l. which will bring you 300 *per annum*; and this will maintain you,

with the perquisite of spunging while you are young; and when you are old, will afford you a pint of Port at night, two servants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink,—provided you live in the country.—Have you no scheme either in verse or prose? The Duchess should keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and so I have done with you.

MADAM,

SINCE I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconstant, without any reproach from their conscience. If I wait on you, I declare, that one of your women (which ever it is that has designs upon a chaplain) must be my nurse, if I happen to be sick or peevish at your house; and in that case you must suspend your domineering claim till I recover. Your omitting the usual appendix to Mr Gay's letters hath done me infinite mischief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered since. I dare not confess that I have descended so low as to write to your Grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but suspected it, I should lose them all. One of them who had an inkling of the matter, (your Grace will hardly believe it), refused to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk.—Pray, consider this, and do your duty, or dread the consequence. I promise you shall have your will six minutes every hour at Aimsbury, and seven in London, while I am in health: but if I happen to be sick, I must govern to a second. Yet, properly speaking, there is no man alive with so much truth and respect your Grace's most obedient and devoted servant.

L E T T E R LV.

August 28. 1731.

YOU and the Duchess use me very ill; for I profess I cannot distinguish the style or the hand-writing of either. I think her Grace writes more like you than herself, and that you write more like her Grace than yourself.

yourself. I would swear the beginning of your letter writ by the Duchess, though it is to pass for yours; because there is a cursed lie in it, that she is neither young nor healthy; and besides, it perfectly resembles the part she owns. I will likewise swear, that what I must suppose is written by the Duchess, is your hand: and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you; but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis, to a country parson's, to whom I lately gave a city-living, such as an English chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the public good, having two great works in hand: one to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of England into a short system, for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour*. The other is of almost equal importance; I may call it the whole duty of servants, in about twenty several stations, from the steward and waiting-woman, down to the scullion and pantry-boy†. — I believe no mortal had ever such fair invitations, as to be happy in the best company of England. I wish I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, who from a shoe-boy grew to be several times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common sense. A Lord Lieutenant told the first King George, that he was the greatest subject he had in both kingdoms; and truly this character was gotten and preserved by his never appearing in England; which was the only wise thing he ever did, except purchasing 16,000 l. a-year. — Why, you need not stare: it is easily applied. I must be absent, in order to preserve my credit with her Grace. — Lo here comes in the Duchess again, (I know her by her dd's; but am a fool for discovering my art), to defend herself against my conjecture of what she said. — Madam, I will imitate your Grace, and write to you upon the same line. I own it is a base un-romantic spirit in me to suspend the honour of waiting at your Grace's feet,

* *Wagstaff's Dialogues of polite conversation*, published in his lifetime. See vol. 7. p. 245.

† An imperfect thing of this kind, called *Directions to servants in general*, has been published since his death. See vol. 7. p. 344.

till I can finish a paltry law-suit. It concerns indeed almost all my whole fortune; it is equal to half Mr Pope's, and two thirds of Mr Gay's, and about six weeks rent of your Grace's. This cursed accident hath drill'd away the whole summer. But, Madam, understand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal sense; and whenever I have the honour to attend you, shall expect them to be literally performed: though perhaps I shall find it hard to prove your hand-writing in a court of justice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miserably hath your Grace been mistaken, in thinking to avoid envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at court? *Non te civitas, non regia domus in exilium miserunt, sed tu utrasque.* So says Cicero, (as your Grace knows), or so he might have said.

I am told, that the Craftsman, in one of his papers, is offended with the publishers of (I suppose) the last edition of the Dunciad; and I was asked whether you and Mr Pope were as good friends to the new disgraced person as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but suppose it was the consequence of some mistake. As to writing, I look on you just in the prime of life for it, the very season when judgment and invention draw together. But schemes are perfectly accidental: some will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary: and what you say, is past doubt, that every one can best find hints for himself; though it is possible, that sometimes a friend may give you a lucky one just suited to your own imagination. But all this is almost past with me: my invention and judgment are perpetually at fifty-cuffs, till they have quite disabled each other; and the merest trifles I ever wrote are serious philosophical lucubrations, in comparison to what I now busy myself about; as (to speak in the author's phrase) the world may one day see*.

L E T-

* His ludicrous prediction was since his death, and very much to his dishonour, seriously fulfilled. *Warb.*

By this desire of *letting the world see* what other men of less wit and more discretion would carefully have concealed, Swift has placed himself

L E T T E R LVI.

Sept. 10. 1731.

IF your ramble was on horseback, I am glad of it on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friends coaches: for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. One clean shirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage: and as for a night-gown, it is clear from Homer, that Agamemnon rose without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into your's, that you ought to have some great work in scheme, which may take up seven years to finish, besides two or three under-ones, that may add another 1000 l. to your stock: and then I shall be in less pain about you. I know you can find dinners; but you love twelve-penny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole 1000 l. brings you but half a crown a-day. I find a greater longing than ever to come amongst you: and reason good, when I am teased with Dukes and Duchesses for a visit, all my demands complied with, and all excuses cut off. You remember, "O happy Don Quixote! queens held his horse, and duchesses pulled off his armour," or something to that purpose. He was a mean-spirited fellow;

himself open to the censure of his enemies, and beyond the reach of any defence from his friends. He has not only committed to the press a most despicable heap of writings, but has publicly recorded the lowest amusements of his private scenes of life, without having once suspected, that persons whose stations or abilities have fixed them in a conspicuous attitude, are looked upon by the rest of mankind with a very critical, and a very envious eye. Augustus, as I remember, was a little ashamed to be discovered at a game of cobnuts; and even Domitian was cunning enough to withdraw into his closet to catch flies. Great minds, you will say, require to be often unbent. I allow it: but those relaxations might be chosen, so as to make idleness appear in a beautiful light: and Swift would have forfeited a less degree of fame by playing many years at pushpin, (the records of which he could not have printed), than by composing various kinds of nonsense, which, by his own option, have been honoured with a place in his works. *Errata.*

I can say ten times more, O happy, &c. such a Duchess was designed to attend him, and such a Duke invited him to command his palace. *Nam istos reges ceteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula.* Go read your Plautus, and observe Strobilus vapouring after he had found the pot of gold.—I will have nothing to do with that lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more because you are so forgiving as not to hate her: however, she has good qualities enough to make her esteemed; but not one grain of feeling. I only wish she were a fool.—I have been several months writing near five hundred lines on a pleasant subject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will say on me after I am dead*. I shall finish it soon; for I add two lines every week, and blot out four, and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors.—It is a great comfort to see how corruption and ill conduct are instrumental in uniting virtuous persons and lovers of their country of all denominations; Whig and Tory, High and Low church, as soon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be disaffection, pray God send me always among the disaffected! and I heartily wish you joy of your scurvy treatment at court, which hath given you leisure to cultivate both public and private virtue, neither of them likely to be soon met with within the walls of St James's or Westminster.—But I must here dismiss you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the Duke for the great honour he hath done me.

My LORD,

I could have sworn that my pride would be always able to preserve me from vanity; of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for some months past, first by the conduct of my Lady Duchess, and now by that of your Grace, which had like to finish the work. And I should certainly have gone about shewing my letters, under the charge of secrecy, to every blab of my acquaintance, if I could have the least hope of prevailing

* This has been published, and is amongst the best of his poems. See vol. 6. p. 220.

on any of them to believe, that a man in so obscure a corner, quite thrown out of the present world, and within a few steps of the next, should receive such condescending invitations, from two such persons to whom he is an utter stranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial representations of a friend. But in the mean time, I must desire your Grace not to flatter yourself, that I waited for your consent to accept the invitation. I must be ignorant indeed, not to know, that the Duchess, ever since you met, hath been most politicly employed in increasing those forces, and sharpening those arms, with which she subdued you at first, and to which, the braver and the wiser you grow, you will more and more submit. Thus I knew myself on the secure side; and it was a mere piece of good manners to insert that clause, of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear informing your Grace, that the Duchess's great secret in her art of government hath been, to reduce both your wills into one; so I am content, in due observance to the forms of the world, to return my most humble thanks to your Grace, for so great a favour as you are pleased to offer me, and which nothing but impossibilities shall prevent me from receiving; since I am, with the greatest reason, truth, and respect, my Lord, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

MADAM,

I have consulted all the learned in occult sciences of my acquaintance, and have sat up eleven nights to discover the meaning of those two hieroglyphical lines in your Grace's hands at the bottom of the last Aimsbury letter; but all in vain. Only it is agreed, that the language is Coptic; and a very profound Behmeist assures me, the style is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great person of the female sex, to a strange kind of man whom she never saw: and this is all I can find; which, after so many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that respect wherewith I am, Madam, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

LET.

L E T T E R LVII.

*Mr GAY to Dr SWIFT.**Dec. 1. 1731.*

YOU used to complain that Mr Pope and I would not let you speak; you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you don't send to me now and then, the post-office will think me of no consequence, for I have no correspondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you please: you cannot be forgotten by those who ever knew you; and therefore please me, by sometimes shewing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendship to you. I seek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I spend no shillings in coaches or chairs, to levees or great visits; and, as I don't want the assistance of some that I formerly conversed with, I will not so much as seem to seek to be a dependent. As to my studies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot say that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done is something in the way of those fables I have already published. All the money I get is by saving; so that by habit there may be some hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miser. All misers have their excuses; the motive to my parsimony is independence. If I were to be represented by the Duchess, (she is such a downright niggard for me), this character might not be allowed me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court end of the town, and who is as poor as myself: for I don't pretend that I am equally saving with S——k. Mr Lewis desired you might be told, that he hath five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot; for he will hardly allow that a verse-man can have a just knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your law-suit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr Pope tells me, you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the security now in your own possession. But still your case is not so bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruined

ruined by having a decree for him with costs. I have had an injunction for me against pirating booksellers; which I am sure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end drain me of some money. When I began this prosecution, I fancied there would be some end of it; but the law still goes on; and it is probable I shall some time or other see an attorney's bill as long as the book. Poor Duke Disney is dead, and hath left what he had among his friends; among whom are Lord Bolingbroke, 500 l.; Mr Pelham, 500 l.; Sir William Wyndham's youngest son, 500 l.; Gen. Hill, 500 l.; Lord Massam's son, 500 l.

You have the good wishes of those I converse with. They know they gratify me, when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own sake. I am satisfied with the love and friendship of good men, and envy not the demerits of those who are most conspicuously distinguished. Therefore, as I set a just value upon your friendship, you cannot please me more, than letting me now and then know that you remember me; the only satisfaction of distant friends!

P. S. Mr Gay's is a good letter; mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worst of it, is what should be its excuse, that I write in a headach that has lasted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together: though in one point I am apt to differ from you; for you shun your friends when you are in those circumstances, and I desire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady — took your letter very kindly; for I had prepared her to expect no answer under a twelvemonth; but kindness perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However, she is an extraordinary woman there, who will do you common justice. For God's sake, why all this scruple about Lord B.—'s keeping your horses, who has a park; or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a-day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine. John Gay shall help me to entertain you, though you come like King Lear with fifty knights.— Though such prospects as I wish cannot now be formed, for fixing you with us, time
may

may provide better before you part again. The old Lord may die, the benefice may drop, or, at worst, you may carry me into Ireland. You will see a work of Lord B.—'s, and one of mine; which, with a just neglect of the present age, consult only posterity; and, with a noble scorn of politics, aspire to philosophy. I am glad you resolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and interests of parties, even of countries, (for countries are but larger parties). *Quid verum atque decens, curare, et rogare, nostrum sit.* I am much pleased with your design upon Rochefoucault's maxim; pray finish it*. I am happy whenever you join our names together. So would Dr Arbuthnot be: but at this time he can be pleased with nothing; for his darling son is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you ask me about is of little value. It might have been a seasonable satire upon the scandalous language and passion with which men of condition have stooped to treat one another. Surely they sacrifice too much to the people, when they sacrifice their own characters, families, &c. to the diversion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of most popularity, fame, &c.; even as a writer I am cool in it; and whenever you see what I am now writing, you'll be convinced I would please but a few, and, if I could, make mankind less admirers, and greater reasoners†. I study much more to render my own portion of being easy, and to keep this peevish frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have not quite unmanned me; and it will delight you to hear they are not increased, though not diminished. I thank God, I do not very much want people to attend me, though my mother now cannot. When I am sick, I lie down; when I am better, I rise up: I am used to the headach, &c. If greater pains arrive, (such as my late rheumatism),

* The poem on his own death, formed upon a maxim of Rochefoucault. It is one of the best of his performances, but very characteristic. *Warb.* See it in vol. 6. p. 220.

† The poem he means is the *Essay on man*. But this point he could never gain. His readers would admire his poetry in spite of him, and would not understand his reasoning after all his pains. *Warb.*

the servants bathe and plaister me, or the surgeon scarifies me; and I bear it, because I must. This is the evil of nature, not of fortune. I am just now as well as when you was here: I pray God you were no worse. I sincerely wish my life were passed near you; and, such as it is, I would not repine at it.—All you mention, remember you, and wish you here:

L E T T E R LVIII.

Dr SWIFT to Mr GAY.

Dublin, May 4. 1732.

I AM now as lame as when you writ your letter, and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that limb from my Lady Duchess which you promised, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true step even on Aimbury downs; and I declare, that a corporeal false step is worse than a political one; nay worse than a thousand political ones; for which I appeal to courts and ministers, who hobble on and prosper, without the sense of feeling. To talk of riding and walking, is insulting me; for I can as soon fly as do either. It is your pride or laziness, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expensive. No honour is lost by walking in the dark: and in the day, you may becken a blackguard-boy under a gate, near your visiting-place, (*experto crede*), save eleven pence, and get half a crown's worth of health. The worst of my present misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digest neither for want of exercise; and, to increase my misery, the knaves are sure to find me at home, and make huge void spaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you, for losing your great acquaintance. In such a case, philosophy teaches, that we must submit, and be content with good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refusing his pension; but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which I conceive is wholly changed, and entirely devoted to new principles; so it appeared to me the two last times I was there.

I find, by the whole cast of your letter, that you are

as giddy and as volatile as ever ; just the reverse of Mr Pope, who hath always loved a domestic life from his youth. I was going to wish you had some little place that you could call your own ; but I profess I do not know you well enough to contrive any one system of life that would please you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the Duchess ; yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent desire of perpetually shifting places and company, with a rooted laziness, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with such company as is best suited to your taste ; and how glad would you be, if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting ? while I, who am so much later in life, can, or at least could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horse. You mortally hate writing, only because it is the thing you chiefly ought to do ; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy in your fortune. You are merciful to every thing but money, your best friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be assured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your absence of mind ? Can you attend to trifles ? Can you at Aimsbury write domestic libels to divert the family, and neighbouring 'squires for five miles round ? or venture so far on horseback, without apprehending a stumble at every step ? Can you set the footmen a-laughing as they wait at dinner ? and do the Duchess's women admire your wit ? In what esteem are you with the vicar of the parish ? Can you play with him at backgammon ? Have the farmers found out, that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab tree ? You are sensible, that I know the full extent of your country-skill is in fishing for roaches, or gudgeons at the highest.

I love to do you good offices with your friends ; and therefore desire you will show this letter to the Duchess, to improve her Grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how useful you are like to be in the family. Her Grace shall have the honour of my correspondence again when she goes to Aimsbury. Hear a piece of Irish news. I buried the famous General Meredyth's

redyth's father last night in my cathedral ; he was ninety-six years old : so that Mrs Pope may live seven years longer. You saw Mr Pope in health ; pray is he generally more healthy than when I was amongst you ? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day. My stint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night ; but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you ; for I would have society, if I could get what I like, people of middle understanding, and middle rank. Adieu.

L E T T E R LIX.

Dublin, July 10. 1732.

I Had your letter by Mr Ryves a long time after the date, for I suppose he staid long in the way. I am glad you determine upon something. There is no writing I esteem more than fables, nor any thing so difficult to succeed in ; which however you have done excellently well ; and I have often admired your happiness in such a kind of performance, which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember I acted as you seem to hint. I found a moral first, and studied for a fable ; but could do nothing that pleased me, and so left off that scheme for ever. I remember one, which was, to represent what scoundrels rise in armies by a long war ; wherein I supposed the lion was engaged, and having lost all his animals of worth, at last Serjeant Hog came to be a Brigadier, and Corporal Ass a Colonel, &c. I agree with you likewise about getting something by the stage ; which, when it succeeds, is the best crop for poetry in England. But pray take some new scheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The present humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your present situation at the court, are the difficulties to be overcome ; but those circumstances may have altered (at least the former) since I left you. My scheme was, to pass a month at Aimsbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and

sometimes at Riskins ; without going to London, where I now can have no occasional lodgings. But I am not yet in any condition for such removals. I would fain have you get enough against you grow old, to have two or three servants about you, and a convenient house. It is hard to want those *subsidia senectuti*, when a man grows hard to please, and few people care whether he be pleased or no. I have a large house ; yet I should hardly prevail to find one visitor, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine : so that when I am not abroad on horseback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful if a friend will pass the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and so here's your health,—and the second and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my Lady Duchess.—And I tell you, that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke, and Mr Pope, a couple of philosophers, would starve me ; for even of Port wine I should require half a pint a day, and as much at night : and you were growing as bad, unless your Duke and Duchess have mended you. Your colic is owing to intemperance of the philosophical kind : you eat without care ; and if you drink less than I, you drink too little. But your inattention I cannot pardon, because I imagined the cause was removed ; for I thought it lay in your forty millions of schemes, by court-hopes and court-fears. Yet Mr Pope has the same defect, and it is of all others the most mortal to conversation ; neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it ; all for want of my rule, *Vive la Bagatelle!* But the Doctor is the king of inattention. What a vexatious life should I lead among you ? If the Duchess be a *reveuse*, I will never come to Aimsbury : or if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the steward and chaplain.

MADAM,

I mentioned something to Mr Gay of a Tunbridge acquaintance, whom we forget of course when we return to town ; and yet I am assured, that if they meet again next summer, they have a better title to resume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of corresponding with your Grace, to be better established upon
your

your return to Aimsbury; and I shall at this time descend to forget, or at least suspend my resentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I still keep in my heart, that Mr Gay had no sooner turned his back, than you left the place in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill; though your guilt confounded you so far, that you wanted presence of mind to blot out the last line, where that command stared you in the face. But it is my misfortune, to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worst: and Fortune is ever against me; but never so much as by pursuing me out of mere partiality to your Grace, for which you are to answer. By your connivance, she hath pleased, by one stumble on the stairs, to give me a lameness that six months have not been able perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging myself, by continuing a month at Aimsbury, and breeding confusion in your Grace's family. No disappointment through my whole life hath been so vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I shall ever live to see the invisible lady to whom I was obliged for so many favours, and whom I never beheld since she was a brat in hanging sleeves. I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient and most humble, &c.

L E T T E R LX.

Dublin, Aug. 12. 1732.

I Know not what to say to the account of your stewardship; and it is monstrous to me, that the South-sea should pay half their debts at one clap. But I will send for the money when you put me into the way; for I shall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition, by the miseries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly imbroiled, and worse than ever; so that I shall soon petition the Duchess, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thousand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pound will buy me six hogsheds of wine, which will support me a year; *provisæ frugis in annum copia*, Horace de-

fired no more; for I will construe *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get some lucky hint, which must come by chance, and it shall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures*; and you shall not finish it in haste, and it shall be diverting, and usefully satirical, and the Duchess shall be your critic; and, betwixt you and me, I do not find she will grow weary of you till this time seven years. I had lately an offer to change for an English living, which is just too short by 300 l. a-year; and that must be made up out of the Duchess's pin-money, before I can consent. I want to be minister of Aimsbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riskins, and prebendary of Westminster; else I will not stir a step, but content myself with making the Duchess miserable three months next summer. But I keep ill company: I mean the Duchess and you, who are both out of favour; and so I find am I, by a few verses wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr D——y has got a wife with 1600 l. a-year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under two thousand. I wish you would inquire of such a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profess I envy you above all men in England. You want nothing but three thousand pounds more to keep you in plenty, when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which last evil at Aimsbury, you must learn to domineer and be peevish, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the servants, with some other lessons which I shall teach you, and always practised myself with success. I believe I formerly desired to know, whether the vicar of Aimsbury can play at backgammon. Pray ask him the question, and give him my service.

To the Duchess.

MADAM,

I was the most unwary creature in the world, when, against my old maxims, I writ first to you upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condescension of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured

red of any inattention, although the pretended causes were removed. When I was with Mr Gay last in London, talking with him on some poetical subjects, he would answer, "Well, I am determined not to accept the employment of Gentleman-usher:" and of the same disposition were all my poetical friends; and if you cannot cure him, I utterly despair.—As to yourself, I would say to you, (though comparisons be odious), what I said to the —, that your quality should be never any motive of esteem to me: my compliment was then lost, but it will not be so to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters than I could by six months conversing. Your pen is always more natural, and sincere, and unaffected than your tongue: in writing you are too lazy to give yourself the trouble of acting a part: and have indeed acted so indiscreetly, that I have you at mercy: and although you should arrive to such a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in swearing this must come from you only.

I will answer your question. Mr Gay is not discreet enough to live alone; but he is too discreet to live alone; and yet (unless you mend him) he will live alone even in your Grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the subject of bread and butter, is the most usual thing in the world. Parliaments, courts, cities, and kingdoms, quarrel for no other cause: from hence, and from hence only, arise all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between those who are in the ministry, and those who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the church, the law, and the army. Even the common proverb teaches you this, when we say, It is none of my bread and butter; meaning it is no business of mine. Therefore I despair of any reconciliation between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjusted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet should come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be, who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr Gay's way of living at Aimsbury, she offered fifty guineas to have you both at her house for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your question

question I answer, that your Grace should pull me by the sleeve till you tore it off; and when you said you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my cloaths to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you say of my Lord Duke, unless I see three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of your's. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr Gay must give me a particular account of every branch; for I am not ashamed of you though you be Duke and Duchess, though I have been of others who are, &c.; and I do not doubt but even your own servants love you, even down to your postilions; and when I come to Aimsbury, before I see your Grace, I will have an hour's conversation with the vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody Dobson and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were godmother to her son Jacky.

I am, and shall be ever, with the greatest respect, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

L E T T E R LXI.

Dublin, Oct. 3. 1731.

I Usually write to friends after a pause of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diversions. I believe I have told you of a great man, who said to me, that he never once in his life received a good letter from Ireland: for which there are reasons enough, without affronting our understandings. For there is not one person out of this country, who regards any events that pass here, unless he hath an estate or employment.— I cannot tell, that you or I ever gave the least provocation to the present ministry, much less to the court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not see the politic of opening common letters, directed to persons generally known; for a man's understanding would be very weak to convey secrets by the post, if he knew any; which I declare I do not: and, besides, I think the world is already so well informed

informed by plain events, that I question whether the ministers have any secrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehension if a letter should be sent me full of treason; because I cannot hinder people from writing what they please, nor sending it to me; and although it should be discovered to have been opened before it came to my hand, I would only burn it, and think no further. I approve of the scheme you have to grow somewhat richer, though, I agree, you will meet with discouragements; and it is reasonable you should, considering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you must allow, that the bad painter was in the right, who, having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens, and even the chickens, for fear those who passed by his shop might make a comparison with his work. And I will say one thing in spite of the post-officers, that since wit and learning began to be made use of in our kingdoms, they were never professedly thrown aside, contemned, and punished, till within your own memory; nor dulness and ignorance ever so openly encouraged and promoted. In answer to what you say of my living among you, if I could do it to my ease; perhaps you have heard of a scheme for an exchange in Berkshire proposed by two of our friends; but, besides the difficulty of adjusting certain circumstances, it would not answer. I am at a time of life that seeks ease and independence: you will hear my reasons when you see those friends; and I concluded them with saying, That I would rather be a freeman among slaves than a slave among freemen. The dignity of my present station damps the pertness of inferior puppies and 'squires, which, without plenty and ease on your side the channel, would break my heart in a month.

MADAM,

SEE what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that same Strado del Poe; and yet, if that author be against lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good courtier; which I am sure your Grace is not, no not so much as to be a maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a
freethinker,

freethinker, nor can sell bargains; that you can neither spell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a courtier; that you pretend to be respected for qualities which have been out of fashion ever since you were almost in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of disaffection; which is further confirmed by your ill taste for wit, in preferring two old-fashioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Besides, you spell in such a manner as no court-lady can read, and write in such an old-fashioned style as none of them can understand.—You need not be in pain about Mr Gay's stock of health. I promise you he will spend it all upon laziness, and run deep in debt by a winter's repose in town; therefore I intreat your Grace will order him to move his chops less and his legs more the six cold months, else he will spend all his money in physic and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your Grace's declaration, of the manner in which you dispose what you call your love and respect, which you say are not paid to merit, but to your own humour. Now, Madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of merit; and there goes an ugly observation, that the humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, Madam, if I should go to Aimsbury, with a great load of merit and your Grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchase my merchandise at the price of your respect, the goods may be damaged, and no body else will take them off my hands. Besides, you have declared Mr Gay to hold the first part, and I but the second; which is hard treatment, since I shall be the newest acquaintance by some years; and I will appeal to all the rest of your sex, whether such an innovation ought to be allowed. I should be ready to say in the common forms, that I was much obliged to the lady who wished she could give me the best living, &c. if I did not vehemently suspect it was the very same lady who spoke many things to me in the same style; and also with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whose dupe he was, as well as of her waiting-woman: but they were both arrant knaves, as I told him and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I desire to present my most humble
respects

respects to my Lord Duke ; and, with my heartiest prayer for the prosperity of the whole family, remain your Grace's, &c.

L E T T E R LXII.

To Mr P O P E.

Dublin, June 12. 1732.

I Doubt, habit hath little power to reconcile us with sickness attended by pain. With me, the lowness of spirits hath a most unhappy effect ; I am grown less patient with solitude, and harder to be pleased with company ; which I could formerly better digest, when I could be easier without it than at present. As to sending you any thing that I have written since I left you, (either verse or prose), I can only say, that I have ordered by my will, that all my papers of any kind shall be delivered you to dispose of as you please. I have several things that I have had schemes to finish, or to attempt ; but I very foolishly put off the trouble, as sinners do their repentance : for I grow every day more averse from writing, which is very natural ; and when I take a pen, say to myself a thousand times, *Non est tanti*. As to those papers of four or five years past, that you are pleased to require soon ; they consist of little accidental things writ in the country ; family-amusements never intended further than to divert ourselves and some neighbours ; or some effects of anger on public grievances here, which would be insignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy, three years ago, to write a weekly paper, and called it an *Intelligencer* : but it continued not long ; for the whole volume (it was reprinted in London, and I find you have seen it) was the work only of two, myself and Dr Sheridan. If we could have got some ingenious young man to have been the manager, who should have published all that might be sent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the printer here * could not afford such a young man one farthing

* John Harding.

for his trouble, the sale being so small, and the price one halfpenny; and so it dropt. In the volume you saw, (to answer your questions), the 1st, 3d, 5th, 7th, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the verses, (very uncorrect, but against a fellow we all hated); the 9th mine; the 10th only the verses, and of those not the four last slovenly lines. The 15th is a pamphlet of mine, printed before with Dr Sh——'s preface, merely for laziness not to disappoint the town; and so was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miseries of Ireland, and wholly useless and unenterprising *. As to other things of mine since I left you; there are, in prose, a view of the state of Ireland; a project for eating children; and a defence of Lord Carteret: in verse, a libel on Dr D—— and Lord Carteret; a letter to Dr D—— on the libels writ against him; the barrack, (a stolen copy); the lady's journal; the lady's dressing-room, (a stolen copy); the place of the damned †, (a stolen copy). All these have been printed in London. (I forgot to tell you, that the tale of Sir Ralph was sent from England). Besides these, there are five or six (perhaps more) papers of verses writ in the north; but perfect family-things, two or three of which may be tolerable; the rest but indifferent, and the humour only local, and some that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameness, and live long enough to see you either here or there. I forget again to tell you, that the scheme of paying debts by a tax on vices, is not one syllable mine, but of a young clergyman whom I countenance. He told me it was built upon a passage in Gulliver, where a projector hath something upon the same thought. This young man is the most hopeful we have: a book of his poems was printed in London; Dr D—— is one of his patrons: he is married, and has children, and makes up about 100 l. a-year, on which he lives decently. The utmost stretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much superfluous money as will give him a sight of you, and half an hour of your presence; after

* See vol. 3. p. 344. note on the Intelligencer, numb. 1.

† See vol. 7. p. 14.

which

which he will return home in full satisfaction, and in proper time die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drained; and I profess I grow gradually so dry, that a rhyme with me is almost as hard to find as a guinea; and even prose speculations tire me almost as much. Yet I have a thing in prose, begun above twenty-eight years ago, and almost finished. It will make a four-shilling volume; and is such a perfection of folly, that you shall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess *. Nay I have another † of the same age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is worse than the former, in which I will serve you the same way. I heard lately from Mr ———, who promises to be less lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are seldom provident enough to consider, that both wit and beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is past.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her; and, I doubt, my Lord will find Dawley too solitary without her. In that, neither he nor you are companions young enough for me; and I believe the best part of the reason why men are said to grow children when they are old, is, because they cannot entertain themselves with thinking; which is the very case of little boys and girls, who love to be noisy among their play-fellows. I am told Mrs Pope is without pain; and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneasiness to herself or friends: yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater sufferer, by having the person you most love so long before you and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.

* Polite conversation, vol. 7. p. 344.

† Directions to servants, vol. 7. p. 245.

L E T T E R LXIII.

*Mr POPE to Dr SWIFT *.**Dec. 5. 1732.*

IT is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters, (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears). It is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had, is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensberry's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.—Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.

I shall never see you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest; but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable, nor so good! but that's a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deserve happiness, it must be his. Adieu. I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than

A. POPE:

* "On my dear friend Mr Gay's death. Received December 15. "but not read till the 20th, by an impulse, foreboding some misfortune." [This note is indorsed on the original letter in Dr Swift's hand]. Pope.

Dr Arbuthnot, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection has been shown, and continued attendance, on this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.

P. S. By Dr ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR,

I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. Poor Mr Gay died of an inflammation, and, I believe, at last a mortification of the bowels. It was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two physicians besides myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness; being, with great affection and respect, Sir,

Your, &c.

L E T T E R LXIV.

Dublin, 1732-3.

I Received your's with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our losing Mr Gay; upon which event I shall say nothing. I am only concerned that long living hath not hardened me: for even in this kingdom, and in a few days past, two persons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myself upon the loss of friends, as I do upon the loss of money; by turning to my account-book, and seeing whether I have enough left for my support: but in the former case I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than myself to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than me by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be,

except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a summer. I hope he hath left you the care of any writings he may have left; and I wish, that, with those already extant, they could be all published in a fair edition under your inspection. Your poem on the use of riches hath been just printed here; and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages by our ignorance in facts and persons, which makes us lose abundance of the satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes; which however would have been but few, for my long absence hath made me ignorant of what passes out of the scene where I am. I never had the least hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon taste. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the same bulk to be inscribed to other friends, one (for instance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and so on.—Dr Delany presents you his most humble service. He behaves himself very commendably; converses only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them constantly at an elegant plentiful table; walks the streets, as usual, by day-light; does many acts of charity and generosity; cultivates a country-house two miles distant; and is one of those very few within my knowledge, on whom a great access of fortune hath made no manner of change. And particularly he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his estate by the knavery of an agent. He is a most worthy gentleman, whom, I hope, you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr P——; which I desire may continue no longer than he shall deserve by his modesty; a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep, without abundance of ballast. If you are acquainted with the Duchess of Queensberry, I desire you will present her my most humble service. I think she is a greater loser by the death of a friend than either of us. She seems a lady of excellent sense and spirit. I had often postscripts from her in our friend's letters to
me;

me; and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up great part of the little happiness I could have here. This was the more generous, because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr Gay for any thing so much as being a domestic friend to such a lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly inquire about Mrs Pope, who, I am told, is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you: she is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg she may not shorten yours.

L E T T E R LXV.

Feb. 16. 1732-3.

IT is indeed impossible to speak on such a subject as the loss of Mr Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I send you what I intend for the inscription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queensberry will set up at Westminster. As to his writings, he left no will, nor spoke a word of them, or any thing else, during his short and precipitate illness, in which I attended him to his last breath. The Duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him; and it will be strange if the sisters do not leave his papers totally to his disposal, who will do the same that I would with them. He has managed the comedy (which our poor friend gave to the playhouse the week before his death) to the utmost advantage for his relations; and proposes to do the same with some fables he left finished.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than mortality, and what you mention, of collecting the best monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings: for those are the best, when their minds are such as Mr Gay's was, and as yours is. I am preparing also for my own; and have nothing so much at heart, as to shew the silly world, that men of wit, or even poets, may be the most moral of mankind. A few

loose things sometimes fall from them, by which censorious fools judge as ill of them as possibly they can, for their own comfort. And indeed, when such unguarded and trifling *jeux d'esprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, since they cannot be denied, is, to put them fairly upon that foot; and teach the public, (as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of miscellanies), to distinguish betwixt our studies and our idlenesses, our works and our weaknesses. That was the whole end of the last volume of miscellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "That these volumes contained all that we have ever offended in that way," would have been discredited. It went indeed to my heart, to omit what you called the libel on Dr D——, and the best panegyric on myself, that either my own times, or any other, could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book, as you observe, was printed in great haste; the cause whereof was, that the booksellers here were doing the same, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff: I don't mean that any thing of yours is chaff, but with other wit of Ireland, which was so, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to separate what you writ seriously from what you writ carelessly; and thought my own weeds might pass for a sort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that sent you those books into Ireland, and so I did my epistle to Lord Bathurst, even before it was published; and another thing of mine, which is a parody from Horace*, writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of any thing than of the former of these, nor less than of the latter: yet every friend has forced me to print it, though in truth my own single motive was about twenty lines toward the latter end, which you will find out.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole scheme of my present work, expecting still to do it in a better manner in person. But you will see pretty soon, that the letter to Lord Bathurst is a part of it; and you will find a plain connection between them, if you read

* Sat. 1. lib. ii. vol. 4. of Warburton's edition of Pope's works.

them

them in the order just contrary to that they were published in. I imitate those cunning tradesmen, who show their best silks last; or (to give you a truer idea, though it sounds too proudly) my works will in one respect be like the works of Nature, much more to be liked and understood, when considered in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly looked upon one by one; and often those parts which attract most at first sight, will appear to be not the most, but the least considerable *.

I am pleased and flattered by your expression of *Orna me*. The chief pleasure this work can give me is, that I can in it, with propriety, decency, and justice, insert the name and character of every friend I have, and every man that deserves to be loved or adorned. But I smile at your applying that phrase to my visiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have some apprehension, from their extraordinary passion for poetry, and their boundless hospitality, of being *adorned* to death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like one I have read of somewhere or other. My mother lives, (which is an answer to that point), and I thank God, though her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake, and sensible to me, though scarce to any thing else; which doubles the reason of my attendance, and at the same time sweetens it. I wish (beyond any other wish) you could pass a summer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unless you preferred to see France first, to which country, I think, you would have a strong invitation. Lord Peterborow has narrowly escaped death, and yet keeps his chamber. He is perpetually speaking in the most affectionate manner of you. He has written you two letters, which you never received, and by that has been discouraged from writing more. I can well believe the post-office may do this, when some letters of his to me have met the same fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this discourage you from writing to me, or to him, inclosed in the common way, as I do to

* See Warburton's first note on the epistle to Lord Cobham, *Of the knowledge and characters of men*, vol. 3. of his edition of Pope's works.

you. Innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and, for my part, I would give them free leave to send all I write to Curl, if most of what I write was not too silly.

I desire my sincere services to Dr Delany, who, I agree with you, is a man every way estimable. My Lord Orrery is a most virtuous and good-natured Nobleman, whom I should be happy to know. Lord B. received your letter through my hands. It is not to be told you how much he wishes for you. The whole list of persons to whom you sent your services, return you theirs, with proper sense of the distinction.—Your lady-friend is *semper eadem*; and I have written an epistle to her on that qualification, in a female character; which is thought by my chief critic, in your absence, to be my *chef d'oeuvre*. But it cannot be printed perfectly, in an age so sore of satire, and so willing to misapply characters.

As to my own health, it is as good as usual. I have lain ill seven days of a slight fever, (the complaint here); but recovered by gentle sweats, and the care of Dr Arbuthnot. The play Mr Gay left succeeds very well. It is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preserve your life, your health, your limbs, your spirits, and your friendships!

L E T T E R LXVI.

April. 2. 1733.

YOU say truly, that death is only terrible to us, as it separates us from those we love; but I really think those have the worst of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more, I fancy, in the loss of Mr Gay, than I shall suffer in the thought of going away myself into a state that can feel none of this sort of losses. I wished vehemently to have seen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the rest of our days together, the two most idle, most innocent, undesigning poets of our age. I now as vehemently wish you and I might walk into the grave together, by as slow steps as you please, but contentedly

contentedly and chearfully. Whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more, than into what country we shall walk out of the grave. But it suffices me to know, it will be exactly what region or state our Maker appoints, and that whatever *is*, is *right*. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands; and for as much as is so, I will take care to suppress things unworthy of him. As to the epitaph, I am sorry you gave a copy; for it will certainly by that means come into print; and I would correct it more, unless you will do it for me, and that I shall like as well. Upon the whole, I earnestly wish your coming over hither; for this reason, among many others, that your influence may be joined with mine, to suppress whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my neighbour's and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as soon as you come. That I am an author whose characters are thought of some weight, appears from the great noise and bustle that the court and town make about any I give: and I will not render them less important, or less interesting, by sparing vice and folly, or by betraying the cause of truth and virtue. I will take care they shall be such as no man can be angry at, but the persons I would have angry. You are sensible with what decency and justice I paid homage to the royal family, at the same time that I satirized false courtiers, and spies, &c. about them. I have not the courage, however, to be such a satirist as you; but I would be as much, or more, a philosopher. You call your satires libels; I would rather call my satires epistles. They will consist more of morality than of wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I shall leave it to my antagonists to be witty, if they can, and content myself to be useful and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady —'s or Lord *'s performance. They are certainly the top wits of the court; and you may judge by that single piece what can be done against me; for it was laboured, corrected, pre-commended, and post-disapproved, so far as to be dis-owned by themselves, after each had highly cried it up, for the others *. I have met with some complaints, and

* See Pope's epistle written on this occasion, at the end of the 2d volume of his letters, the 8th volume in Warburton's edition.

heard at a distance of some threats, occasioned by my verses. I sent fair messages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houses to satisfy them; and so it dropped. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a distance, and have nothing to say to you when they see you.—I am glad you persist and abide by so good a thing as that poem *, in which I am immortal for my morality. I never took any praise so kindly; and yet, I think, I deserve that praise better than I do any other. When does your collection come out, and what will it consist of? I have but last week finished another of my epistles, in the order of the system; and this week (*exercitandi gratia*) I have translated (or rather parodied) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you advising me about my expences, housekeeping, &c. But these things shall lie by, till you come to carp at them, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our parliament will sit till midsummer; which, I hope, may be a motive to bring you rather in summer than so late as autumn. You used to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, &c. Courts I see not, courtiers I know not, kings I adore not, queens I compliment not; so I am never like to be in fashion, nor in dependence. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor lady for her unhappiness; and should only pity her more, if she had more of what they at court call happiness. Come then, and perhaps we may go all together into France, at the end of the season, and compare the liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu. Believe me, dear Sir, (with a thousand warm wishes, mixed with short sighs), ever yours.

L E T T E R LXVII.

To Mr POPE.

Dublin, May 1. 1733.

I Answer your letter the sooner, because I have a particular reason for doing so. Some weeks ago came over a poem called, *The life and character of Dr S. writ-*

* The ironical libel on Dr Delany, vol. 6. p. 323.

ten by himself. It was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a maxim in Rochefoucault; and the dedication, after a formal story, says, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the same maxim in Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that impostor says in his dedication, with many circumstances, all pure invention. I desire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this spurious piece there is not a single line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way resembling the genuine copy, any more than it does Virgil's *Æneis*; for I never gave a copy of mine, nor lent it out of my sight. And although I shewed it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and some of them (especially one or two females) had got many lines by heart here and there, and repeated them often; yet it happens, that not one single line, or thought, is contained in this imposture, although it appears, that they who counterfeited me had heard of the true one. But even this trick shall not provoke me to print the true one; which indeed is not proper to be seen, till I can be seen no more. I therefore desire you will undeceive my friends; and I will order an advertisement to be printed here, and transmit it to England, that every body may know the delusion, and acquit me; as, I am sure, you must have done yourself, if you have read any part of it; which is mean and trivial, and full of that cant that I most despise. I would sink to be a vicar in Norfolk, rather than be charged with such a performance *. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy disorder, more or less, is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm, that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at least equally pity myself, if I lived amongst you; because I should have seen him oftener than you did, who are a kind of hermit, how great a noise soever you make by your ill-nature, in not letting the honest villains of the times enjoy themselves in this world, which is their only happi-

* See vol. 6. p. 5.

ness, and terrifying them with another. I should have added in my libel, that, of all men living, you are the most happy in your enemies and your friends. And I will swear you have fifty times more charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the Lady or the Lord, I did not imagine that they were at least so bad versifiers. Therefore *facit indignatio versus*, is only to be applied when the indignation is against general villany, and never operates when some sort of people write to defend themselves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulness; only I would be satisfied, since you are so dull, why are they so angry? Give me a shilling, and I will insure you, that posterity shall never know you had one single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserved.

I am sorry for the situation of Mr Gay's papers. You do not exert yourself as much as I could wish in this affair. I had rather the two sisters were hanged, than see his works swelled by any loss of credit to his memory. I would be glad to see the most valuable printed by themselves; those which ought not to be seen, burned immediately; and the others that have gone abroad, printed separately like *opuscula*, or rather be stifled and forgotten. I thought your epitaph was immediately to be engraved; and therefore I made less scruple to give a copy to Lord Orrery, who earnestly desired it, but to no body else: and he tells me, he gave only two, which he will recal. I have a short epigram of his upon it; wherein I would correct a line or two at most, and then I will send it to you (with his permission). I have nothing against yours, but the last line, *Striking their acting*; the two participles, as they are so near, seem to sound too like. I shall write to the Duchess, who hath lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged: but I will break through the latter, if the other mends. I can use a course of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief design, next to seeing you, is to be a severe critic on you and your neighbour; but first kill his father, that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horses. It cost me near 600l.
for

for a wall to keep mine; and I never ride without two servants, for fear of accidents. *Hic vivimus ambitioſa paupertate.* You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I will find graſs, and wine, and ſervants; but with him not. — The collection you ſpeak of is this. A printer came to me, to deſire he might print my works (as he called them) in four volumes, by ſubſcription. I ſaid I would give no leave, and ſhould be ſorry to ſee them printed here. He ſaid they could not be printed in London. I answered, they could, if the partners agreed. He ſaid, “ he would be glad of my permiſſion; but as he could “ print them without it, and was adviſed that it could “ do me no harm, and having been aſſured of numerous “ ſubſcriptions, he hoped I would not be angry at his “ purſuing his own intereſt, &c.” Much of this diſcourſe paſſed; and he goes on with the matter, wherein I determine not to intermeddle, though it be much to my diſcontent; and I wiſh it could be done in England rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in every thing of that kind. This is the truth of the ſtory.

My vanity turns at preſent on being perſonated in your *Quæ virtus, &c.* You will obſerve in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low ſpirit; but a heart wholly turned to love you with the greateſt earneſtneſs and truth.

L E T T E R LXVIII.

May 28. 1733.

I Have begun two or three letters to you by ſnatches, and been prevented from finiſhing them by a thouſand avocations and diſſipations. I muſt firſt acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whoſe praiſes are that precious ointment Solomon ſpeaks of, which can be given only by men of virtue. All other praiſe, whether from poets or peers, is contemptible alike: and I am old enough, and experienced enough, to know, that the only praiſes worth having, are thoſe beſtowed by virtue for virtue. My poetry I abandon to the cri-

tics, my morals I commit to the testimony of those who know me; and therefore I was more pleased with your libel, than with any verses I ever received. I wish such a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was surprised to receive from the printer that spurious piece, called *The life and character of Dr Swift*, with a letter, telling me, the person "who published it, had assured him, the dedication to me was what I would not take ill, or "else he would not have printed it." I can't tell who the man is, who took so far upon him as to answer for my way of thinking; though, had the thing been genuine, I should have been greatly displeased at the publisher's part, in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earnest as you can be, in doing my best to prevent the publishing of any thing unworthy of Mr Gay; but I fear his friends partiality. I wish you would come over. All the mysteries of my philosophical work shall then be cleared to you, and you will not think that I am not merry enough, nor angry enough. It will not want for satire; but as for anger, I know it not; or at least only that sort of which the Apostle speaks, *Be ye angry, and sin not.*

My neighbour's * writings have been metaphysical, and will next be historical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable history of Europe in these latter times can be expected. Come, and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wisest indifferent whether posterity be any wiser than we. To a man in years, health and quiet become such rarities, and consequently so valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them whenever he can, for the remainder of life; and this, I doubt not, has caused so many great men to die without leaving a scrap to posterity.

I am sincerely troubled for the bad account you give me of your own health. I wish every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully assure you.

* Lord B. Lingbroke.

L E T T E R - LXIX.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, July 8. 1733.

I Must condole with you for the loss of Mrs Pope, of whose death the papers have been full *. But I would rather rejoice with you, because, if any circumstances can make the death of a dear parent and friend a subject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the most dutiful son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me; and so much the worse, because I expected *aliquis damno usus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your presence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waved the invitation pressed on you, alledging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find, that you have given some credit to a notion, of our great plenty and hospitality. It is true, our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the poorest countries, because there is no money to pay for them. I believe there are not in this whole city three gentlemen out of employment, who are able to give entertainments once a-month. Those who are in employments of church or state, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: those indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any person of distinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year. Dr Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight friends at dinner, and to pass the evening; where there is nothing of excess, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern (who hath just left us) was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a bishop, or a commissioner of the

* Mrs Pope died June 7. 1733, aged 93.

revenues ; but most frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor, who is easy in his fortune, and very hospitable. The conveniencies of taking the air, winter or summer, do far exceed those in London. For the two large strands just at two ends of the town, are as firm and dry in winter as in summer. There are at least six or eight gentlemen of sense, learning, good-humour, and taste, able and desirous to please you ; and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you. These were the motives that I have frequently made use of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the best people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myself, I declare, my health is so uncertain that I dare not venture amongst you at present. I hate the thoughts of London ; where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniencies in the country for three horses and two servants, and many others, which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney coaches, carts, and carriages round this town ; who dare not insult me, like your rascally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way : nor is there one lord or 'squire for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and six. Thus I make some advantage of the public poverty ; and give you the reasons for what I once writ, why I chuse to be a freeman among slaves, rather than a slave among freemen. Then I walk the streets in peace without being jostled, nor ever without a thousand blessings from my friends the vulgar. I am Lord Mayor of 120 houses, I am absolute lord of the greatest cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring princes, the Lord Mayor of the city, and the Archbishop of Dublin ; only the latter, like the King of France, sometimes attempts incroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorrain. In the midst of this raillery, I can tell you, with seriousness, that these advantages contribute to my ease, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to my Lord B—— and yourself, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c. that grow upon men in years.

And

And if you discover those inclinations in my Lord and yourself, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? and yet, at your or his time of life, I could have leaped over the moon.

L E T T E R LXX.

Sept. 1. 1733.

I Have every day wished to write to you, to say a thousand things; and yet, I think, I should not have writ to you now, if I was not sick of writing any thing, sick of myself, and (what is worse) sick of my friends too. The world is become too busy for me; every body is so concerned for the public, that all private enjoyments are lost or disrelished. I write more to show you I am tired of this life, than to tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did: but all these are to no purpose; the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulf between. In earnest, I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread. My ailments are such, that I really believe a sea-sickness (considering the oppression of colical pains, and the great weakness of my breast) would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the excessive flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to be crammed either way. Let your hungry poets and your rhyming poets digest it, I cannot. I like much better to be abused and half-starved, than to be so over-praised and over-fed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you. I only reserve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and esteeming you. You are the only patriot I know, who is not hated for serving his country. The man who drew your character, and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he said of you: yet he was a very impertinent fellow for saying

them in words quite different from those you had yourself employed before on the same subject: for surely to alter your words is to prejudice them; and I have been told, that a man himself can hardly say the same thing twice over with equal happiness; nature is so much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year. It is no affectation to tell you, my mother's loss has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world. I know I ought to be easy, and to be free; but I am dejected, I am confined: my whole amusement is in reviewing my past life, not in laying plans for my future. I wish you cared as little for popular applause as I; as little for any nation, in contradistinction to others, as I: and then I fancy, you that are not afraid of the sea, you that are a stronger man at sixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and see several people, who are (at last) like the primitive Christians, of one soul and of one mind. The day is come, which I have often wished, but never thought to see, when *every mortal that I esteem, is of the same sentiment in politics and in religion.*

Adieu. All you love are yours; but all are busy, except (dear Sir) your sincere friend.

L E T T E R LXXI.

Jan. 6. 1734.

I Never think of you, and can never write to you, now, without drawing many of those short sighs of which we have formerly talked. The reflection both of the friends we have been deprived of by death, and of those from whom we are separated almost as eternally by absence, checks me to that degree, that it takes away in a manner, the pleasure (which yet I feel very sensibly too) of thinking I am now conversing with you. You have been silent to me as to your works; whether those printed here are, or are not genuine. But one, I am sure, is yours; and your method of concealing yourself, puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers

and

and tail stick out. You'll have immediately by several franks (even before it is here published) my epistle to Lord Cobham, part of my *opus magnum*, and the last Essay on Man; both which, I conclude, will be grateful to your bookfeller, on whom you please to bestow them so early. There is a woman's war declared against me by a certain Lord; his weapons are the same which women and children use, a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter. I writ a sort of answer; but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and after shewing it to some people, suppressed it: otherwise it was such as was worthy of him, and worthy of me. I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborow; who rejoices in your doings, and always speaks with the greatest affection of you. I need not tell you who else do the same; you may be sure almost all those whom I ever see, or desire to see. I wonder not that B—— paid you no sort of civility while he was in Ireland: he is too much a half-wit to love a true wit; and too much half-honest, to esteem any entire merit. I hope and think he hates me too, and I will do my best to make him: he is so insupportably insolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I must affront him to be rid of it. The strict neutrality as to public parties, which I have constantly observed in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack such men, as slander and belye my character in private, to those who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unless at the same time they are pests of private society, or mischievous members of the public; that is to say, unless they are enemies to all men, as well as to me.—Pray write to me when you can. If ever I can come to you, I will: if not, may Providence be our friend and our guard through this simple world, where nothing is valuable but sense and friendship. Adieu, dear Sir; may health attend your years, and then may many years be added to you.

P. S. I am just now told, a very curious lady intends to write to you to pump you about some poems said to be yours. Pray tell her, that you have not answered me on the same questions, and that I shall take it as a thing

thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have concealed from me.

L E T T E R LXXII.

Sept. 15. 1734.

I Have ever thought you as sensible as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendship; and yet I fear (from what Lord B. tells me you said in your last letter) that you did not quite understand the reason of my late silence. I assure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindness I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am most troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am most grieved about. Death has not done worse to me in separating poor Gay, or any other, than disease and absence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do; since most accounts I have, give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would see you; and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafness, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often I should find great relief, could we write freely; and yet, when I have done so, you seem, by not answering in a very long time, to feel either the same uneasiness as I do, or to abstain, from some prudential reason. Yet I am sure, nothing that you and I would say to each other, (though our whole souls were to be laid open to the clerks of the post-office), could hurt either of us so much, in the opinion of any honest man or good subject, as the intervening, officious impertinence of those goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name; and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of justifying you against these friends, especially those who know all you think and write, and repeat your slighter verses. It is generally on such little scraps that witlings feed; and

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'tis hard the world should judge of our housekeeping, from what we sing to our dogs; yet this is often the consequence. But they treat you still worse, mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am satisfied was the case in the epistle to a lady. It was just the same hand (if I have any judgment in style) which printed your life and character before, which you so strongly disavowed in your letters to Lord Carteret, myself, and others. I was very well informed of another fact, which convinced me yet more: The same person who gave this to be printed, offered to a bookseller a piece in prose as your's, and as commissioned by you, which has since appeared, and been owned to be his own. I think (I say once more) that I know your hand, though you did not mine in the Essay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I should, had you been in England: but no secret can cross your Irish sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it. I fancy, though you lost sight of me in the first of those essays, you saw me in the second. The design of concealing myself was good, and had its full effect. I was thought a divine, a philosopher, and what not; and my doctrine had a sanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the same grave march like Lucretius, or must descend to the gaieties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either: but be the future as it will, I shall collect all the past in one fair quarto this winter, and send it you; where you will find frequent mention of yourself. I was glad you suffered your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland; I wished it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: your's are beauties, that can never be too finely dressed, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you: do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a philosopher, till I pull it off, and make a jest of it myself. It is just what my Lord B. is doing with metaphysics. I hope you will live to see, and stare at the learned figure he will make, on the same shelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You see how I talk to you, (for this is not writing).

If you like I should do so, why not tell me so: if it be the least pleasure to you, I will write once a-week most gladly: but can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them, so far, as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our separation, and those misfortunes which occasion it, than satisfaction in the nothings he can express? If you can, really and from my heart, I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray, however, tell me, is it a satisfaction? that will make it one to me; and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you shall hear from me punctually just when you will.

P. S. Our friend, who has just returned from a progress of three months, and is setting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will stay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yesterday, and I cannot seal and dispatch it till I have scribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompously of my metaphysics, and places them in a very honourable station. It is true, I have writ six letters and an half to him on subjects of that kind, and I propose a letter and an half more, which would swell the whole up to a considerable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the name of an author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends, have seen them, *satis magnum theatrum mihi estis*, I shall not have the itch of making them more public*. I know how little regard you pay to writings of this kind. But I imagine, that if you can like any such, it must be those that strip metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well-constituted eye, and never bewilder themselves whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others. I writ to you a long letter some time ago, and sent it by the post. Did it come to your hands? or did the inspectors of private correspondence stop it, to revenge themselves of the ill said of them in it? *Vale, et me ama.*

* As Lord B. (let. 49.) tells us, they shew that all our metaphysical theclogy is ridiculous and abominable.

L E T T E R LXXIII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Nov. 1. 1734.

I Have your's with my Lord B——'s postscript, of September 15. It was long on its way; and for some weeks after the date, I was very ill with my two inveterate disorders, giddiness and deafness. The latter is pretty well off; but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much dispirits me. But I continue to ride and walk; both of which, although they be no cures, are at least amusements. I did never imagine you to be either inconstant, or to want right notions of friendship: but I apprehend your want of health; and it hath been a frequent wonder to me, how you have been able to entertain the world so long, so frequently, so happily, under so many bodily disorders. My Lord B. says you have been three months rambling, which is the best thing you can possibly do in a summer-season; and when the winter recalls you, we will, for our own interests, leave you to your speculations. God be thanked, I have done with every thing, and of every kind, that requires writing, except now and then a letter; or, like a true old man, scribbling trifles only fit for children, or schoolboys of the lowest class at best, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is singular, I never am without some great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the most vigorous healthy man; although I am convinced, that I shall never be able to finish three treatises that have lain by me several years, and want nothing but correction. My Lord B. said in his postscript, that you would go to Bath in three days. We since heard that you were dangerously ill there, and that the news-mongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, assured me he left you well; and so did some others, whom I have forgot. I am sorry at my heart, that you are pestered with people who come in my name; and I profess to you, it
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is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend; for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Essay on Man; and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below, or beside yourself, on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some few places I was forced to read twice. I believe I told you before what the Duke of D—— said to me on that occasion, how a judge here, who knows you, told him, that, on the first reading those essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark: on the second most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased: on the third he had no doubt remained; and then he admired the whole. My Lord B——'s attempt of reducing metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness, will be a glorious undertaking; and as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the sole management, so I am confident he will succeed in this. I desire you will allow that I write to you both at present; and so I shall while I live. It saves your money and my time; and he being your genius, no matter to which it is addressed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwise, between the weakness of my eyes, and the thickness of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my Lord B—— to follow that example, if I live to read his metaphysics. Pray God bless you both. I had a melancholy account from the Doctor of his health. I will answer his letter as soon as I can. I am ever entirely your's.

L E T T E R LXXIV.

Twickenham, Dec. 19. 1734.

I AM truly sorry for any complaint you have; and it is in regard to the weakness of your eyes, that I write

write (as well as print) in folio. You'll think, (I know you will, for you have all the candor of a good understanding), that the thing which men of our age feel the most, is the friendship of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects those who are steep a few years before us, cannot but sensibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory; and, if I am in any part of my constitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering every thing that has pleased me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two summers we passed together dwell always on my mind, like a vision which gave me a glimpse of a better life and better company, than this world otherwise afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcase I am annexed to did not hinder me. I rambled, by very easy journeys, this year, to Lord Bathurst and Lord Peterborough, who, upon every occasion, commemorate, love, and wish for you. I now pass my days between Dawley, London, and this place; not studious, nor idle, rather polishing old works than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that hath been abandoned several years; and of this sort you'll soon see one, which I inscribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.

Thus far I had written; and thinking to finish my letter the same evening, was prevented by company; and the next morning found myself in a fever, highly disordered, and so continued in bed for five days; and in my chamber till now; but so well recovered as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr Arbuthnot. He himself, poor man, is much broke, though not worse than for these two last months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wish to God we could once meet again, before that separation, which yet, I would be glad to believe, shall reunite us. But he who made us, not for ours, but his purposes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worse, that the affections of this life should, or should not continue into the other: and doubtless it is as it should be. Yet I am sure, that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I shall be imperfect without the communication of such friends as you. You are to me like a limb lost,

and buried in another country. Though we seem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always consider you so much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too-much; but it is as much as I would desire you would do to me. However, if I could inspirit you to bestow correction upon those three treatises, which you say are so near completed, I should think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almost at the end of my morals, as I have been long ago of my wit. My system is a short one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits; and that is a sphere in which you may move on to eternity: but where one is confined to truth, (or, to speak more like a human creature, to the appearances of truth), we soon find the shortness of our tether. Indeed, by the help of a metaphysical chain of ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progress beyond the point to which Providence has pinned us. But this does not satisfy me; who would rather say a little to no purpose, than a great deal. Lord B. is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to destroy volumes. I shall not live, I fear, to see that work printed. He is so taken up still (in spite of the monitory hint given in the first line of my essay) with particular men, that he neglects mankind, and is still a creature of this world, not of the universe; this world, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the court, to the castle, and so diminishing, till it comes to our own affairs, and to our own persons. When you write either to him or to me, (for we accept it all as one), rebuke him for it; as a divine, if you like it; or as a badineur, if you think that more effectual.

What I write will shew that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him; and every body that comes from Ireland, pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to see any that are truly so; and therefore do not mistake any thing I said, so as to discourage your sending any such to me. Adieu.

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L E T T E R LXXV.

*From Dr SWIFT.**May 12. 1735.*

YOur letter was sent me yesterday by Mr Stopford, who landed the same day, but I have not yet seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestic affairs are in great confusion, by the villany of agents, and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had. Nor am I unconcerned, to see all things tending towards absolute power in both nations *, (it is here in perfection already), although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both public, and personal to myself, hath given me such a kind of despondency, that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion, or amusement. The death of Mr Gay and the Doctor † hath been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bollingbroke. To shew in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight since I heard of the death of my Lady Masham, my constant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I should expect you to make a voyage that would in the least affect your health. But in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my best friend should have perhaps the only kind of disorder for which a sea-voyage is not in some degree a remedy? The old Duke of Ormond said, he would not change his dead son (Ossory) for the best living son in Europe. Neither would I change you, my absent friend, for the best present friend round the globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to Lord B. called

* The Dean was frequently troubled, he tells us, with a *giddiness* in his head. *Warb.*

† Arbuthnot. He died Feb. 27. 1734-5.

A dissertation upon parties. I think it very masterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers. I believe your prayers will do me more good than those of all the prelates in both kingdoms, or any prelates in Europe, except the Bishop of Marseilles *. And God preserve you for contributing more to mend the world, than the whole pack of (modern) parsons in a lump.

I am ever entirely yours.

L E T T E R LXXVI.

Fram. Dr. S W I F T.

Sept. 3. 1735.

THis letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an answer to yours of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curl. I heartily wish you were what they call disaffected, as I am. I may say as David did, *I have sinned greatly, but what have these sheep done?* You have given no offence to the ministry, nor to the Lords, nor Commons, nor Queen, nor the next in power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore must abhor vice and all corruption, although your discretion holds the reins. “You need not fear any consequence in the commerce that hath so long passed between us, although I never destroyed one of your letters. But my executors are men of honour and virtue, who have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me.” Neither did our letters contain any turns of wit, or fancy, or politics, or satire, but mere innocent friendship. Yet I am loath, that any letters from you, and a very few other friends, should die before me. I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand, to study what we should write next; yet we have held a con-

* Who continued there with his flock all the time a dreadful pestilence desolated that city, in 1720. He sold all his plate, &c. for the relief of the poor.

stant intercourse from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it must be continued till my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earnest as well as in haste, to have one epistle inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height. I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend, *Orna me*. A month ago were sent me over by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, Esq; They are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life; yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a poet for me; and, I think, among the *mediocribus* in prose as well as verse. I have the honour to know Dr Rundle *. He is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us; but that is saying nothing, for he answers your character. I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain; which was a very wise and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else.

This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means of every oppression that can be inflicted on mankind. — *Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord:* You advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world. But oppression tortures me; and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me a bishop, or a judge, or a colonel, or a commissioner of the revenues. Adieu.

L E T T E R LXXVII.

TO answer your question as to Mr Hughes, what he wanted as to genius, he made up as an honest man: but he was of the class you think him.

I am glad you think of Dr Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the bishops, and a disgrace to one bishop; two things you will like: but what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor

* Bishop of Derry.

even to your unfriended, unbenefited nation. He will be a friend to human race where-ever he goes. Pray tell him my best wishes for his health and long life. I wish you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never saw a man so seldom whom I liked so much as Dr Rundle.

Lord Peterborow I went to take a last leave of, at his setting sail for Lisbon. No body can be more wasted, no soul can be more alive. Immediately after the severest operation of being cut into the bladder, for a suppression of urine, he took coach, and got from Bristol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

Poor Lord Peterborow! there is another string lost, that would have helped to draw you hither! He ordered, on his deathbed, his watch to be given me, (that which had accompanied him in all his travels), with this reason, "That I might have something to put me every day in mind of him." It was a present to him from the King of Sicily, whose arms and *insignia* are graved on the inner case. On the outer I have put this inscription, *Victor Amadeus, Rex Siciliae, Dux Sabaudiae, &c. &c. Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mor. Cam. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit, 1735.*

Pray write to me a little oftener: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleases you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleasure, that your present care is to relieve the most helpless of this world, those objects * which most want our compassion, though generally made the scorn of their fellow-creatures, such as are less innocent than they. You always think generously; and of all charities, this is the most disinterested, and least vain-glorious, done to such as never will thank you, or can praise you for it.

God bless you with ease, if not with pleasure; with a tolerable state of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a resigned temper of mind, if not a very chearful one. It is upon these terms I live myself, though younger than you; and I repine not at my lot, could but the presence of a few that I love be added to these. Adieu.

* Idiots.

L E T T E R LXXVIII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Oct. 21. 1735.

I Answered your letter relating to Curl, &c. I believe my letters have escaped being published, because I writ nothing but nature and friendship, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have observed, that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny, writ their letters for the public view, more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the entertainment they have given me. Balsac did the same thing; but with more stiffness, and consequently less diverting. Now I must tell you, that you are to look upon me as one going very fast out of the world; but my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holyhead, for I will not lie in a country of slaves. It pleaseth me to find that you begin to dislike things, in spite of your philosophy. Your muse cannot forbear her hints to that purpose. I cannot travel to see you, otherwise I solemnly protest I would do it. I have an intention to pass this winter in the country, with a friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a-day; yet is my health so uncertain, that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come to my own bed at night. My best way would be to marry; for in that case any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle-aged one; you knew me a middle-aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord ——? Methinks I am inquiring after a tulip of last year.——“ You need not apprehend any Curls “ meddling with your letters to me. I will not destroy them, but have ordered my executors to do “ that office.” I have a thousand things more to say; *longævitæ est garrula*; but I must remember I have other letters to write, if I have time, which I spend to tell you so. I am ever, dearest Sir,

Your's, &c.

L E T T.

L E T T E R LXXIX.

*From Dr SWIFT.**Feb. 9. 1735-6.*

I Cannot properly call you my best friend, because I have not another left who deserves the name; such a havock have time, death, exile, and oblivion made. Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowness of spirits, if they were not some excuse for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you say of the indifference in common friends, whether we are sick or well, happy or miserable. The very maid-servants in a family have the same notion: I have heard them often say, Oh, I am very sick, if any body cared for it! I am vexed when my visitors come with the compliment usual here, Mr Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity that you mention, is wholly confined to the common people, who are more constant than those we miscall their betters. I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends; from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats and blessings upon old scores, which those we call the gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station; and I can boast, that I neither visit nor am acquainted with any Lord temporal or spiritual in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own cathedral upon a vacancy. What hath sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness, is reflecting on the most execrable corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for those lines translated *Singula da nobis anni, &c.* You have put them in a strong and admirable light: but, however, I am so partial, as to be more delighted with those which are to do me the greatest honour I shall ever receive from posterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten thousand enemies. I never saw them before; by which it is plain that the
letter

letter you sent me miscarried.—I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and some of them may be deserving: for youth is the season of virtue; corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest. You have years enough before you to watch whether these new acquaintance will keep their virtue, when they leave you, and go into the world; how long will their spirit of independency last against the temptations of future ministers and future kings.—As to the new Lord Lieutenant*, I never knew any of the family; so that I shall not be able to get any job done by him for any deserving friend.

L E T T E R LXXX.

From Dr SWIFT.

Feb. 7. 1735-6.

IT is some time since I dined at the Bishop of Derry's, where Mr Secretary Cary told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since; only I have continued in great pain of mind; yet for my own sake and the world's, more than for your's; because I well know how little you value life both as a philosopher and a Christian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you; although we must be for ever distant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have staid too long from pressing you to give me some ease by an account of your health; pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annualrents, although I am never to see it. Mr Tickel was at the same meeting under the same real concern;

* The Duke of Devonshire.

and so were a hundred others of this town who had never seen you.

I read to the Bishop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his Lordship expressed his thankfulness in a manner that became him. He is esteemed here as a person of learning, and conversation, and humanity; but he is beloved by all people.

I have no body now left but you. Pray, be so kind to outlive me; and then die as soon as you please, but without pain; and let us meet in a better place, if my religion will permit, but rather my virtue, although much unequal to your's. Pray, let my Lord Bathurst know how much I love him; I still insist on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an absent friend with his letters. My state of health is not to boast of; my giddiness is more or less too constant; I sleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a poem in the Chinese language as my own: I am as fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen of years ago, have now forsaken me; although I am not so old in proportion to them, as I formerly was: which I can prove by arithmetic; for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray, put me out of fear as soon as you can, about that ugly report of your illness; and let me know who this Cheselden is, that hath so lately sprung up in your favour. Give me also some account of your neighbour * who writ to me from Bath. I hear he resolves to be strenuous for taking off the test; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced reasons I ever was able to form, and against the maxim of all wise Christian governments †, which always had some established religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.

* Lord Bolingbroke.

† The author of the *Dissertation on parties* appears to be of the same opinion. *Warb.*

Farewell

Farewell my dearest friend ! ever, and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.

L E T T E R LXXXI.

March 25. 1736.

IF ever I write more epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it ; but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four epistles, which naturally follow the essay on man, *viz.* 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason and science. 2. A view of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the unuseful, and therefore unattainable arts. 3. Of the nature, ends, application, and use of different capacities. 4. Of the use of *learning*, of the *science* of the *world*, and of *wit*. It will conclude with a satire against the misapplication of all these, exemplified by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas ! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram !* My understanding indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminished. I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry : the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our heaven of a court) is but cold and uncertain ; the winds rise, and the winter comes on. I find myself but little disposed to build a new house ; I have nothing left but to gather up the relics of a wreck, and look about me to see how few friends I have left. Pray, whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writings ? whose friendship or conversation to obtain by them ? I am a man of desperate fortunes, that is, a man whose friends are dead : for I never aimed at any other fortune than in friends. As soon as I had sent my last letter, I received a most kind one from you, expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr Cheselden's. I conclude

clude you was eased of that friendly apprehension in a few days after you had dispatched your's, for mine must have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheselden was? It shews that the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of poetry; he is the most noted, and most deserving man, in the whole profession of chirurgery; and has saved the lives of thousands, by his manner of cutting for the stone.—I am now well, or what I must call so.

I have lately seen some writings of Lord B.'s since he went to France. Nothing can depress his genius: whatever befalls him, he will still be the greatest man in the world, either in his own time, or with posterity.

Every man you know or care for here, inquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you; for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourself and two servants. I have indeed room enough, nothing but myself at home; the kind and hearty housewife is dead! the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone! yet my house is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guests they have lost. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen garden than you have any thought of; nay, I have good melons and pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better gardener, as I am a worse poet, than when you saw me: but gardening is near akin to philosophy; for Tully says, *Agricultura proxima sapientiæ*. For God's sake, why should not you, (that are a step higher than a philosopher, a divine, yet have two much grace and wit than to be a bishop), e'en give all you have to the poor of Ireland, (for whom you have already done every thing else), so quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *Tales animæ concordēs* be our motto and our epitaph.

LET.

L E T T E R LXXXII.

*From Dr SWIFT.**Dublin, April 22. 1736.*

MY common illness is of that kind which utterly disqualifies me for all conversation; I mean my deafness: and indeed it is that only which discourageth me from all thoughts of coming to England; because I am never sure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honest gout, I could catch an interval, to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an easy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends. "As to what you say of your letters, since you have many years of life more than I, my resolution is to direct my executors to send you all your letters, well sealed and packeted, along with some legacies mentioned in my will, and leave them entirely to your disposal. Those things are all tied up, indorsed, and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one servant who can properly be said to write or read. No mortal shall copy them, but you shall surely have them when I am no more." I have a little repined at my being hitherto slipped by you in your epistles, not from any other ambition than the title of a friend; and in that sense I expect you shall perform your promise, if your health, and leisure, and inclination will permit. I deny your losing on the side of poetry; I could reason against you a little from experience: you are, and will be some years to come, at the age when invention still keeps its ground, and judgment is at full maturity; but your subjects are much more difficult when confined to verse. I am amazed to see you exhaust the whole science of morality in so masterly a manner. Sir W. Temple said, that the loss of friends was a tax upon long life. It need not be very long, since you have had so great a share, but I have not above one left: and in this country I have only a few general companions of good nature and middling understandings. How should I know Cheselden? On your side men of fame start

up and die, before we here (at least I) know any thing of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you say of Lord B.'s genius still keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the author, and useful to the world.—Common reports have made me very uneasy about your neighbour Mr P. It is affirmed, that he hath been very near death. I love him for being a patriot in most corrupted times, and highly esteem his excellent understanding. Nothing but the perverse nature of my disorders, as I have above described them, and which are absolute disqualifications for converse, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twickenham, and nursing you to Paris. In short, my ailments amount to a prohibition; although I am, as you describe yourself, what *I must call well*, yet I have not spirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was my only diversion. And I must expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal sum, which must lessen every day; and indeed I am likewise literally almost in the same case, while every body owes me, and no body pays me. Instead of a young race of patriots on your side, which gives me some glimpse of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young dunces and Atheists, or old villains and monsters, whereof four fifths are more wicked and stupid than Chartres. Your wants are so few, that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many, that a king's seven millions of guineas would not support me.

L E T T E R LXXXIII.

Aug. 17. 1736.

I Find, though I have less experience than you, the truth of what you told me some time ago, that increase of years makes men more talkative, but less writative; to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain business, or plain how-d'ye's to those few I am forced to correspond with, either out of necessity, or love. And I grow laconic even beyond laconicism; for sometimes I return only Yes, or No, to questionnaire or petitionary epistles of half a yard long. You and
Lord

Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almost the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whose writings will reach the next: others are mere mortals. Whatever failings such men may have, a respect is due to them, as luminaries whose exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather causes it to seem so to others. I am afraid to censure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, because I hear it only from mortals blind and dull: and you should be cautious of censuring any action or motion of Lord B. because you hear it only from shallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you writ to me about him, I find to my great scandal repeated in one of yours to —. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the profane? The thing, if true, should be concealed; but it is, I assure you, absolutely untrue in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainebleau, and makes it his whole business *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you so long? I may, for I hear from him seldomer than from you, that is, twice or thrice a year at most. Can you possibly think he can neglect you or disregard you? If you catch yourself at thinking such nonsense, your parts are decayed: for, believe me, great geniuses must and do esteem one another, and I question if any others can esteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only guess at that merit, or see glimmerings of their minds. A genius has the intuitive faculty: therefore, imagine what you will, you cannot be so sure of any man's esteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you despise me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought so by posterity, than if all the house of Lords writ commendatory verses upon me, the Commons ordered me to print my works, the universities gave me public thanks, and the King, Queen, and Prince crowned me with laurel. You are a very ignorant man, you don't know the figure his name and your's will make hereafter: I do, and will preserve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy; *longo, sed proximus, intervallo*. I will not quarrel with the present age; it has done enough

for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it; it has done and can do neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, and cannot hurt your works: while those subsist, you will both appear the greatest men of the time, in spite of princes and ministers; and the wisest, in spite of all the little errors you may please to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you, than, I fear, you possess; may but as good health attend you always as mine is at present; tolerable, when an easy mind is joined with it.

L E T T E R LXXXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dec. 2. 1736.

I Think you owe me a letter; but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride: the first I can do tolerably; but the latter, for want of good weather at this season, is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be able to answer. I have too many vexations, by my station and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few distant friends that are left; and, considering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourself. What Horace says, *Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month at farthest; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I shall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you begun to distinguish so confounded early, that your acquaintance with distinguished men of all kinds was almost as ancient

cient as mine; I mean Wycherly, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnell, &c. and in spite of your heart, you have owned me a cotemporary; not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harecourt, Peterborough. In short, I was the other day recollecting twenty-seven great ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years past; neither have I the grace to be sorry, that the present times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life.—May my friends be happy in this and a better life; but I value not what becomes of posterity, when I consider from what monsters they are to spring.—My Lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you see I send this under his cover, or at least franked by him. He has 3000 l. a-year about Cork, and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years rent unpaid: this is our condition in these blessed times. I writ to your neighbour about a month ago, and subscribed my name; I fear he hath not received my letter, and wish you would ask him: but perhaps he is still a rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave hath restored his health.—How my services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your side! yet my Lord Bathurst, and Lord Masham, and Mr Lewis remain; and being your acquaintance, I desire, when you see them, to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs P. B. and let me know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I saw her last. Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? and are they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis aeli se puero*, is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing: for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North Wales.—My head is so ill that I cannot write a paper full as I used to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you.—I had reason to expect from some of your letters, that we were to hope for more epistles of morality; and, I assure you, my acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at

the head of one. The subjects of such epistles are more useful to the public, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings; and although in so profligate a world as ours, they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a court happens to have the least relish for virtue and religion.

L E T T E R LXXXV.

To Dr SWIFT.

Dec. 30. 1736.

YOUR very kind letter has made me more melancholy, than almost any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear every thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Though others tell me you are in pretty good health, and in good spirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me. And indeed it is but a prudent part, to seem not so concerned about others, nor so crazy ourselves as we really are: for we shall neither be beloved nor esteemed the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we must complain, of what (it is a thousand to one) he complains with us: for if we have known him long, he is old; and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you shall not have much of my pity: but if you ever live to have less, you shall not have less of my affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that shall be added to you, of which you have had a late instance in the public rejoicings on your birthday. I can assure you, something better and greater than high birth and quality must go toward acquiring those demonstrations of public esteem and love. I have seen a royal birthday uncelebrated, but by one vile ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general esteem for your sense, virtue, and charity.

The most melancholy effect of years is that you mention,

tion, the catalogue of those we loved and have lost, perpetually increasing. How much that reflection struck me, you will see from the motto I have prefixed to my book of letters, which so much against my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus:

*Quo desiderio veteres revocamus amores,
Atque olim amissas stemus amicitias!*

I detain this letter till I can find some safe conveyance; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine must be, of any thing to offend my superiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. "But I have much reason to fear, those which you have too partially kept in your hands, will get out in some very disagreeable shape, in case of our mortality: and the more reason to fear it, since this last month Curl has obtained from Ireland two letters, (one of Lord Bolingbroke and one of mine to you, which we wrote in the year 1723), and he has printed them, to the best of my memory, rightly, except one passage concerning Dawley, which must have been since inserted, since my Lord had not that place at that time. Your answer to that letter he has not got; it has never been out of my custody; for whatever is lent is lost, (wit as well as money), to these needy poetical readers."

The world will certainly be the better for his change of life. He seems, in the whole turn of his letters, to be a settled and principled philosopher, thanking Fortune for the tranquillity he has been led into by her aversion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the sea into a calm harbour. You ask me, if I have got any supply of new friends to make up for those that are gone? I think that impossible; for not our friends only, but so much of ourselves is gone, by the mere flux and course of years, that, were the same friends to be restored to us, we could not be restored to ourselves, to enjoy them. But as when the continual washing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and sedges in their room*; so the course of time brings us

* There are some strokes in this letter, which can be accounted for no otherwise, than by the author's extreme compassion and tenderness

us something, as it deprives us of a great deal; and instead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flourish, and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use, by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my seeking, a few chance-acquaintance, of young men, who look rather to the past age than the present, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. If I love them, it is because they honour some of those whom I, and the world, have lost, or are losing. Two or three of them have distinguished themselves in parliament; and you will own, in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you, it is by their asserting of independency, and contempt of corruption. One or two are linked to me, by their love of the same studies, and the same authors. But I will own to you, my moral capacity has got so much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter score, and none without a casting weight on the former. But I find my heart hardened, and blunt to new impressions; it will scarce receive or retain affections of yesterday; and those friends who have been dead these twenty years, are more present to me now than those I see daily. You, dear Sir, are one of the former sort to me in all respects, but that we can yet correspond together. I don't know whether it is not more vexatious to know we are both in one world, without any farther intercourse. Adieu. I can say no more, I feel so much. Let me drop into common things.—Lord Masham has just married his son. Mr Lewis has just buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letter in pure kindness. Mrs B. sighs more for you than for the loss of youth. She says she will be agreeable many years hence, for she has learned that secret from some receipts of your writing.—Adieu.

L E T T E R LXXXVI.

March 23. 1736-7.

THough you were never to write to me, yet what you desired in your last, that I would write of—
ness of heart, too much affected by the complaints of a peevish old man, (labouring and impatient under his infirmities), and too intent in the friendly office of mollifying them. Warb.

ten.

ten to you, would be a very easy task: for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only set down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myself verging to that period of life which is to be labour and sorrow, the more I prop myself upon those few supports that are left me. People in this state are like props indeed; they cannot stand alone, but two or more of them can stand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wish you and I might pass this part of life together. My only necessary care is at an end. I am now my own master too much; my house is too large; my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for my use. My servants are sensible and tender of me. They have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than servants; and to all those that I see here with pleasure, they take a pleasure in being useful. I conclude this is your case too in your domestic life; and I sometimes think of your old housekeeper as my nurse; though I tremble at the sea, which only divides us. As your fears are not so great as mine, and, I firmly hope, your strength still much greater, is it utterly impossible, it might once more be some pleasure to you to see England? My sole motive in proposing France to meet in, was the narrowness of the passage by sea from hence; the physicians having told me, the weakness of my breast, &c. is such, as a sea-sickness might endanger my life. Though one or two of our friends are gone, since you saw your native country*, there remain a few more who will last so till death, and who, I cannot but hope, have an attractive power, to draw you back to a country which cannot quite be sunk or enslaved, while such spirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a few more of the same spirit, who would awaken all your old ideas, and revive your hopes of her future recovery and virtue. These look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the sight of him at whose soul they have taken fire, in his writings, and derived from thence as much love of their species as is consistent with a contempt for the knaves of it.

* The Dean was born in Ireland. This I mention, because the sentence may be understood in a double sense. *Dub. edit.*

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you; but my real reason (and a strong one it is) for doing it so seldom, is fear; fear of a very great and experienced evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and passing into the hands and malice of enemies; who publish them with all their imperfections on their head; so that I write not on the common terms of honest men.

Would to God you would come over with Lord Orery, whose care of you in the voyage I could so certainly depend on; and bring with you your old house-keeper, and two or three servants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our last days easy, and leave some sort of monument, what friends two wits could be, in spite of all the fools in the world. Adieu.

L E T T E R LXXXVII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, May 31. 1737.

IT is true, I owe you some letters; but it has pleased God, that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you shall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the same disability to your present or future friends. But my age is not my disability; for I can walk six or seven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together. This deafness unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not speak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that hath hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twickenham: for deafness being not a frequent disorder, hath no allowance given it; and the scurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly insupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come, like an unfair merchant, to charge me with being in your debt; which, by your way of reckoning, I must always be; for your's are always guineas,

neas, and mine farthings ; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, because I am not at the head of any one of your epistles. I am often wondering, how you come to excel all mortals on the subject of morality, even in the poetical way ; and should have wondered more, if nature and education had not made you a professor of it from your infancy. “ All the letters I “ can find of your’s, I have fastened in a folio cover, “ and the rest in bundles indorsed : but, by reading “ their dates, I find a chasm of six years, of which I “ can find no copies ; and yet I keep them with all “ possible care. But I have been forced, on three or “ four occasions, to send all my papers to some friends ; “ yet those papers were all sent sealed in bundles to “ some faithful friends ; however, what I have are not “ much above sixty.” I found nothing in any one of them to be left out. None of them have any thing to do with party, of which you are the clearest of all men by your religion, and the whole tenor of your life ; while I am raging every moment against the corruption of both kingdoms, especially of this ; such is my weakness.

I have read your epistle of Horace to Augustus. It was sent me in the English edition, as soon as it could come. They are printing it in a small octavo. The curious are looking out, some for flattery, some for ironies in it. The four folks think they have found out some : but your admirers here, I mean every man of taste, affect to be certain, that the profession of friendship to me in the same poem will not suffer you to be thought a flatterer. My happiness is, that you are too far engaged ; and in spite of you, the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you were a friend who loved and esteemed me, although I died the object of court and party hatred.

Pray, who is that Mr Glover who writ the ethic poem called *Leonidas*, which is reprinting here, and hath great vogue ? We have frequently good poems of late from London. I have just read one upon conversation, and two or three others. But the croud do not incumber you, who, like the orator or preacher, stand aloft, and are seen above the rest, more than the whole assembly below.

I am able to write no more; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finish the paper. I am, my dearest friend, your's entirely, as long as I can write, or speak, or think.

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

From Dr SWIFT.

Dublin, July 23. 1737.

I Sent a letter to you some weeks ago, which my Lord Orrery inclosed in one of his, to which I received as yet no answer; but it will be time enough when his Lordship goes over, which will be, as he hopes, in about ten days; and then he will take with him "all the letters I preserved of your's, which are not above twenty-five. I find there is a great chasm of some years, but the dates are more early than my two last journeys to England; which makes me imagine, that in one of those journeys I carried over another cargo." But I cannot trust my memory half an hour; and my disorders of deafness and giddiness increase daily. So that I am declining as fast as it is easily possible for me, if I were a dozen years older.

We have had your volume of letters, which, I am told, are to be printed here. Some of those who highly esteem you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English gentry of this kingdom, and the savage old Irish, (who are only the vulgar, and some gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom): but the English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard, that an American, who is of the fifth generation from England, should be allowed to preserve that title, only because we have been told by some of them, that their names are entered in some parish in London. I have three or four cousins here, who were born in Portugal, whose parents took the
same

same care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr Delany, who, as I take it, is of an Irish family, came to visit me three days ago, on purpose to complain of those passages in your letters. He will not allow such a difference between the two climates; but will assert that North Wales, Northumberland, Yorkshire, and the other northern shires, have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In short, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of letters, my opinion is, that there might be collected from them the best system that ever was wrote for the conduct of human life, at least to shame all reasonable men out of their follies and vices. It is some recommendation of this kingdom, and of the taste of the people, that you are at least as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for slavery, corruption, Atheism, and such trifles, do it freely; but include England, only with an addition of every other vice. — I wish you would give orders against the corruption of English by those scribblers, who send us over their trash in prose and verse, with abominable curtailings and quaint modernisms. — I am now daily expecting an end of life. I have lost all spirit, and every scrap of health. I sometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be silent; and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray let my Lord Orrery see you often: next to yourself, I love no man so well; and tell him what I say, if he visits you. I have now done; for it is evening, and my head grows worse. May God always protect you, and preserve you long, for a pattern of piety and virtue.

Farewell, my dearest and almost only constant friend. I am ever, at least in my esteem, honour, and affection to you, what I hope you expect me to be,

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R LXXXIX.

*From Dr S W I F T.**Dublin, Aug. 8. 1738.**My dear friend,*

I Have your's of July 25.; and first, I desire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and sunk by public as well as personal vexations. I have entirely lost my memory, incapable of conversation by a cruel deafness, which has lasted almost a year, and I despair of any cure. I say not this to increase your compassion, (of which you have already too great a part), but as an excuse for my not being regular in my letters to you, and some few other friends. I have an ill name in the post-office of both kingdoms; which makes the letters addressed to me not seldom miscarry, or be opened and read, and then sealed in a bungling manner, before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs B. is very often in my thoughts, and high in my esteem. I desire you will be the messenger of my humble thanks and service to her. That superior universal genius you describe, whose hand-writing I know towards the end of your letter, hath made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes, I fear he will be too soon gone to his forest abroad. He began in the Queen's time to be my patron, and then descended to be my friend.

It is a great favour of heaven, that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have absolutely done with poetry for several years past, and even at my best times I could produce nothing but trifles. I therefore reject your compliments on that score: and it is no compliment in me; for I take your second dialogue that you lately sent me, to equal almost any thing you ever writ; although I live so much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and persons, which, I presume, are very well known from Temple-bar to St James's; (I mean the court exclusive).

“ I can faithfully assure you, that every letter you
“ have favoured me with, these twenty years and more,
“ are

“ are sealed up in bundles, and delivered to Mrs W—,
 “ a very worthy, rational, and judicious cousin of mine,
 “ and the only relation whose visits I can suffer. All
 “ these letters she is directed to send safely to you, upon
 “ my decease.”

My Lord Orrery is gone with his Lady to a part of her estate in the north. She is a person of very good understanding, as any I know of her sex. Give me leave to write here a short answer to my Lord B.'s letter, in the last page of yours.

My dear Lord,

I am infinitely obliged to your Lordship for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confess, that I have more obligations to your Lordship, than to all the world besides. You never deceived me, even when you were a great minister of state: and yet I love you still more, for your condescending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publish your history, and am vain enough to wish that my name could be squeezed in among the few subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui*. If not, I will be revenged, and contrive some way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your Lordship for my best patron; and I will live and die, with the highest veneration and gratitude, your most obedient, &c.

P. S. I will here, in a postscript, correct (if it be possible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I shewed my cousin the above letter; and she assures me that a great collection of your * letters to me, are put up and sealed, and in some very safe hand †.

* It is written just thus in the original. The book that is now printed, seems to be part of the collection here spoken of; as it contains not only the letters of Mr Pope, but of Dr Swift, both to him and Mr Gay, which were returned him after Mr Gay's death: though any mention made by Mr Pope of the return or exchange of letters, has been industriously suppressed in the publication, and only appears by some of the answers. *Dub. edit.*

† See Lord Orrery's letter, in the next page.

I am, my most dear and honoured friend, entirely
your's,

J. SWIFT.

It is now *Aug. 24.*

1738.

† The Earl of ORRERY to Mr POPE.

S I R,

I Am more and more convinced, that your letters are neither lost nor burnt; but who the Dean means by a *safe hand* in Ireland, is beyond my power of guessing, though I am particularly acquainted with most, if not all of his friends. As I knew you had the recovery of those letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains to find out where they were; but my inquiries were to no purpose; and I fear, whoever has them, is too tenacious of them to discover where they lie. "Mrs W—— did assure me, she had not one of them; and seemed to be under great uneasiness, that you should imagine they were left with her. She likewise told me she had stopped the Dean's letter which gave you that information; but believed he would write such another; and therefore desired me to assure you from her, that she was totally ignorant where they were."

You may make what use you please, either to the Dean, or any other person, of what I have told you. I am ready to testify it; and I think it ought to be known, "That the Dean says they are delivered into a safe hand, and Mrs W—— declares she has them not. The consequence of their being hereafter published, may give uneasiness to some of your friends, and of course to you: so I would do all in my power to make you entirely easy in that point."

This is the first time I have put pen to paper since my late misfortune; and I should say, as an excuse for this letter, that it has cost me some pain, did it not allow me an opportunity to assure you, that I am,

Dear Sir,

With the truest esteem,

Your very faithful and obedient servant,

Marston, Oct. 4. 1738.

ORRERY.

* This lady since gave Mr Pope the strongest assurances, that she had used her utmost endeavours to prevent the publication; nay, went so far as to secrete the book, till it was commanded from her, and delivered to the Dublin printer. Whereupon her son-in-law, D. Swift, Esq; insisted upon writing a preface, to justify Mr Pope from having any knowledge of it, and to lay it upon the corrupt practices of the printers in London; but this he would not agree to, as not knowing the truth of the fact. Pope.

L E T.

L E T T E R . . . XC.*

Dr SWIFT to his uncle WILLIAM SWIFT †.

S I R,

Moore Park, Nov. 29. 1692.

MY sister told me, you was pleased, (when she was here), to wonder, I did so seldom write to you, I been so kind, to impute it neither to ill mann respect. I always thought that sufficient from one, who has always been but too troublesome to you. Besides, I know your aversion to impertinence, and God knows so very private a life as mine can furnish a letter with little else: for I often am two or three months without seeing any body besides the family; and now my sister is gone, I am likely to be more solitary than before. I am still to thank you for your care in my *testimonium*; and it was to very good purpose, for I never was more satisfied than in the behaviour of the university of Oxford to me. I had all the civilities I could wish for, and so many favours, that I am ashamed to have been more obliged in a few weeks to strangers, than ever I was in seven years to Dublin college. I am not to take orders till the King gives me a prebendary †: and Sir William Temple, though he promises me the certainty of it, yet is less forward than I could wish ||; because, I suppose, he believes I shall leave

* This and the three following letters are taken from Mr Deane Swift's *Essay on the life, writings, &c. of Dr Swift*.

† This letter is torn and imperfect in several places.—This epistolary fragment is so far curious, as it gives us a specimen of Swift's manner of writing and thinking, at that early period of his life.—You do not see in this letter the least symptoms of that peculiar turn of phrase which afterwards appeared in all his writings, even in his most trifling letters. Neither his learning nor his genius were yet arrived to any degree of ripeness. Or perhaps the letter was rather the effect of duty than inclination; and in that case, the style of it must be illabourate, and void of all freedom and vivacity. *Orrery*.

‡ It may be observed from this passage, that he does not speak of going into the church as a point of news to his uncle. *Swift*.

|| Here are the grounds of a quarrel which happened between him and Sir William Temple in the year 1694. *Swift*.

him *; and upon some accounts he thinks me a little necessary to him †

If I were entertainment, or doing you any satisfaction by my letters, I should be very glad to perform it that way, as I am bound to do it by all others. I am sorry my fortune should fling me so far from the best of my relations, but hope that I shall have the happiness to see you some time or other. Pray my humble service to my good aunt, and the rest of my relations, if you please.

L E T T E R XCI.

Dr SWIFT to his cousin DEANE SWIFT at Lisbon ‡.

Liecester, June 3. 1694.

I Received your kind letter to-day from your sister; and am very glad to find you will spare time from business, so far as to write a long letter to one you have none at all with but friendship; which, as the world passes, is perhaps one of the idlest things in it. 'Tis a pleasure to me to see you fall out of your road, and take notice of curiosities, of which I am very glad to have part; and desire you to set by some idle minutes for a commerce which shall ever be dear to me; and from so good an observer as you may easily be, cannot fail of being useful. I am sorry to see so much superstition in a country so given to trade. I half used to think those two to be incompatible. Not that I utterly dislike your processions for rain or fair weather; which, as trifling as they are, yet have good effects to quiet common heads, and infuse a gaping devotion among the rabble. But your burning the old woman,

* Which at last was the cause of a good deal of anger in Sir William Temple. *Swift.*

† Because at that time he was employed in the revival of Sir William Temple's works. *Swift.*

‡ If this letter be considered as an epistle from a young man a little above six and twenty years old, to an intimate friend and relation, who was at that time but just turned of twenty, I hope it will not appear in a very mean or contemptible light. *Swift.*

unless she were a Duegna, I shall never be reconciled to; though it is easily observed, that nations which have most gallantry to the young, are ever the severest upon the old. I have not leisure to descant further upon your pleasing letter, nor any thing to return you from so barren a scene as this, which I shall leave in four days towards my journey for Ireland. I had designed a letter to my cousin Willoughby; and the last favour he has done me requires a great deal of acknowledgment: but the thoughts of my sending so many before, has made me believe it better to trust you with delivering my best thanks to him; and that you will endeavour to persuade him how extreme sensible of his goodness and generosity I am. I wish and shall pray, he may be as happy as he deserves, and he cannot be more. My mother desires her best love to him and to you, with both our services to my cousin his wife.

I forgot to tell you I left Sir William Temple a month ago, just as I foretold it to you; and every thing happened thereupon exactly as I guessed. He was extreme angry I left him; and yet would not oblige himself any further than upon my good behaviour, nor would promise any thing firmly to me at all: so that every body judged I did best to leave him. I design to be ordained September next, and make what endeavours I can for something in the church. I wish it may ever lie in my cousin's way or your's to have interest to bring me in chaplain of the factory.

If any thing offers from Dublin that may serve either to satisfy or divert you, I will not fail of contributing, and giving you constant intelligence from thence, of whatever you shall desire.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XCII.

*Dr SWIFT to the Earl of OXFORD *.*

My LORD,

July 1. 1714.

WHen I was with you, I have said more than once, that I would never allow quality or station made

* This letter was written from Berkshire, after the Doctor had wholly

made any real difference between men. Being now absent and forgotten, I have changed my mind. You have a thousand people who can pretend they love you, with as much appearance of sincerity as I; so that, according to common justice, I can have but a thousandth part in return of what I give. And this difference is wholly owing to your station. And the misfortune is still the greater, because I always loved you just so much the worse for your station. For in your public capacity you have often angered me to the heart, but as a private man never once. So that if I only look towards myself, I could wish you a private man to-morrow. For I have nothing to ask, at least nothing that you will give, which is the same thing. And then you would see whether I should not with much more willingness attend you in a retirement, whenever you pleased to give me leave, than ever I did at London or Windsor. From these sentiments I will never write to you, if I can help it, otherwise than as to a private person, nor allow myself to have been obliged by you in any other capacity.

The memory of one great instance of your candor and justice I will carry to my grave; that having been in a manner domestic with you for almost four years, it was never in the power of any public or concealed enemy to make you think ill of me, though malice and envy were often employed to that end. If I live, posterity shall know that and more; which though you and some body that shall be nameless, seem to value less than I could wish, is all the return I can make you. Will you give me leave to say how I would desire to stand in your memory? As one who was truly sensible of the honour you did him, though he was too proud to be vain upon it: as one who was neither assuming, officious, nor teasing; who never wilfully misrepresented persons or facts to you, nor consulted his passions when he gave a character: and, lastly, as one whose indiscretions proceeded altogether from a weak

wholly quitted the ministry, upon finding it impossible to reconcile the misunderstandings between the Lord Treasurer and the Secretary.

Swift

head,

head, and not an ill heart. I will add one thing more, which is the highest compliment I can make, that I never was afraid of offending you, nor am now in any pain for the manner I write to you in. I have said enough, and like one at your levee, having made my bow, I shrink back into the croud. I am, my Lord, &c.

L E T T E R XCIII.

Dr SWIFT to the Earl of OXFORD.

My LORD,

Dublin, June 14. 1737.

I Had the honour of a letter from your Lordship, dated April 7. which I was not prepared to answer until this time. Your Lordship must needs have known, that the history you mention of the four last years of the Queen's reign, was written at Windsor, just upon finishing the peace*; at which time your father and my Lord Bolingbroke had a misunderstanding with each other, that was attended with very bad consequences. When I came to Ireland to take this deanery, (after the peace was made), I could not stay here above a fortnight, being recalled by an hundred letters to hasten back, and to use my endeavours in reconciling those ministers. I left them the history you mention, which I had finished at Windsor, to the time of the peace. When I returned to England, I found their quarrels and coldness increased; I laboured to reconcile them as much as I was able; I contrived to bring them to my Lord Masham's at St James's; my Lord and Lady Masham left us together; I expostulated with them both, but could not find any good consequences. I was to go to Windsor next day with my Lord Treasurer; I pretended business that prevented me; and so

* The Doctor means only the first draught of that history: for it is certain, that, after the Queen's death, he spent a good deal of his time in improving and correcting it to his own taste and liking; and particularly we find in a letter of the Dean's to Pope, dated Jan. 10. 1712, [*above*, p. 23.] that he still employed some part of his leisure in digesting it into order. *Swift.*

I sent them to Windsor next day, which was Saturday, expecting they would come to some ***** †. But I followed them to Windsor; where my Lord Bolingbroke told me, that my scheme had come to nothing. Things went on at the same rate. They grew more estranged every day. My Lord Treasurer found his credit daily declining. In May, before the Queen died, I had my last meeting with them at my Lord Masham's. He left us together, and therefore I spoke very freely to them both, and told them I would retire, for I found all was gone. Lord Bolingbroke whispered me, I was in the right. Your father said, all would do well ‡. I told him, that I would go to Oxford on Monday, since I found it impossible to be of any use. I took coach to Oxford on Monday; went to a friend in Berkshire; there staid till the Queen's death, and then to my station here; where I staid twelve years, and never saw my Lord your father afterwards. They could not agree about printing the history of the four last years; and therefore I have kept it to this time, when I determine to publish it in London, to the confusion of all those ***** who have accused the Queen and that ministry of making a bad peace; to which that party entirely owes the Protestant succession. I was then in the greatest trust and confidence with your father the Lord Treasurer, as well as with my Lord Bolingbroke, and all others who had part in the administration. I had all the letters from the Secretary's office during the treaty of peace. Out of those, and what I learned from the ministry, I formed that history which I am now going to publish, for the information of posterity, and to control the most impudent falsehoods which have been published since. I wanted no kind of materials. I knew your father better than you could at that time; and I do impartially think him the most virtuous minister, and the most able, that ever I remem-

† Here is an hiatus of about half a line. The reader's imagination can easily fill it up, so as to make the sense perfect. *Swift*.

‡ This was a very common expression of my Lord Treasurer, who was the least apt to dispond of any minister in the world. *Swift*.

ber to have read of. If your Lordship hath any particular circumstances that may fortify what I have said in the history, such as letters or other memorials, I am content they should be printed at the end, by way of appendix. I loved my Lord your father better than any other man in the world, although I had no obligation to him on the score of preferment; having been driven to this wretched kingdom, to which I was almost a stranger, by his want of power to keep me in what I ought to call my own country; though I happened to be dropped here, and was a year old before I left it, and, to my sorrow, did not die before I came back to it again. I am extremely glad of the felicity you have in your alliances, and desire to present my most humble respects to my Lady Oxford, and your daughter the Duchess. As to the history, it is only of affairs which I know very well, and had all the advantages possible to know, when you were in some sort but a lad. One great design of it is, to do justice to the ministry of that time, and to refute all the objections against them, as if they had a design of bringing in Popery and the Pretender; and further to demonstrate, that the present settlement of the crown was chiefly owing to my Lord your father. I can never expect to see England; I am now too old and sickly, added to almost a perpetual deafness and giddiness. I live a most domestic life; I want nothing that is necessary; but I am in a cursed, factious, oppressed, miserable country, not made so by nature, but by the slavish, hellish principles of an execrable, prevailing faction in it. Farewell, my Lord; I have tired you and myself. I desire again to present my most humble respects to my Lady Oxford, and the Duchess your daughter. Pray God preserve you long and happy. I shall diligently inquire into your conduct, from those who will tell me. You have hitherto continued right: let me hear that you persevere so. Your task will not be long; for I am not in a condition of health or time to trouble this world, and I am heartily tired of it already; and so should be in England, which I hear is full as corrupt as this poor enslaved country. I am, with the truest love and respect, my Lord, &c.

L E T.

L E T T E R XCIV. *

The Earl of PETERBOROW to Mr POPE.

1732.

I Am under the greatest impatience to see Dr Swift at Bevis Mount, and must signify my mind to him by another hand; it not being permitted me to hold correspondence with the said Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this Protestant land, most especially under the care of divine providence, that nothing can succeed, or come to a happy issue, but by bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my desires, and it shall be remitted unto him.

For though I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conscience. Every one must confess, that gratification and corruption are two distinct terms; nay, at worst, many good men hold, that, for a good end, some very naughty measures may be made use of.

But, Sir, I must give you some good news in relation to myself, because I know you wish me well. I am cured of some diseases in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was possessed with violent and uneasy passions, such as a peevish concern for truth †, and a saucy love for my country.

When a Christian priest preached against the spirit of the gospel, when an English judge determined against Magna Charta, when the minister acted against common sense, I used to fret.

Now, Sir, let what will happen, I keep myself in temper. As I have no flattering hopes, so I banish all useless fears. But as to the things of this world, I find myself in a condition beyond expectation; it being evi-

* This and the following letter are taken from the 2d volume of Pope's letters.

† As may be seen from his transactions with Fenwick in the year 1696-7. *Warb.*

dent,

dent, from a late parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a personal estate, as Sir Robert S-t-t-n.

If the translator of Homer find fault with this unheroic disposition; or, what I more fear, if the draper of Ireland accuse the Englishman of want of spirit; I silence you both with one line out of your own Horace: *Quid te exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be so corrupted, that a cure in any part would be of little avail.

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R XCV.

Dr SWIFT to the Earl of PETERBOROW.

My LORD,

I Never knew or heard of any person so volatile, and so fixed as your Lordship. You, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and, in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you. For being the most insignificant of all your old humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of Fortune in regard to your Lordship. She hath forced courts to act against their oldest and most constant maxims; to make you a general, because you had courage and conduct; an ambassador, because you had wisdom, and knowledge in the interests of Europe; and an admiral, on account of your skill in maritime affairs. Whereas, according to the usual method of court-proceedings, I should have been at the head of the army, and you of

the church, or rather a curate under the Dean of St Patrick's.

The Archbishop of Dublin laments, that he did not see your Lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath. I pray God you may have found success in that journey, else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your Lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's ministry used to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is so with me; for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and, I think, you have no house. Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleasure, in this scoundrel country, of going about, and shewing my depending parsons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R XCVI.*

A Monsieur Monsieur HUNTER, gentilhomme Anglois, à Paris †.

London, Jan. 12. 1708-9.

S I R,

I Know no people so ill used by your men of business, as their intimate friends. About a fortnight after Mr Addison had received the letter you were pleased to send me, he first told me of it with an air of recollection, and, after ten further of grace, thought fit to give it me; so you know where to fix the whole blame, that it was no sooner acknowledged. It is a delicate expedient you prisoners have of diverting yourselves in an

* Hawkesworth marks this letter No. 1. He has inserted all those that follow, but none of the preceding.

† Col. Hunter, Governor of Virginia, who had been taken prisoner by the French.

enemy's

enemy's country, for which other men would be hanged. I am considering, whether there be no way of disturbing your quiet, by writing some dark matter, that may give the French court a jealousy of you. I suppose Monsieur Chamillard, or some of his commissaries, must have this letter interpreted to them, before it comes to your hands; and therefore I here think good to warn them, that, if they exchange you under six of their lieutenant-generals, they will be losers by the bargain. But that they may not mistake me, I do not mean as *Viceroy de Virginia, mais comme le Colonel Hunter*. I would advise you to be very tender of your honour, and not fall in love: because I have a scruple, whether you can keep your parole, if you become a prisoner to the ladies; at least it will be a scandal for a *free Briton* to drag two chains at once. I presume you have the liberty of Paris, and fifty miles round, and have a very light pair of fetters, contrived to ride or dance in, and see Versailles, and every place else, except St Germain.——I hear the ladies call you already *notre prisonnier Hunter, le plus bonnête garçon du monde*.——Will you French yet own us Britons to be a brave people? Will they allow the Duke of Marlborough to be a great general? Or, are they all as partial as their gazetteers? Have you yet met any French colonel, whom you remember to have formerly knocked from his horse, or shivered at least a lance against his breastplate? Do you know the wounds you have given, when you see the scars? Do you salute your old enemies, with *Stetimus tela aspera contra, contulimusque manus. Vos scaves que—Monsieur d'Addison, notre bon ami, est fait secretaire d'état d'Irlande*. And unless you make haste over, and get me my Virginian bishopric, he will persuade me to go with him; for the Vienna project is off; which is a great disappointment to the design I had, of displaying my politics at the Emperor's court. I do not like the subject you have assigned me to entertain you with. *Crauder* is sick, to the comfort of all quiet people, and *Fraud* is *reueur à peindre*. Mr Addison and I often drink your health; and this day I did it with Will Pate, a certain adorer of your's, who is both a *bel esprit* and a woollen-drapeer. The Whigs carry all before them; and how

far they will pursue their victories, we under-rate Whigs can hardly tell. I have not yet observed the Tories noses: their number is not to be learned by telling of noses; for every Tory has not a nose.—It is a lols, you are not here to partake of three weeks frost, and eat ginger-bread in a booth, by a fire upon the Thames. Mrs Floyd * looked out with both her eyes, and we had one day's thaw; but she drew in her head, and it now freezes as hard as ever. As for the convocation, the Queen thought fit to prorogue it, though at the expence of Dr Atterbury's displeasure, who was designed their prolocutor, and is now raging at the disappointment. I amuse myself sometimes with writing verses to Mr Finch, and sometimes with projects for uniting of parties, which I perfect over night, and burn in the morning. Sometimes Mr Addison and I steal to a pint of bad wine, and wish for no third person but you; who, if you were with us, would never be satisfied without three more.—You know, I believe, that poor Dr Gregory is dead, and Keil solicits to be his successor. But party reaches even to lines and circles; and he will hardly carry it, being reputed a Tory, which yet he utterly denies.—We are here nine times madder after operas than ever; and have got a new Castrato from Italy, called *Nicolini*, who exceeds *Valentini*, I know not how many bars length. Lord Somers and Halifax are as well as busy statesmen can be in parliament-time. Lord Dorset is no body's favourite but your's, and Mr Prior's, who has lately dedicated his book of poems to him, which is all the press has furnished us of any value since you went. Mr Pringle, a gentleman of Scotland, succeeds Mr Addison in the secretary's office; and Mr Shute, a notable young Presbyterian gentleman, under thirty years old, is made a commissioner of the customs. This is all I can think of, either public or private, worth telling you: perhaps you have heard part, or all of both, from other hands; but you must be content.

* The lady whom the author here compliments, by putting her name for that of the sun, was Mrs Biddy Floyd, to whom he addressed a short but elegant copy of verses about a year before. See vol. 6. p. 107. *Hawkes*.

Pray let us know what hopes we have of seeing you, and how soon; and be so kind, or just, to believe me always

*Your most faithful,
bumble servant,*

J O N. S W I F T.

P. S. Mr Steele presents his most humble service to you; and I cannot forbear telling you of your *mechanceté*, to impute the letter of enthusiasm to me, when I have some good reasons to think the author is now at Paris.

L E T T E R XCVII.

A Monsieur Monsieur HUNTER, gentilhomme Anglois, à Paris.

London, March 22. 1708-9.

S I R,

I AM very much obliged to you for the favour of a kind reproach you sent me, in a letter to Mr Addison, which he never told me of till this day, and that accidentally: but I am glad at the same time, that I did not deserve it, having sent you a long letter, in return to that you was pleased to honour me with; and it is a pity it should be lost; for, as I remember, it was full of the *diei fabulas*, and such particularities as do not usually find place in news-papers. Mr Addison has been so taken up for some months, in the amphibious circumstances of premier c—— to my Lord Sunderland, and secretary of state for Ireland; that he is the worst man I know, either to convey an idle letter, or deliver what he receives; so that I design, when I trust him with this, to give him a memorial along with it; for if my former has miscarried, I am half persuaded to give him the blame. I find you a little lament your bondage; and indeed, in your case, it requires a good share of philosophy. But, if you will not be angry, I believe I may have been the cause you are still a prisoner; for I ima-

gine my former letter was intercepted by the French court ; when the Most Christian King reading one passage in it, (and duly considering the weight of the person who wrote it), where I said, if the French understood your value as well as we do, he would not exchange you for Count Tallard, and all the Delris of Blenheim together ; for, I must confess, I did not rally when I said so.

I hear your good sister, the Queen of Pomunki, waits with impatience till you are restored to your dominions ; and that your rogue of a viceroy returns money fast for England, against the time he must retire from his government. Mean time, Philips writes verses in a sledge upon the frozen sea, and transmits them hither, to thrive in our warmer clime, under the shelter of my Lord Dorset. I could send you a great deal of news from the *republica Grubstreetaria*, which was never in greater altitude, though I have been of late but a small contributor. A cargo of splinters from the Arabian rocks have been lately shipwrecked in the Thames, to the irreparable damage of the virtuosi. Mrs long and I are fallen out. I shall not trouble you with the cause ; but don't you think her altogether in the wrong ? But Mrs Barter is still in my good graces. I design to make her tell me when you are to be redeemed, and will send you word. — There's it now ; you think I am in jest : but I assure you, the best intelligence I get of public affairs is from ladies ; for the ministers never tell me any thing : and Mr Addison is nine times more secret to me than any body else, because I have the happiness to be thought his friend. The company at St James's coffeehouse is as bad as ever, but it is not quite so good. The beauties you left are all gone off this frost, and we have got a new set for spring ; of which Mrs Chetwynd and Mrs Worsley are the principal. The vogue of operas holds up wonderfully, though we have had them a year ; but I design to set up a party among the wits, to run them down, by next winter, if true English caprice does not interpose, to save us the labour. Mademoiselle Spanheim is going to marry my Lord Fitzharding ; at least I have heard so ; and, if you find it otherwise at your return, the consequences may possibly be survived. However,

ever, you may tell it the Paris gazetteer, and let me have the pleasure to read a lie of my own sending. I suppose you have heard, that the town has lost an old Duke, and recovered a mad Duchess.—The Duke of Marlborough has at length found an enemy that dares face him, and which he will certainly fly before with the first opportunity; and we are all of opinion, it will be his wisest course to do so. Now, the way to be prodigiously witty, would be by keeping you in suspense, and not letting you know, that this enemy is nothing but this north-east wind, which stops his voyage to Holland.—This letter going in Mr Addison's packet, will, I hope, have better luck than the former. I shall go for Ireland some time in summer, being not able to make my friends in the ministry consider my merits, or their promises, enough to keep me here; To that all my hopes now terminate in my bishoprick of Virginia. In the mean time, I hold fast my claim to your promise of corresponding with me, and that you will henceforward address your letter for me, at Mr Steele's office at the Cockpit, who has promised his care in conveying them. Mr Domvil is now at Geneva, and sends me word, he is become a convert to the Whigs, by observing the good and ill effects of freedom and slavery abroad.

I am now with Mr Addison, and whom I have fifty times drank your health since you left us. He is hurrying away for Ireland, and I can at present lengthen my letter no farther; and I am not certain whether you will have any from him or no, till he gets for Ireland. However, he commands me to assure you of his humble service; and I pray God too much business may not spoil *le plus bonnête homme du monde*; for it is certain, which of a man's good talents he employs on business; must be detracted from his conversation. I cannot write longer in so good company, and therefore conclude

Your most faithful,

and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

LET

L E T T E R XCVIII.

*Dr SWIFT to Dr WILLIAM KING, Archbishop of Dublin.**My LORD,**London, Oct. 10. 1710.*

I Had the honour of your Grace's letter of September 16. ; but I was in no pain to acknowledge it, nor shall be at any other time, until I have something that I think worth troubling you ; because I know how much an insignificant letter is worse than none at all. I had likewise your memorial *, &c. in another packet. I should have been glad the bishops had been here ; although I take bishops to be the worst solicitors in the world, except for themselves. They cannot give themselves the little trouble of attendance, that other men are content to swallow ; else, I am sure, their two Lordships might have succeeded easier, than men of my level are likely to do.

As soon as I received the packets from your Grace, I went to wait upon Mr Harley †. I had prepared him before by another hand where he was very intimate ; and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill used by the last ministry after some obligations, because I refused to go certain lengths they would have me. This happened to be in some sort Mr Harley's own case. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greatest marks of kindness and esteem ; as I was whispered he would ; and the more upon the ill usage I had met with. I sat with him two hours among company, and two hours we were alone ; where I told him my business, and gave him the history of it : which he heard as I could wish, and declared he would do his utmost to effect it. I told him the difficulties we met with by Lord Lieutenants and their secretaries ; who would not suffer others to solicit, and

* A memorial of the bishops and clergy of Ireland, concerning the first-fruits and twentieth parts.

† Lord High Treasurer of England, created afterwards Earl of Oxford.

neglected it themselves. He fell in with me entirely; and said, neither they nor himself should have the merit of it, but the Queen, to whom he would shew my memorial with the first opportunity, in order, if possible, to have it done in this interregnum. I said, the honour and merit, next to the Queen, would be his; that it was a great encouragement to the bishops, that he was in the treasury, whom they knew to be the chief adviser of the Queen to grant the same favour in England; that consequently the honour and merit were nothing to him, who had done so much greater things; and that, for my part, I thought he was obliged to the clergy of Ireland, for giving him an opportunity of gratifying the pleasure he took in doing good to the church. He took my compliment extremely well, and renewed his promises. Your Grace will please to know, that, besides the first-fruits, I told him of the crown-rents; and shewed the nature and value of them; but said, my opinion was, that the convocation had not mentioned them in their petition to the Queen, delivered to Lord Wharton * with the address, because they thought the times would not then bear it; but that I looked on myself to have a discretionary power to solicit it in so favourable a juncture.

I had two memorials ready of my own drawing up, as short as possible, shewing the nature of the thing, and how long it had been depending, &c. One of these memorials had a paragraph at the end relating to the crown-rents. I would have given him the last; but I gave him the other; which he immediately read, and promised to second *both* with his best offices to the Queen. As I have placed that paragraph in my memorial, it can do no harm, and may possibly do good. However, I beg your Grace to say nothing of it; but if it dieth, let it die in silence: we must take up with what we can get.

I forgot to tell your Grace, that when I said I was impowered, &c. he desired to see my powers: and then I heartily wished them more ample than they were; and I have since wondered, what scruple a number of

* Then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

bishops could have to impower a clergyman to do the church and them a service, without any imagination of interest for himself.

Mr Harley has invited me to dine with him to-day : but I shall not put him upon this discourse so soon. If he begins it himself, I shall add it at the bottom of this. He says, Mr Secretary St John * desired to be acquainted with me, and that he will bring us together. That may be a further help ; although I told him, I had no thoughts of applying to any but himself ; wherein he differed from me, and desired I would speak to others, if it were but for form ; and seemed to mean, as if he would avoid the envy of being thought to do such a thing alone. But an old courtier (an intimate friend) advised me still to let him know, I relied wholly upon his good inclinations, and credit with the Queen, &c.

I find I am forced to say all this very confusedly, just as it lieth in my memory ; but perhaps it may give your Grace a truer idea how matters are, than if I had writ in more order.

I am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

L E T T E R XCIX.

The Archbishop to Dr SWIFT.

Reverend SIR,

Dublin, Oct. 16. 1710.

I Thank you for your's of the 10th instant, and send you inclosed a farther power by my Lord Primate and me. My Lord is not able to come to town ; which obliged me to wait on him at Johnston, and hindered the joining of two or three bishops in it, who are yet in town : but I suppose our signing is sufficient. I went in the morning to wait on his Grace, and intended, when he had signed it, to have applied to other bishops ; but he was abroad taking the air, and I could not get it until it was late, and thought it better to sign and send it as it is, than wait for another post. You may

* Afterwards created Lord Viscount Bolingbroke.

expect

expect by the next a letter to his Grace of Canterbury, and another to the Archbishop of York. I apprised them both of the business. The latter, if I remember right, spoke to her Majesty about it. I am not sure that her Majesty remembers what I said on that subject; but am sure she was pleased to seem satisfied with it, and to scruple only the time: I suppose, not thinking it fit to confer the favour she designed the clergy of Ireland by the hands it must then have passed through; but said, that in the interval of a change, or absence of a chief governor, it should be done. I hope now is the proper time, and that her Majesty will rather follow the dictates of her own bountiful inclinations, than the intrigues of cunning covetous counsellors.

I thought to have troubled you with a great many things; but such a croud of visitors have broken in upon me before I could lock my gates, that I am forced to break off abruptly, recommending you to God's care.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM, *Dublin.*

L E T T E R C.

*The Lord Primate * and Archbishop of Dublin to Dr SWIFT:*

S I R,

Dublin, O^r. 24. 1710.

WE directed a letter to the bishops of Ossory and Killaloo last August, desiring and empowering them to solicit the affair of our first-fruits and twentieth parts with her Majesty; which hath depended so long, notwithstanding her Majesty's good intentions, and several promises of the chief governors here to lay our addresses before her Majesty in the best manner. We were then apprehensive, that those bishops might return from England before the business could be effected; and therefore we desired them to concern you in it; having so good assurance of your ability, prudence, and fitness to prosecute such a matter. We find the bishops

* Dr Narcissus Marsh.

returned

returned before you came to London, for which we are very much concerned ; and judging this the most proper time to prosecute it with success, we intreat you to take the *full management* of it into your hands ; and do commit the care of soliciting it to your diligence and prudence ; desiring you to let us know from time to time what progress is made in it. And if any thing farther be necessary on our part, on your intimation we shall be ready to do what shall be judged reasonable.

This, with our prayers for the good success of your endeavours, is all from,

S I R,

Your, &c.

NARCISSUS, *Armagh.*
WILLIAM, *Dublin.*

L E T T E R C I.

The Archbishop of Dublin to Dr SWIFT.

S I R,

Dublin, Dec. 16. 1710.

THis is to acknowledge the receipt of your's of the 20th past, which came not to my hands till Thursday last, by reason of winds that kept the packets on the other side.

I find the matter of our first-fruits, &c. is talked of now. I reckon on nothing certain, till her Majesty's letter comes in form ; and quære, why should not you come, and bring it with you ? It would make you a very welcome clergyman to Ireland, and be the best means to satisfy mankind how it was obtained, although I think that will be out of dispute. I am very well apprised of the dispatch you gave this affair, and well pleased, that I judged better of the person fit to be employed than some of my brethren. But now it is done, as I hope it is effectually, they will assume as much as their neighbours ; which I shall never contradict.

Things are taking a new turn here, as well as with you ; and I am of opinion, by the time you come here, few

few will profess themselves *Whigs*. The greatest danger I apprehend, and which terrifies me more than perhaps you will be able to imagine, is the fury and indiscretion of some of our own people, who never had any merit; but by imbroiling things they did, and I am afraid will yet do mischief.

I heartily recommend you to God's favour;

And am, &c.

WILLIAM, Dublin.

N. B. Dr Swift used his credit with the ministry for the benefit of the church of Ireland, so heartily and so effectually at this critical time, that he procured a grant from the Queen for exonerating the clergy of Ireland from paying twentieth parts, dated the seventh of February one thousand seven hundred and ten; and another grant, bearing the same date, to Narcissus Lord Archbishop of Armagh, Sir Constantine Phipps, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, William Lord Archbishop of Dublin, John Lord Archbishop of Tuam, and others, of the first-fruits payable out of all ecclesiastical benefices, in trust to be for ever applied towards purchasing glebes, and building residentiary houses for poor-endowed vicars.

The success of which charitable fund hitherto may be seen in the printed pamphlet containing an account of the first-fruits of Ireland.

LETTER CII.

The Archbishop to Dr SWIFT.

S I R, London, Suffolk-street, Nov. 22. 1716.

I Read your's of the 13th instant with great satisfaction. It is not only an advantage to you and me, that there should be a good correspondence between us, but also to the public; and I assure you I had much ado to persuade people here, that we kept any tolerable measures with one another; much less, that there was any thing of a good intelligence: and therefore you judged right, that it ought not to be said, that in so many months I had not received any letter from you.

I do a little admire, that those that should be your fastest friends, should be so opposite to acknowledge the service you did *in procuring the twentieth parts and first-fruits*. I know no reason for it, except the zeal I shewed to do you *justice* in *that particular* from the beginning. But since I only did it, as obliged to bear testimony to the truth, in a matter which I certainly knew, and would have done the same for the worst *enemy* I had in the world; I see no reason why you should suffer, because I among others was your witness. But be not concerned: ingratitude is warranted by modern and ancient custom; and it is more honour for a man to have it asked, why he had not a *suitable return* to his *merits*, than why he was overpaid? *Benefacere et male audire*, is the lot of the best men. If calumny or ingratitude could have put me out of my way, God knows where I should have wandered by this time.

I am glad the business of St Nicholas * is over any way. My inclination was Mr Wall; that I might have joined the vicarage of Castleknock to the prebend of Malahidart; which would have made a good provision for one man, served the cures better, and yielded more than to the incumbent, than it can do now, when in different hands. But I could not compass it without using more power over my clergy, than I am willing to exert. But as I am thankful to you for your condescension in that affair; so I will expect, that those with whom you have complied, should shew their sense of it by a mutual return of the like compliance, when there shall be occasion. Such reciprocal kind offices are the ground of mutual confidence and friendship, and the fewel that keeps them alive: and I think, nothing can contribute more to our common ease, and the public good, than maintaining these between you and me, and with the clergy.

We have a strong report, that my Lord Bolingbroke will return here, and be pardoned; certainly it must

* The Dean and chapter of St Patrick's are the appropriators of that church, and have the right of bestowing the cure on whom they please.

not be for nothing. I hope he can tell no ill story of you.

I add only my prayers for you ; and am,

S-I R,

Your most humble servant, and brother,

WILLIAM, *Dublin.*

L E T T E R CIII.

Dr SWIFT to the Archbishop of Dublin.

My LORD,

Trim, Dec. 16. 1716.

I Should be sorry to see my Lord Bolingbroke following the trade of an informer ; because he is a person for whom I always had, and still continue, a very great love and esteem. For I think, as the rest of mankind do, that informers are a detestable race of people, although they may be sometimes necessary. Besides, I do not see, whom his Lordship can inform against, except himself. He was three or four days at the court of France, while he was secretary ; and it is barely possible, he might then have entered into some deep negotiation with the *pretender* : although I would not believe him, if he should swear it ; because *he protested to me*, that he never saw *him but once* ; and that was at a great distance, *in public, at an opera*. As to any others of the ministry at that time, I am confident he cannot accuse them ; and that they will *appear as innocent* with relation to the *pretender*, as any who are now at the helm. And as to myself, if I were of any importance, I should be very easy under *such an accusation* ; much easier, than I am to think your Grace imagineth me in any danger, or that Lord Bolingbroke should have any ill story to tell of me. He knoweth, and loveth, and thinketh too well of me, to be capable of such an action. But I am surpris'd to think your Grace could talk, or act, or correspond with me for some years past ; while you must needs believe me a most false and vile man ; declaring to you on all occasions *my abhorrence of*

the pretender, and yet privately engaged with a ministry to bring him in; and therefore warning me to look to myself, and prepare my defence against a false BROTHER, coming over to discover such secrets as would hang me. Had there ever been the least *overture* or *intent* of *bringing in the pretender*, during my acquaintance with the ministry, I think I must have been very stupid not to have picked out some discoveries or suspicions. And although I am not sure I should have turned informer, yet I am certain I should have dropt some general cautions, and immediately have retired. When people say, things were not ripe at the Queen's death, they say, they know not what. Things were rotten: and had the ministers any such thoughts, they should have begun three years before; and they who say otherwise, understand nothing of the state of the kingdom at that time.

But whether I am mistaken or no in other men, I beg your Grace to believe, that I am not mistaken in myself. I always professed to be *against the pretender*; and *am so still*. And this is not to make my court, (which I know is vain); for I own myself full of doubts, fears, and dissatisfactions; which I think on as seldom as I can: yet if I were of any value, the public may safely *rely on my loyalty*; because I look upon the *coming of the pretender* as a greater evil, than any we are like to suffer under the worst Whig ministry that can be found.

I have not spoke or thought so much of party these two years; nor could any thing have tempted me to it but the grief I have in standing so ill in your Grace's opinion. I beg your Grace's blessing;

And am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

L E T T E R CIV.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

S I R,

Dec. 14. 1719. *nine at night.*

IT is impossible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.

If

If it be, or be not, why did not you in plain English tell us so?

For my part, it was by mere chance I came to sit with the ladies * this night.

And if they had not told me there was a letter from you, and your man Alexander had not gone, and come back from the deanery, and the boy here had not been sent to let Alexander know I was here, I should have missed the letter outright.

Truly I don't know who's bound to be sending for corks to stop your bottles, with a vengeance.

Make a page of your own age, and send your man Alexander to buy corks, for Saunders already has gone above ten jaunts.

Mrs Dingley and Mrs Johnson say, truly they don't care for your wife's company, though they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own house to drink in quiet.

However, they own it is very civil in Mr Sheridan to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

I wish Alexander safe at St Catherine's to-night, with all my heart and soul, upon my word and honour.

But I think it base in you to send a poor fellow out so late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend Mr Conna.

I would present my humble service to my Lady Mountcashel; but truly I thought she would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as she pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you see plainly my paper is ended.

P. S. *I wish when you prated,
Your letter you'd dated,
Much plague it created,*

* Mrs Dingley and Mrs Johnson, who lived at a little distance from the deanery.

Swift was resident at the deanery when this letter was written, of which every paragraph ends with a rhyme. And,

Sheridan was at his country-house, called Quilca, in the county of Cavan, about eight miles from Dublin. *Hawkes*

*I scolded and rated,
 My soul it much grated,
 For your man I long waited.
 I think you are fated,
 Like a bear to be baited:
 Your man is belated,
 The case I have stated,
 And me you have cheated.
 My stable's unslated,
 Come backet' us well freighted;
 I remember my late head,
 And wish you translated,
 For teasing me.*

2 P. S. Mrs Dingley,
 Desires me singly,
 Her service to present you,
 Hopes that will content you;
 But Johnson Madam
 Is grown a sad dame,
 For want of your converse,
 And cannot send one verse.

3 P. S. You keep such a twattling
 With you and your bottling,
 But I see the sum total,
 We shall ne'er have one bottle;
 The long and the short,
 We shall not have a quart.
 I wish you would sign't,
 That we may have a pint.
 For all your colloquing,
 I'd be glad of a knocking:
 But I doubt 'tis a sham,
 You won't give us a dram.
 'Tis of shine, a month moonfull,
 You won't part with a spoonfull,

[Vida,
 [Rule 34.

And

*And I must be nimble,
If I can fill my thimble.
You see I won't stop,
Till I come to a drop;
But I doubt the oraculum
Is a poor supernaculum;
Though perhaps you may tell it,
For a grace, if we smell it.*

STELLA

L E T T E R CV.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

Dublin, Dec. 22. 1722.

WHat care we, whether you swim or sink? Is this a time to talk of boats, or a time to sail in them, when I am shuddering? or a time to build boat-houses, or pay for carriage? No; but towards summer, I promise hereby under my hand to subscribe a (guinea *) shilling for one; or, if you please me, what is blotted out, or something thereabouts; and the ladies shall subscribe three thirteens betwixt them, and Mrs Brent a penny, and Robert and Archy halfpence a-piece, and the old man and woman a farthing each: in short, I will be your collector, and we will send it down full of wine, a fortnight before we go at Whitsuntide. You will make eight thousand blunders in your planting; and who can help it? for I cannot be with you. My horses eat hay, and I hold my visitation on January 7. just in the midst of Christmas. Mrs Brent is angry, and swears as much as a fanatic can do, that she will subscribe sixpence to your boat.—Well, I shall be a country-man when you are not. We are now at Mr Fad's, with Dan and Sam; and I steal out while they are at cards, like a lover writing to his mistress.—We have no news in our town. The ladies have left us to-day; and I promised them, that you

* The word *guinea* is struck through with a pen in the copy.
would

would carry your club to Arsellagh, when you are weary of one another. You express your happiness with grief in one hand, and sorrow in the other. What fowl have you but the weep? what hares, but Mrs Mackfedon's grey hairs? what pease but your own? Your mutton and your weather are both very bad, and so is your wether-mutton. Wild fowl is what we like. — How will this letter get to you? — A fortnight good from this morning. You will find Quilca not the thing it was last August; no body to relish the lake; no body to ride over the downs; no trout to be caught; no dining over a well; no night-heroics, no morning-epics; no stolen hour when the wife is gone; no creature to call you names. Poor miserable Mr Sheridan! No blind harpers! no journeys to Rantavan! Answer all this, and be my *magnus Apollo*. We have new plays and new libels, and nothing valuable is old but Stella, whose bones she recommends to you. Dan * desires to know whether you saw the advertisement of your being robbed. — And so I conclude,

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R CVI.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

Clonsfert, Aug. 3. 1723.

NO; I cannot possibly be with you so soon; there are too many rivers, bogs, and mountains between: besides, when I leave this, I shall make one or two short visits in my way to Dublin, and hope to be in town by the end of this month; though it will be a bad time, in the hurry of your lousy p——t. Your dream is wrong; for this bishop † is not able to lift a cat upon my shoulders. But if you are for a curacy of twenty-five pounds a-year, and ride five miles every Sunday, to preach to six beggars, have at you. And

* The Reverend Mr Dan. Jackson.

† Dr Theophilus Bolton, afterwards Bishop of Elphin, and Archbishop of Cashel.

yet this is no ill country; and the Bishop has made in four months twelve miles of ditches, from his house to the Shannon, if you talk of improving. How are you this moment? Do you love or hate Quilca the most of all places? Are you in or out of humour with the world, your friends, your wife, and your school! Are the ladies in town or in the country! If I knew, I would write to them, and how are they in health? Quilca (let me see) (you see I can (if I please) make parentheses as well as others) is about a hundred miles from Clonfert; and I am half weary with the four hundred I have rode, With love and service, and so adieu.

Your's, &c.

L E T T E R CVII. *

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

Jan. 25. 1725.

I Have a packet of letters, which I intended to send by Molly, who hath been stopt three days by the bad weather; but now I will send them by the post to-morrow to Kells, and inclosed to Mr Tickell †; there is one to you, and one to James Stopford.

I can do no work this terrible weather; which hath put us all seventy times out of patience.—I have been deaf nine days, and am now pretty well recovered again.

Pray desire Mr Stanton ‡ and Worral §, to continue giving themselves some trouble with Mr Prat **; but let it succeed or not, I hope I shall be easy.

Mrs Johnson swears it will rain till Michaelmas. She is so pleased with her pick-ax, that she wears it fastened to her girdle on her left side, in balance with her watch. The lake is strangely overflown, and we are desperate about turf, being forced to buy it three miles off: and

* This seems to be written from Quilca.

† Thomas Tickell, Esq; a very ingenious poet, secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland.

‡ Dr Stanton, a master in chancery.

§ Reverend Mr John Worral, the Dean's vicar.

** Deputy Vice-treasurer of Ireland.

Mrs

Mrs Johnson (God help her) gives you many a curse. Your mason is come, but cannot yet work upon your garden. Neither can I agree with him about the great wall. For the rest, *vide* the letter you will have on Monday, if Mr Tickell uses you well.

The news of this country is, that the maid you sent down, John Farelly's sister, is married; but the portion and settlement are yet a secret. The cows here never give milk on Midsummer-eve*.

You would wonder, what carking and caring there is among us for small beer, and lean mutton, and starved lamb, and stopping gaps, and driving cattle from the corn. In that we are all-to-be *Dingleyed*.

The ladies room smokes; the rain drops from the skies into the kitchen; our servants eat and drink like the devil, and pray for rain, which entertains them at cards and sleep; which are much lighter than spades, sledges, and crows. Their maxim is,

*Eat like a Turk,
Sleep like a dormouse;
Be last at work,
At victuals foremost.*

Which is all at present; hoping you and your good family are well, as we, &c. are all at this present writing, &c.

Robin has just carried out a load of bread and cold meat for breakfast. This is their way; but now a cloud hangs over them, for fear it should hold up, and the clouds blow off.

I write on till Molly comes in for the letter. O, what a draggie-tail will she be before she gets to Dublin! I wish she may not happen to fall upon her back by the way.

I affirm against Aristotle, that cold and rain congregate homogenes; for they gather together you and your crew, at whist, punch, and claret. Happy weather for Mrs Mau, Betty, and Stopford, and all true lovers of cards and laziness.

* Being the time maids go out to try pranks about their sweet-hearts. *Hawkes*.

The blessings of a country-life.

*Far from our debtors,
No Dublin letters,
Not seen by our betters.*

The plagues of a country-life.

*A companion with news,
A great want of shoes;
Eat lean meat, or chuse;
A church without pews.
Our horses astray,
No straw, oats, or hay;
December in May,
Our boys run away,
All servants at play,
Molly sends for the letter.*

L E T T E R CVIII.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 28. 1725.

YOU run out of your time so merrily, that you are forced to anticipate it, like a young heir, that spends his fortune faster than it comes in: for your letter is dated to-morrow, June 29. and God knows when it was writ, or what Saturday you mean: but I suppose it is the next; and therefore your own mare, and Dr Swift's horse or mare, or some other horse or mare, with your own mare aforesaid, shall set out on Wednesday next, which will be June 30. and so they will have two nights rest, if you begin your journey on Saturday. You are an unlucky devil, to get a living the furthest in the kingdom from Quilca*. If it be worth two hundred pound a-year, my Lord Lieutenant hath but barely kept

* In the county of Cork.

his word; for the other fifty must go in a curate and visitation-charges, and poxes, proxies I mean. If you are under the Bishop of Cork *, he is a capricious gentleman: but you must flatter him monstrously, upon his learning and his writings; that you have read his book against Toland a hundred times, and his sermons (if he has printed any) have been always your model, &c. Be not disappointed, if your living does not answer the sum. Get letters of recommendation to the Bishop and principal clergy, and to your neighbouring parson or parsons particularly. I often advised you to get some knowledge of tythes and church livings. You must learn the extent of your parish, the general quantity of arable land and pasture in your parish, the common rate of tythes, for an acre of the several sorts of corn, and of fleeces and lambs, and to see whether you have any glebe. Pray act like a man of this world. I doubt, being so far off, you must not let your living, as I do, to the several farmers, but to one man: but, by all means, do not now let it for more than one year, till you are surely apprised of the real worth; and even then, never let it for above three. Pray take my advice for once, and be very busy while you are there. It is one good circumstance, that you got such a living in a convenient time, and just when tythes are fit to be let; only wool and lamb are due in spring, or perhaps belong to the late incumbent. You may learn all on the spot, and your neighbouring parsons may be very useful, if they please; but do not let them be your tenants. Advise with Archdeacon Wall, but do not follow him in all things. Take care of the principal 'squire, or 'squires; they will all tell you the worst of your living; so will the proctors and tythe-jobbers; but you will pick out truth from among them. Pray, shew yourself a man of abilities. After all, I am but a weak brother myself; perhaps some clergy in Dublin, who know that country, will further inform you. Mr Townsend of Cork will do you any good offices on my account, without any letter. — Take the oaths heartily to the powers that be, and remember that party was not

* Dr Peter Browne.

made for depending puppies. I forgot one principal thing, to take care of going regularly through all the forms of oaths and inductions; for the least wrong step will put you to the trouble of repassing your patent, or voiding your living. —

L E T T E R CIX.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 29. 1725.

I Writ to you yesterday, and said as many things as I could then think on, and gave it to a boy of Kells, who brought me yours. It is strange, that I, and Stella, and Mrs Mackfadin, should light on the same thought, to advise you to make a great appearance of temperance while you are abroad. But Mrs Johnson and I go further, and say, you must needs observe all grave forms, for the want of which both you and I have suffered. On supposal that you are under the Bishop of Cork, I send you a letter inclosed to him, which I desire you will seal. Mrs Johnson put me in mind to caution you not to drink or pledge any health in his company; for you know his weak side in that matter*. I hope Mr Tickell has not complimented you with what fees are due to him for your patent. I wish you would say to him, (if he refuses them), that I told you, it was Mr Addison's maxim to excuse no body; for here, says he, I may have forty friends, whose fees may be two guineas a piece; then I lose eighty guineas, and my friends save but two a-piece.

I must tell you, Dan Jackson ruined his living, by huddling over the first year, and then hoping to mend it the next. Therefore pray take all the care you can, to inquire into the value, and set it at the best rate to substantial people.

I know not whether you are under the Bishop of Cork or no; if not, you may burn the letter.

I must desire, that you will not think of enlarging your

* He wrote a pamphlet against drinking to the memory of the dead.

expences, no not for some years to come, much less at present, but rather retrench them. You might have lain destitute till Antichrist came, for any thing you could have got from those you used to treat. Neither let me hear of one rag of better cloaths for your wife or brats, but rather plainer than ever. This is positively Stella's advice as well as mine. She says, now you need not be ashamed to be thought poor.

We compute, you cannot be less than thirty days absent; and pray do not employ your time in lolling abed till noon to read Homer, but mind your business effectually. And we think you ought to have no breaking up this August; but affect to adhere to your school closer than ever; because you will find, that your ill-wishers will give out, you are now going to quit your school, since you have got preferment, &c.

Pray send me a large bundle of exercises, good as well as bad; for I want something to read.

I would have you carry down three or four sermons, and preach every Sunday at your own church, and be very devout.

I sent you in my last a bill of twenty pound on Mr Worral*; I hope you have received it.

Pray remember to leave the pamphlet with Worral, and give him directions, unless you have settled it already some other way. You know, it must come out just when the parliament meets.

Keep those letters, where I advise you about your living, till you have taken advice.

Keep very regular hours for the sake of your health and credit; and where-ever you lie a night within twenty miles of your livings, be sure call the family that evening to prayers.

I desire you will wet no commission with your old crew, nor with any but those who befriend you, as Mr Tickell, &c.

* The Rev. Mr John Worral, Vicar to the Bishop of Kildare, as Dean of Christ-church; as also to the Dean of St Patrick's. *D. edit.*

L E T T E R CX.

Dr SWIFT to Lord CARTERET.

My LORD,

July 3. 1725.

I AM obliged to return your Excellency my most humble thanks for your favour to Mr Sheridan, because when I recommended him to you, I received a very gracious answer; and yet I am sensible, that your chief motive to make some provision for him was, what became a great and good person, your distinguishing him as a man of learning, and one who deserved encouragement, on account of his great diligence and success in a most laborious and difficult employment *.

Since your Excellency hath had an opportunity, so early in your government, of gratifying your English dependents by a bishoprick, and the best deanery in the kingdom †; I cannot but hope, that the clergy of Ireland will have their share in your patronage. There is hardly a gentleman in the nation, who hath not a near alliance with some of that body; and most of them who have sons, usually breed one of them to the church; although they have been of late years much discouraged, and discontented, by seeing strangers to the country almost perpetually taken into the greatest ecclesiastical preferments, and too often under governors very different from your Excellency; the choice of persons was not to be accounted for either to prudence or justice.

The misfortune of having bishops perpetually from England, as it must needs quench the spirit of emulation among us, to excel in learning and the study of divinity, so it produceth another great discouragement, that those prelates usually draw after them colonies of sons, nephews, cousins, or old college-companions, to whom they bestow the best preferments in their gift; and thus the young men sent into the church from the university here, have no better prospect, than to be curates, or small country-vicars, for life.

* A schoolmaster.

† Downe.

It will become so excellent a governor as you, a little to moderate this great partiality ; wherein, as you will act with justice and reason, so you will gain the thanks and prayers of the whole nation, and take away one great cause of universal discontent. For I believe your Excellency will agree, that there is not another kingdom in Europe, where the natives (even those descended from the conquerors) have been treated, as if they were almost unqualified for any employment, either in church or state.

Your Excellency, when I had the honour to attend you, was pleased to let me name some clergymen, who are generally understood by their brethren to be the most distinguished for their learning and piety. I remember the persons were, Dr Delany, Dr Ward of the North, Mr Ecklin, Mr Synge of Dublin, and Mr Corbet. They were named by me without any regard to friendship, having little commerce with most of them, but only to the universal character they bear. This was the method I always took with my Lord Oxford, at his own command ; who was pleased to believe I would not be swayed by any private affections, and confessed I never deceived him ; for I always dealt openly, when I offered any thing in behalf of a friend, which was but seldom : because, in that case, I generally made use of the common method at court, to solicit by another.

I shall say nothing of the young men among the clergy ; of whom the three hopefulest are said to be, Mr Stopford, Mr King, and Mr Dobbs, all fellows of the college * ; of whom I am only acquainted with the first. But these are not likely to be great expectors under your Excellency's administration, according to the usual period of governors here.

If I have dealt honestly, in representing such persons among the clergy as are generally allowed to have the most merit, I think I have done you a service, and I am sure I have made you a great compliment, by distinguishing you from most great men I have known these thirty years past ; whom I have always observed to act, as if they never received a true character, nor had any value

* The university of Dublin.

for the best, and consequently dispensed their favours without the least regard to abilities or virtue. And this defect I have often found among those from whom I least expected it.

That your Excellency may long live a blessing and ornament to your country, by pursuing, as you have hitherto done, the steps of honour and virtue, is the most earnest wish and prayer of,

My LORD,

Your Excellency's most obedient,

and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

L E T T E R CXI.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

Quilca, Sept. 11. 1725.

IF you are indeed a distarded courtier, you have reason to complain, but none at all to wonder. You are too young for many experiences to fall in your way, yet you have read enough to make you know the nature of man. It is safer for a man's interest to blaspheme God, than to be of a party out of power, or even to be thought so. And since the last was the case, how could you imagine, that all mouths would not be open when you were received, and in some manner preferred by the government, though in a poor way? I tell you, there is hardly a Whig in Ireland, who would allow a potato and butter-milk to a reputed Tory. Neither is there any thing in your countrymen upon this article, more than what is common in all other nations, only *quoad magis et minus*. Too much advertency is not your talent, or else you had fled from that text, as from a rock *. For, as Don Quixote said to Sancho, what business had

* *Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof*; on which Dr Sheridan preached at his parish-church on the 1st of August. See a vindication of his Excellency John Lord Carteret, vol. 3. p. 182. *Hawke's*

you to speak of a halter, in a family where one of it was hanged ? And your innocence is a protection that wise men are ashamed to rely on, further than with God. It is indeed against common sense, to think, that you should chuse such a time, when you had received a favour from the Lord Lieutenant, and had reason to expect more, to discover your disloyalty in the pulpit. But what will that avail ? Therefore sit down and be quiet, and mind your business as you should do, and contract your friendships, and expect no more from man than such an animal is capable of ; and you will every day find my description of Yahoos more resembling. You should think and deal with every man as a villain, without calling him so, or flying from him, or valuing him less. This is an old true lesson. You believe every one will acquit you of any regard to temporal interest ; and how came you to claim an exception from all mankind ? I believe you value your temporal interest as much as any body, but you have not the arts of pursuing it. You are mistaken. Domestic evils are no more within a man than others ; and he who cannot bear up against the first, will sink under the second ; and, in my conscience, I believe this is your case ; for being of a weak constitution, in an employment precarious and tiresome, loaden with children, *cum uxore neque leni neque commoda*, a man of intent and abstracted thinking, enslaved by mathematics and complaint of the world, this new weight of party malice hath struck you down, like a feather on a horse's back, already loaden as far as he is able to bear. You ought to change the apostle's expression, and say, I will strive to learn in whatever state, &c.

I will bear none of your visions ; you shall live at Quilca but three fortnights and a month in the year ; perhaps not so much. You shall make no entertainments but what are necessary to your interests ; for your true friends would rather see you over a piece of mutton and a bottle once a quarter. You shall be merry at the expence of others ; you shall take care of your health, and go early to bed, and not read late at night ; and laugh with all men, without trusting any ; and then a fig for the contrivers of your ruin, who now have no further thoughts than to stop your progress, which perhaps

haps they may not compass, unless I am deceived more than is usual. All this you will do, *si mihi credis*, and not dream of printing your sermon, which is a project abounding with objections unanswerable, and with which I could fill this letter. You say nothing of having preached before the Lord Lieutenant, nor whether he is altered towards you; for you speak nothing but generals. You think all the world has now nothing to do, but to pull Mr Sheridan down; whereas it is nothing but a slap in your turn, and away. Lord Oxford said once to me on an occasion, These fools, because they hear a noise about their ears of their own making, think the whole world is full of it. — When I come to town, we will change all this scene, and act like men of the world. Grow rich, and you will have no enemies. Go sometimes to the castle; keep fast Mr Tickell and Balaguer*; frequent those on the right side, friends to the present powers; drop those who are loud on the wrong party, because they know they can suffer nothing by it.

L E T T E R CXII.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

Quilca, Sept. 19. 1725.

WE have prevailed with Neal, in spite of his harvest, to carry up Miss, with your directions; and it is high time, for she was run almost wild, though we have something civilized her since she came among us. You are too short in circumstances. I did not hear you was forbid preaching. Have you seen my Lord? Who forbid you to preach? Are you no longer chaplain? Do you never go to the castle? Are you certain of the accuser, that it is Tigh? Do you think my Lord acts thus, because he fears it would breed ill humour, if he should openly favour one who is looked on as of a different party? I think that is too mean for him. I do not much disapprove your letter, but I think it a wrong

* Private Secretary to his Excellency the Lord Carteret, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. *Dub. Edit.*

method. Pray read over the inclosed twice; and if you do not dislike it, let it be sent (not by a servant of yours, nor from you) to Mr Tickell. There the case is stated as well as I could do it in generals, for want of knowing particulars. When I come to town, I shall see the Lord Lieutenant, and be as free with him as possible. In the mean time, I believe it may keep cold; however advise with Mr Tickell, and Mr Balaguer. I should fancy that the Bishop of Limerick * could easily satisfy his Excellency, and that my Lord Lieutenant believes no more of your guilt than I; and therefore it can be nothing but to satisfy the noise of party at this juncture that he acts as he does; and if so, (as I am confident it is), the effect will cease with the cause. But, without doubt, Tigh and others have dinned the words *Tory* and *Jacobite* into his Excellency's ears, and therefore your text, &c. was only made use of as an opportunity.

Upon the whole matter, you are no loser, but at least have got something. Therefore be not like him who hanged himself, because, going into a gaming-house, and winning ten thousand pounds, he lost five thousand of it, and came away with only half his winnings. When my Lord is in London, we may clear a way to him to do you another job, and you are young enough to wait.

We set out to Dublin on Monday the 5th of October, and hope to sup at the deanery the next night; where you will come to us, if you are not already engaged.

I am grown a bad bailiff towards the end of my service. Your hay is well brought in, and better stacked than usual. All here are well.

I know not what you mean by my having some sport soon; I hope it is no sport that will vex me.

Pray do not forget to seal the inclosed before you send it.

I send you back your letter to the Lord Lieutenant.

* Dr William Burrows.

LET-

L E T T E R CXIII.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

Quilca, Sept. 25. 1725.

YOur confusion hindered you from giving any rational account of your distress, till this last letter; and therein you are imperfect enough. However, with much ado we have now a tolerable understanding how things stand. We had a paper sent inclosed, subscribed by Mr Ford, as we suppose: it is in print, and we all approve it; and this I suppose is the sport I was to expect. I do think it is agreed, that all animals fight with the weapons natural to them, (which is a new and wise remark out of my own head); and the devil take that animal who will not offend his enemy, when he is provoked, with his proper weapon; and though your old dull horse little values the blows I give him with the butt end of my stick, yet I strike on, and make him wince in spite of his dulness; and he shall not fail of them while I am here; and I hope you will do so too to the beast who has kicked against you, and try how far his insensibility will protect him; and you shall have help, and he will be vexed; for so I found your horse this day, though he would not move the faster. I will kill that flea or louse which bites me, though I get no honour by it.

Laudari ab iis, quos omnes laudant, is a maxim; and the contrary is equally true. Thank you for the offer of your mare; and how a pox could we come without her? They pulled off her's and your horse's shoes for fear of being rode, and then they rode them without shoes, and so I was forced to shoe them again. All the fellows here would be Tighs, if they were but privy counsellors. You will never be at ease for your friends horses or your own, till you have walled in a park of twenty acres, which I would have done next spring.

You say not a word of the letter I sent you for Mr Tickell, whether you sent it him or no; and yet it was
very

very material that I should know it. The two devils of inadvertency and forgetfulness have got fast hold on you. I think you need not quit his and Balaguer's company, for the reason I mentioned in that letter; because they are above suspicions, as *whiggissimi* and *unsuspiciousissimi*. When the Lord Lieutenant goes for England, I have a method to set you right with him, I hope; as I will tell you when I come to town, if I do not Sheridan it, I mean forget it.

I did a Sheridanism; I told you I had lost your letter inclosed, which you intended to Lord Carteret, and yet I have it safe here.

L E T T E R CXIV.

An answer to Lord PALMERSTON's civil polite letter.
[So indorsed.]

My LORD,

Jan. 31. 1725-6.

I Desire you will give yourself the last trouble I shall ever put you to. I do entirely acquit you of any injury or injustice done to Mr Curtis *; and if you had read that passage in my letter a second time, you could not possibly have so ill understood me. The injury and injustice the young man received were from those who, claiming a title to his chambers, took away his key; and reviled, and threatened to beat him; with a great deal of the like monstrous conduct; whereupon, at his request, I laid the case before you †, as it appeared to me. And it would have been very strange, if on account of a trifle, and of a person for whom I have no concern further than as he was once employed by me, on the character he bears of piety and learning, I should charge you with injury and injustice to him, when I

* A resident master in Trinity college, whom the Dean made one of the four minor canons of St Patrick's cathedral. *Dub. Edit.*

† Lord Viscount Palmerston (nephew to Sir William Temple) hath a right to bestow two handsome chambers in the university of Dublin upon such students as he and his heirs shall think proper, on account of the benefactions of this family towards the college-buildings. *Dub. edit.*

know

know from himself and Mr Reading, that you were not answerable for either.

As you state the case of tenant at will, I fully agree that no law can compel you; but law was not at all in my thoughts.

Now, my Lord, if what I write of injury and injustice were wholly applied in plain terms to one or two of the college here, whose names were below my remembrance; you will consider how I could deserve an answer in every line full of foul insinuations, open reproaches, jesting flirts, and contumelious terms; and what title you claim to give me such treatment. I own my obligation to Sir William Temple*, for recommending me to the late King, although without success; and for his choice of me to take care of his posthumous writings. But I hope you will not charge my being in his family as an obligation; for I was educated to little purpose, if I had chosen his house on any other motives, than the benefit of his conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing my studies. For being born to no fortune, I was at his death as much to seek it as ever: and perhaps you will allow, that I was of some use to him. This I will venture to say, that in the time when I had some little credit, I did fifty times more for fifty people, from whom I never received the least service or assistance; yet I should not be pleased to hear a relation of mine reproaching them with ingratitude, although many of them well deserve it. For thanks to party, I have met in both kingdoms with ingratitude enough.

If I have been ill informed, you have not been much better, that I *declared no great regard to your family*; for so you express yourself. I never had occasion or oppor-

* After Mr Swift left the university of Dublin, Sir William Temple (whose father, Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, had been a friend to the family) invited our young author to spend some time with him at Moore-park in England, for the sake of his conversation; where he pursued his studies through all the Greek and Roman historians. Here it was he was introduced by his friend to King William, when his Majesty used to pay frequent visits to that great minister, after he had retired from public business to his seat at Moore-park. *Dub. edit.* — There is not the least reason to believe, that Sir William Temple was visited by K. William at Moore park. H.

tunity to make use of any such words. The last time I saw you in London, was the last intercourse that I remember to have had with your family. But having always trusted to my own innocence, I was never inquisitive to know my accusers. When I mentioned my loss of interest with you, I did it with concern; and I had no resentment; because I supposed it to arise only from different sentiments in public matters.

My Lord, if my letter were *polite*, it was against my intention, and I intreat your pardon for it. If I have *wit*, I will keep it to shew when I am angry; which at present I am not: because, although nothing can excuse those intemperate words your pen hath let fall, yet I shall give allowance to a hasty person, hurried on by a mistake beyond all rules of decency. If a first minister of state had used me as you have done, he should have heard from me in another style; because, in that case, retaliating would be thought a mark of courage. But as your Lordship is not in a situation to do me good, nor, I am sure, of a disposition to do me mischief; so I should lose the merit of being bold, because I incurred no danger.

In this point alone we are exactly equal; but in wit and politeness I am as ready to yield to you, as in titles and estate.

I have found out one secret; that although you call my a *great wit*, you do not think me so; otherwise you would have been cautious to have writ me such a letter.

You conclude with saying, you are ready to ask pardon where you have offended. Of this I acquit you, because I have not taken the offence; but whether you will acquit yourself, must be left to your conscience and honour.

I have formerly, upon occasions, been your humble servant in Ireland, and should not refuse to be so still, but you have so useful and excellent a friend in Mr Reading, that you need no other; and I hope my good opinion of him will not lessen yours. I am,

My LORD,

Your most humble servant,

JON. SWIFT.

LET.

LETTER CXV.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

Good DOCTOR,

London, July 8. 1726.

I Have had two months of great uneasiness, at the ill account of Mrs Johnson's health; and, as it is usual, feared the worst that was possible; and doubted all the good accounts that were sent me. I pray God, her danger may warn her to be less wilful, and more ready to fall into those measures that her friends and physicians advise her to. I had a letter two days ago from Archdeacon Wall, dated six days before yours, wherein he gives me a better account than you do; and therefore I apprehend she hath not mended since; and yet he says, *he can honestly tell me she is now much better.* Pray thank the Archdeacon, and tell him you are to have a share in this letter; and therefore I will save him the trouble of another. Tell him also, that I never asked for my 1000l. which he hears I have got; though I mentioned it to the Princess the last time I saw her; but I bid her tell Walpole*, I scorned to ask him for it. But blot out this passage, and mention it to no one except the ladies; because I know Mrs Johnson would be pleased with it, and I will not write to them till I hear from them; therefore this letter is theirs as well as yours. The Archdeacon further says, that Mrs Johnson has not tasted claret for several months, but once at his house. This I dislike. I cannot tell who is the fourth of your friends, unless it be yourself. I am sorry for your new laborious studies; but the best of it is, they will *not* be your own another day. I thank you for your new style and most useful quotations. I am only concerned, that although you get the *grace of the house*, you will never get the grace of the town: but die plain Sheridan, or Tom at most, because it is a syllable shorter than Doctor. How-

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford. He was First Commissioner of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. He died in February 1744, in the 71st year of his age.

ever, I will give it you at length in the superscription; and people will so wonder how the news could come and return so quick to and from England, especially if the wind be fair when the packet goes over; and let me warn you to be very careful in sending for your letters two days after the commencement. You lost one post by my being out of town; for I came hither to-day, and shall stay three or four upon some business; and then go back to Mr Pope's, and there continue till August, and then come to town, till I begin my journey to Ireland, which I propose the middle of August. My old servant Archy is here ruined and starving, and has pursued me, and wrote me a letter; but I have refused to see him. Our friend at the castle writ to me two months ago, to have a sight of those papers, &c. of which I brought away a copy. I have answered him, that whatever papers I have, are conveyed from one place to another, through nine or ten hands, and that I have the key. If he should mention any thing of papers in general, either to you or the ladies, and that you can bring it in, I would have you and them to confirm the same story, and laugh at my humour in it, &c. My service to Dr Delany, Dr Helsham, the Grattons, and Jacksons. There is not so despised a creature here as your friend, with the soft verses on children. I heartily pity him.— This is the first time I was ever weary of England, and longed to be in Ireland; but it is because go I must; for I do not love Ireland better, nor England, as England, worse. In short, you all live in a wretched, dirty dog-hole and prison; but it is a place good enough to die in. I can tell you one thing, that I have had the fairest offer made me of a settlement here that one can imagine, which if I were ten years younger, I would gladly accept, within twelve miles of London, and in the midst of my friends. But I am too old for new schemes, and especially such as would bridle me in my freedoms and liberalities. But so it is, that I must be forced to get home, partly by stealth, and partly by force. I have indeed one temptation for this winter, much stronger, which is, of a fine house, and garden, and park, and wine-cellar in France, to pass away winter in; and if Mrs Johnson were not so out of order, I would
certainly

certainly accept of it*; and I wish she could go to Montpellier at the same time. You see I am grown visionary, and therefore it is time to have done. Adieu.

L E T T E R CXVI.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

† July 27. 1726.

I Have your's just now of the 19th; and the account you give me, is nothing but what I have some time expected with the utmost agonies; and there is one aggravation of constraint, that where I am, I am forced to put on an easy countenance. It was at this time the best office your friendship could do, not to deceive me. I was violently bent all last year, as I believe you remember, that she should go to Montpellier, or Bath, or Tunbridge. I intreated, if there was no amendment, they might both come to London. But there was a fatality, although I indeed think her stamina could not last much longer, when I saw she could take no nourishment. I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me; but all my preparations will not suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a Christian. There hath been the most intimate friendship between us from her childhood; and the greatest merit on her side, that ever was in one human creature towards another.—Nay, if I were now near her, I would not see her; I could not behave myself tolerably, and should redouble her sorrow.—Judge in what a temper of mind I write this.—The very time I am writing, I conclude the fairest soul in the world hath left its body.—Confusion! that I am this moment called down to a visitor, when I am in the country, and not in my power to deny myself.—I have passed a very constrained hour, and now return to say I know not what. I have been long weary of the world,

* Lord Bolingbroke invited the Dean to spend a winter with him at his house in France, on the banks of the Loire.

† This was written from Mr Pope's at Twickenham.

and shall, for my small remainder of years, be weary of life ; having for ever lost that conversation which could only make it tolerable.—I fear, while you are reading this, you will be shedding tears at her funeral. She loved you well, and a great share of the little merit I have with you, is owing to her solicitations.

I writ to you about a week ago *.

L E T T E R CXVII.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

London, May 13. 1727.

THis goes by a private hand ; for my writing is too much known, and my letters often stopt and opened. I had your's of the 4th instant ; and it is the only one I have received out of Ireland, since I left you. I hardly thought our friend would be in danger by a cold. I am of opinion she should be generally in the country, and only now and then visit the town.—We are here in a strange situation ; a firm settled resolution to assault the present administration, and break it, if possible. It is certain, that Walpole is peevish and disconcerted, stoops to the vilest offices of hireling scoundrels, to write Billingsgate of the lowest and most prostitute kind ; and has none but beasts and blockheads for his penmen, whom he pays in ready guineas very liberally. I am in high displeasure with him and his partisans. A great man, who was very kind to me last year, doth not take the least notice of me at the Prince's court, and there hath not been one of them to see me. I am advised by all my friends, not to go to France, (as I intended for two months), for fear of their vengeance in a manner which they cannot execute here.—I reckon there will be a warm winter, wherein my comfort is, I shall have no concern. I desire you will read this letter to none but our two friends, and Mr P——. His cousin with

* Soon after the date of this letter, the Dean went back to Ireland ; but Mrs Johnson recovering a moderate state of health, he returned again to England the beginning of the year 1727. *Hawkes.*

the red riband inquired very kindly after him.—I hear no news about your Bishops, farther than that the Lord Lieutenant sticks to have them of Ireland; which Walpole always is averse from, but does not think it worth his trouble to exert his credit on such trifles. The dispute about a war or no war still continues, and the major part inclines to the latter, although ten thousand men are ordered for Holland. But this will bring such an addition to our debts, that it will give great advantages against those in power, in the next sessions. Walpole laughs at all this, but not so heartily as he used. I have at last seen the Princess * twice this week, by her own commands. She retains her old civility, and I my old freedom. She charges me, without ceremony, to be author of a bad book †, though I told how angry the ministry were; but she assures me, that both she and the P—— were very well pleased with every particular; but I disowned the whole affair, as you know I very well might; only gave her leave, since she liked the book, to suppose what author she pleased. — You will wonder to find me say so much of politics; but I keep very bad company, who are full of nothing else. Pray be very careful of your charge, or I shall order my lodgers the bulk of their glasses, and the number of their bottles. — I stole this time to write to you, having very little to spare. I go as soon as possible to the country, and shall rarely see the town.

My service to all friends.

I desire you will send me six sets of the edition of the Drapiers, by the first convenience of any friend or acquaintance that comes hither.

L E T T E R CXVIII.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

London, June 24. 1727.

I Have received your last, with the inclosed print. I desire you will let Dr Delany know, that I transcri-

* Caroline Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen, consort of King George II.

† Gulliver's travels,

bed the substance of his letter, and the translation of what was registered; and added a whole state of the case, and gave it Mrs Howard, to give to the Prince * from me, and to desire, that, as a chancellor, he would do what he thought most fit. I forgot to ask Mrs Howard † what was done in it, the next time I saw her; and the day I came to town, came the news of the King's ‡ death, of which I sent particulars the very same day to our friend; since then we have been all in a hurry, with millions of schemes. I deferred kissing the King and Queen's hands till the third day, when my friends at court chid me for deferring it so long. I have been, and am so extremely busy, that though I begin this letter, I cannot finish it till next post; for now it is the last moment it can go, and I have much more to say. I was just ready to go to France, when the news of the King's death arrived, and I came to town, in order to begin my journey. But I was desired to delay it; and I then determined it a second time; when, upon some new incidents, I was, with great vehemence, dissuaded from it, by certain persons whom I could not disobey. Thus things stood with me. My stomach is pretty good; but for some days my head has not been right, yet it is what I have been formerly used to. Here is a strange world; and our friend would reproach me for my share in it. But it shall be short; for I design soon to return into the country. I am thinking of a chancellor for the university, and have pitched upon one; but whether he will like it, or my word be of any use, I know not. The talk is now for a moderating scheme, wherein no body shall be used the worse or better, for being called Whig or Tory; and the King hath received both with great equality, shewing civilities to several who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a dozen, that we should go in a line to kiss the King and Queen's hands. We have now done with repining, if we shall be used well, and not baited as formerly. We all agree

* His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, Chancellor of the university of Dublin, now King.

† Afterwards Countess of Suffolk.

‡ King George I. He died June 11. 1727.

in it; and if things do not mend, it is not our faults: we have made our offers: if otherwise, we are as we were. It is agreed the ministry will be changed, but the others will have a soft fall; although the King must be excessive generous, if he forgives the treatment of some people. I writ long ago my thoughts to my viceroy, and he may proceed as he shall be advised. But if the Archbishop * goes on to proceed to *sub pœna contemptus*, &c. I would have an appeal at proper time; which, I suppose, must be to delegates, or the crown, I know not which. However, I will spend a hundred or two pounds rather than be enslaved, or betray a right which I do not value threepence, but my successors may. My service to all friends; and so thinking I have said enough, I bid you farewell heartily, and long to eat of your fruit, for I dare eat none here. It hath cost me five shillings in victuals since I came here, and ten pounds to servants where I have dined. I suppose my agent † in Sheep-street takes care and inquires about my new agent.

L E T T E R CXIX.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, July 1. 1727.

I Had your's of June 22. You complain of not hearing from me; I never was so constant a writer. I have writ six times to our friends, and as many to you. Mr Pope is reading your *Persius*. He is frequently sick, and so at this time. He has read it, but you must wait till next letter for his judgment. He would know whether it is designed for an elegant translation, or only to shew the meaning. I reckon it an explanation of a difficult author, not only for learners, but for those also who are not expert in Latin, because he is a very dark author. I would not have your book printed entire, till I treat with my bookseller here for your advantage.

* Dr William King.

† The Rev. Mr John Worral.

There is a word (*concaruus*) which you have not explained, nor the reason of it. Where you are ignorant, you should confess you are ignorant. I writ to Stella the day we heard the K— was dead, and the circumstances of it. I hold you a guinea, I shall forget something. Worral writ to me lately. In answer, I desire that when the Archbishop comes to a determination, that an appeal be properly lodged, by which I will elude him till my return, which will be at Michaelmas. I have left London, and stay here a week, and then I shall go thither again; just to see the Queen, and so come back hither. Here are a thousand schemes wherein they would have me engaged; which I embrace but coldly, because I like none of them. I have been this ten days inclining to my old disease of giddiness, a little tottering. Our friend understands it; but I grow cautious, and am something better. Cyder, and Champagne, and fruit, have been the cause. But now I am very regular, and I eat enough. I took Dr Delany's paper to the King when he was prince. He and his secretary * are discontented with the Provost †, but they find he has law on his side. The King's death hath broke that measure. I proposed the Prince of Wales ‡ to be chancellor, and I believe so it will go. Pray copy out the verses I writ to Stella on her collecting my verses, and send them to me; for we want some, to make our poetical miscellany large enough, and I am not there to pick what should be added. Direct them, and all other double papers, to Lord Bathurst, in St James's square, London. I was in a fright about your verses on Stella's sickness, but glad when they were a month old.

Desire our friends to let me know, what I should buy for them here of any kind. I had just now a long letter from Mrs Dingley, and another from Mr Synge. Pray tell the latter, that I return him great thanks, and will leave the visiting affair to his discretion. But all the lawyers in Europe shall never persuade me, that it is in the Archbishop's power to take or refuse my proxy,

* Samuel Mollyneux, Esq; † The Rev. Dr Baldwin.

‡ Frederick Prince of Wales, eldest son of K. George II. who died March 20, 1750-1.

when I have the King's leave of absence. If he be violent, I will appeal, and die two or three hundred pounds poorer, to defend the rights of the Dean. Pray ask Mr Synge, whether his fenocchio be grown; it is now fit to eat here, and we eat it like celery, either with or without oil, &c. I design to pass my time wholly in the country, having some business to do and settle, before I leave England for the last time. I will send you Mr Pope's criticisms, and my own, on your work. Pray forget nothing of what I desire you. Pray God bless you all. If the King had lived but ten days longer, I should be now at Paris. Simpleton! the Drapiers should have been sent unbound; but 'tis no great matter; two or three would have been enough. I see Mrs Fad but seldom; I never trouble them but when I am sent for. She expects me soon, and after that perhaps no more while I am here. I desire it may be told, that I never go to court; which I mention, because of a passage in Mrs Dingley's * letter. She speaks mighty good things of your kindness. I do not want that poem to Stella to print it entire, but some passages out of it, if they deserve it, to lengthen the volume. Read all this letter without hesitation, and I'll give you a pot of ale. I intend to be with you at Michaelmas, but impossibilities.

L E T T E R CXX.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

Tewickenham, Aug. 12. 1727.

I AM cleverly caught, if ever gentleman was cleverly caught: for three days after I came to town with Lord Oxford † from Cambridgeshire, which was ten days ago, my old deafness seized me, and hath continued ever since with great increase; so that I am now deaser

* An English lady, a friend of the Dean's.

† Son of the late Right Honourable Robert Harley, Lord High Treasurer of England, created Earl of Oxford and Mortimer by Queen Anne.

than ever you knew me, and yet a little less I think than I was yesterday ; but, which is worse, about four days ago my giddiness seized me, and I was so very ill, that yesterday I took a hearty vomit ; and though I now totter, yet, I think, I am a thought better : but what will be the event, I know not. One thing I know, that these deaf fits uses to continue five or six weeks ; and I am resolved, if it continues, or my giddiness, some days longer, I will leave this place, and remove to Greenwich, or somewhere near London, and take my cousin Lancelot to be my nurse. Our friends know her ; it is the same with Pat Rol. If my disorder should keep me longer than my licence of absence lasts, I would have you get Mr Worrall to renew it. It will not expire till the sixth or seventh of October, and I resolved to begin my journey Sept. 15. Mr Worrall will see by the date of my licence, what time the new one should commence : but he has seven weeks yet to consider ; I only speak in time. I am very uneasy here, because so many of our acquaintance come to see us, and I cannot be seen ; besides, Mr Pope is too sickly and complaisant ; therefore I resolve to go somewhere else. This is a little unlucky, my head will not bear writing long. I want to be at home, where I can turn you out, or let you in, as I think best. The King and Queen come in two days to our neighbourhood * ; and there I shall be expected, and cannot go ; which, however, is none of my grievances ; for I had rather be absent, and have now too good an excuse. I believe this giddiness is the disorder that will at last get the better of me ; but I had rather it should not be now ; and I hope, and believe, it will not, for I am now better than yesterday. — Since my dinner, my giddiness is much better, and my deafness a hair's breadth not so bad. It is just as usual, worst in the morning and at evening. I will be very temperate ; and in the midst of peaches, figs, nectarins, and mulberries, I touch not a bit. I hope I shall, however, set out in the midst of September, as I designed. This is a long letter for an ill head ; so adieu. My service to our two friends and all others.

* Richmond.

L E T T E R CXXI.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, Aug. 29. 1727.

I Have had your letter of the 19th; and expect, before you read this, to receive another from you, with the most fatal news that can ever come to me, unless I should be put to death for some ignominious crime. I continue very ill with my giddiness and deafness, of which I had two days intermission, but since worse; and I shall be perfectly content, if God shall please to call me away at this time. Here is a triple cord of friendship broke, which hath lasted thirty years; twenty-four of which in Ireland. I beg, if you have not writ to me before you get this, to tell me no particulars, but the event in general. My weakness, my age, my friendship will bear no more. I have mentioned the case, as well as I knew it, to a physician who is my friend; and I find his methods were the same, air, and exercise, and at last asses milk. I will tell you sincerely, that if I were younger, and in health, or in hopes of it, I would endeavour to divert my mind by all methods, in order to pass my life in quiet; but I now want only three months of sixty. I am strongly visited with a disease, that will at last cut me off, if I should this time escape; if not, I have but a poor remainder, and that is below any wise man's valuing. I do not intend to return to Ireland so soon as I purposed; I would not be there in the very midst of grief. I desire you will speak to Mr Worrall, to get a new licence about the beginning of October, when my old one, as he will see by the date, shall expire; but if that fatal accident were not to happen, I am not able to travel in my present condition. What I intend is, immediately to leave this place, and go with my cousin for a nurse about five miles from London, on the other side towards the sea; and if I recover, I will either pass this winter near Salisbury-plain, or in France. And therefore I desire Mr Worrall may make this licence run like the former, [To
Great

Great Britain, or elsewhere, for the recovery of his health.]

Neither my health nor grief will permit me to say more. Your directions to Mr Lancelot, at his house in New Bond-street, over against the crown and cushion, will reach me. Farewel.

This stroke was unexpected, and my fears last year were ten times greater *.

L E T T E R CXXII.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHEDIRAN.

London, Sept. 2. 1727.

I Had yours of the 19th of August, which I answered the 29th from Twickenham. I came to town on the last day of August, being impatient of staying there longer, where so much company came to us, while I was so giddy and deaf. I am now got to my cousin Lancelot's house; where I desire all letters may be directed to me. I am still in the same condition, or rather worse; for I walk like a drunken man, and I am deafer than ever you knew me. If I had any tolerable health, I would go this moment to Ireland; yet I think I would not, considering the news I daily expect to hear from you. I have just received your's of August 24th; I kept it an hour in my pocket, with all the suspense of a man who expected to hear the worst news that Fortune could give him; and at the same time was not able to hold up my head. These are the perquisites of living long. The last act of life is always a tragedy at best; but it is a bitter aggravation, to have one's best friend go before one. I desired in my last, that you would not enlarge upon that event, but tell me the bare fact. I long knew that our dear friend had not the *flamina vitae*; but my friendship could not arm me against this accident, although I foresaw it. I have said enough in my last letter, which now I suppose is with you. I know not whether it be an addition to my grief or no, that I

* See letter 116.

am now extremely ill; for it would have been a reproach to me to be in perfect health, when such a friend is desperate. I do profess, upon my salvation, that the distressed and desperate condition of our friend makes life so indifferent to me, who, by course of nature, have so little left, that I do not think it worth the time to struggle: yet I should think, according to what hath been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this present disorder; and to what advantage? Why, to see the loss of that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving. I brought both those friends over*, that we might be happy together as long as God should please. The knot is broken; and the remaining person, you know, has ill answered the end; and the other, who is now to be lost, is all that was valuable. You agreed with me, or you are a great hypocrite. What have I to do in the world? I never was in such agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket.——I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer†.

L E T T E R CXXIII.

Mr POPE to Dr SHERIDAN.

SIR,

Twickenham, Sept. 6.

I AM both obliged and alarmed by your letter. What you mention of a particular friend of the Dean's be-

* Mrs Johnson and Mrs Dingley, both relations of Sir William Temple, at whose house the author became acquainted with them, after he left the university of Dublin. Their fortunes being not very considerable, they chose to spend their days in Ireland. *Dub. edit.*——There is not the least reason to believe, that Stella was related to Sir William Temple. *Hawkes.*

† That ingenious lady for whom the author expresseth so much concern here, and in the preceding letter, was the famous STELLA, so often celebrated in the author's poems, vol. 6. for her fine person, wit, and many virtues. Her physician told her, when she was near dying, that she was at the bottom of the hill, and they must endeavour to get her up again. But she plainly saw the approaches of death, and readily replied, "That she found she would be out of breath before she got up to the top." She died in a few months after the date of these letters Jan. 28. 1727-8. *Dub. edit.*——See her character in Dr Swift's life, prefixed to vol. 1. and vol. 6. p. 175. and vol. 3 p. 291.

ing upon the brink of another world, gives me great pain ; for it makes me, in tenderness to him, wish him with you ; and at the same time I fear he is not in a condition to make the journey. Though (to ease you as far as I can) his physician and friend, Dr Arbuthnot, assures me, he will soon be well. At present he is very deaf, and more uneasy than I hoped that complaint alone would have made him. I apprehend he has written to you in a melancholy way ; which has put you into a greater fright, than (with God's will) we may have any reason for. He talks of returning to Ireland in three weeks, if he recovers sufficiently ; if not, he will stay here this winter. Upon pretence of some very unavoidable occasions, he went to London four days since, where I see him as often as he will let me. I was extremely concerned at his *opiniatreté* in leaving me ; but he shall not get rid of the friend, though he may of his house. I have suggested to him the remedy you mention ; and I will not leave him a day till I see him better. I wish you could see us in England, without manifest inconvenience to yourself ; though I heartily hope and believe, that our friend will do well. I sincerely honour you for your warmth of affection, where it is so justly merited ; and am, both for his sake and your own, with great esteem, yours, &c.

A. POPE.

P. S. I have often desired the Dean to make known to you my sense of the good opinion you have expressed of me in your letters. I am pleased to have an opportunity of thanking you under my hand ; and I desire you to continue it, to one who is no way ungrateful.

* * This letter was probably an answer to one sent by Dr Sheridan to Mr Pope, when he last wrote to the Dean. The reason of his going to London appears by the two preceding letters ; and about the time mentioned in this, he returned again to Ireland. Mrs Johnson languished till the 28th of January following, and then died. During her sickness, he composed the prayers which immediately follow this collection of letters. They were originally printed from his own hand-writing. *Hawkes.*

L E T.

{ L E T T E R CXXIV.

Dr SWIFT to Mrs MOORE.

DEAR MADAM,

Deanery-house, Dec. 7. 1727.

THough I see you seldomer than is agreeable to my inclinations, yet you have no friend in the world that is more concerned for any thing that can affect your mind, your health, or your fortune. I have always had the highest esteem for your virtue, the greatest value for your conversation, and the truest affection for your person; and therefore cannot but heartily condole with you for the loss of so amiable, and (what is more) so favourite a child. These are the necessary consequences of too strong attachments, by which we are grieving ourselves with the death of those we love; as we must one day grieve those who love us, with the death of ourselves. For life is a tragedy, wherein we sit as spectators a while, and then act our own part in it. Self-love, as it is the motive to all our actions, so it is the sole cause of our grief. The dear person you lament, is by no means an object of pity, either in a moral or religious sense. Philosophy always taught men to despise life, as a most contemptible thing in itself; and religion regards it only as a preparation for a better; which you are taught to be certain that so innocent a person is now in possession of; so that she is an immense gainer, and you and her friends the only losers. Now, under misfortunes of this kind, I know no consolation more effectual to a reasonable person, than to reflect rather upon what is left, than what is lost. She was neither an only child, nor an only daughter. You have three children left; one of them of an age to be useful to his family *, and the two others as promising as can be expected from their age: so that, according to the general dispensations of God almighty, you have small reason to repine upon that article of life. And religion will tell you, that the true way to preserve them is, not

* Charles Devenish, Esq;

to fix any of them too deep in your heart : which is a weakness that God seldom leaves long unpunished ; common observation shewing us, that such favourite children are either spoiled by their parents indulgence, or soon taken out of the world ; which last is, generally speaking, the lighter punishment of the two.

God, in his wisdom, hath been pleased to load our declining years with many sufferings, with diseases, and decays of nature, with the death of many friends, and the ingratitude of more ; sometimes with the loss or diminution of our fortunes, when our infirmities most need them ; often with contempt from the world, and always with neglect from it ; with the death of our most hopeful or useful children ; with a want of relish for all worldly enjoyments ; with a general dislike of persons and things : and though all these are very natural effects of increasing years, yet they were intended by the author of our being, to wean us gradually from our fondness of life, the nearer we approach towards the end of it. And this is the use you are to make, in prudence as well as in conscience, of all the afflictions you have hitherto undergone, as well as of those which, in the course of nature and providence, you have reason to expect. May God, who hath endued you with so many virtues, add strength of mind, and reliance upon his mercy, in proportion to your present sufferings, as well as those he may think fit to try you with, through the remainder of your life.

I fear my present ill disposition, both of health and mind *, has made me but a sorry comforter : however, it will shew, that no circumstance of life can put you out of my mind ; and that I am, with the truest respect, esteem, and friendship,

Dear MADAM,

Your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

* It was written little more than a month before Mrs Johnson's death, an event which was then almost daily expected. *Hawkes.*

L E T T E R CXXV.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

*Market-hill *, Aug. 2. 1728.*

OUR friends here, as well as myself, were sadly disappointed upon hearing the account of your journey. No body in town or country, as we were informed, knew where you were: but I persuaded our family, that you were certainly in a way of making yourself easy, and had got that living you mentioned; and accordingly we were grieved and rejoiced at the loss and settlement of a friend: but it never entered into our heads, that you were bestowing forty days in several stages between constable and constable, without any real benefit to yourself, further than of exercise; and we wished, that no body should have had the benefit of your long absence from your school but yourself, by a good living, or we by your good company; much less that the pleasure of spighting T—— had been your great motive. I heartily wish you were settled at Hamilton's Bawn: and I would be apt to advise you, not to quit your thoughts that way, if the matter may be brought to bear; for by a letter I just received from the Bishop of Cork, which was short and dry, with the stale excuse of pre-engagements, I doubt you can hope nothing from him.—As to what you call my exercise, I have long quitted it. It gave me too much constraint, and the world does not deserve it. We may keep it cold, till the middle of winter.

As to my return, there are many speculations. I am well here, and hate removals. My scheme was, that you should come hither, as you say, and I return with you in your chaise. Sir Arthur, on hearing your letter, pressed me to stay longer. I am a very busy man, such as at Quilca, which you will know when you come: yet I would contrive to be pressed more to stay till Christmas, and then you may contrive to be here again,

* The seat of Sir Arthur Acheson.

and take me back with you time enough for my own visitation: and my reason of staying is, to be here the planting and pruning time, &c. I hate Dublin, and love the retirement here, and the civility of my hosts. This is my state, and humour upon it, and accordingly you are to manage my scheme. However, I would have you keep your vacation of September here; and let Mrs Brent send me a dozen guineas (half of them half-guineas) by you, and a periwig, and a new riding gown and cassock, and whatever else I may want by a longer absence, provided you will resolve and swear that I shall stay.

I had all Mrs Brent's packets by Mr Little. My service to Mrs Dingley. I cannot say that I have more to say, than to say that I am, &c.

L E T T E R CXXVI.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

* Sept. 18. 1728.

MY continuance here is owing partly to indolence, and partly to my hatred to Dublin. I am in a middling way, between healthy and sick, hardly ever without a little giddiness or deafness, and sometimes both. So much for that. As to what you call my lesson, I told you I would think no more of it; neither do I conceive the world deserves so much trouble from you or me. I think the sufferings of the country for want of silver, deserves a paper †, since the remedy is so easy, and those in power so negligent. I had some other subjects in my thoughts; but truly I am taken up so much with long lampoons on a person who owns you for a hack, that I have no time for any thing else; and if I do not produce one every now and then, of about two hundred lines, I am chid for my idleness, and threatened with you. I desire you will step to the deanery, speak

* This should also be dated from Market-hill.

† In the *Intelligencer*, the 19th number of which is on this subject. See it in vol. 3. p. 352. *Hawkef.*

to Mrs Brent *, bid her open the middle great drawer of Ridgeway's scrutoire in my closet, and then do you take out from thence, the history † in folio, marble cover; and two thin folio's fairly writ. I forget the titles, but you have read them. One is an account of the proceedings of Lord Oxford's ministry, and the other ‡ to the same purpose. There are foul copies of both in the same drawer; but do you take out the fair ones, not in my hand. Let them be packed up, and brought hither by the bearer. My Lady is perpetually quarrelling with Sir Arthur and me, and shews every creature the libels I have writ against her ||.

Mr Worral sent me the particulars of the havock made in Naboth's vineyard **. — The d — burst, &c.

I think Lady Dun's burning would be an admirable subject, to shew how hateful an animal a human creature is, that is known to have never done any good: the rabble all rejoicing, &c. which they would not have done at any misfortune to a man known to be charitable.

I wish you could get in with the Primate, on the account of some discourse about you here to-day with Whaley and Walmfley. Whaley goes to Dublin on Monday next, in order for England. I would have you see him. I fancy you may do some good with the Primate, as to the first good vacant school, if you wheedle him, and talk a little Whiggishly.

L E T T E R CXXVII.

Mr POPE to Dr SHERIDAN.

S I R,

I Thank you kindly for your news of the Dean of St Patrick's, for your Persius, for every thing in your letter.

* The Dean's housekeeper.

† History of the peace of Utrecht.

‡ The state of affairs in 1714. See it in vol. 4. p. 362.

|| See *Hamilton's Bawn*; or, *The grand question debated*, in vol. 6. p. 331.

** A field not far from the deanery house, which Dr Swift inclosed at a great expence, with a fine stone wall lined with brick; against which

letter. I will use my warmest endeavours to serve Dr Whaley *. Besides his own merit, the demerit of his antagonist goes into the scale, and the Dean tells me he is a coadjutant of that fool Smedley †. You *must have seen*, but you *cannot have read*, what he has lately published against our friend and me. The only pleasure a bad writer can give me, he has given, that of being abused with my betters and my friends. I am much pleased with most of the Intelligencers ‡; but I am a little piqued at the author of them, for not once doing me the honour of a mention upon so honourable an occasion as being slandered by the dunces, together with my friend the Dean, who is properly the author of the Dunciad. It had never been writ but at his request, and for his deafness ||: for had he been able to converse with me, do you think I had amused my time so ill? I will not trouble you with amendments to so imperfect an edition as is now published: you'll soon see a better, with a full and true commentary, setting all mistakes right, and branding none but our own cattle. Some very good epigrams on the gentlemen of the Dunciad, have been sent me from Oxford, and others of the London authors. If I had an amanuensis, (which is a thing neither I nor my common trifles are worth), you should have them with this. If your university or town have produced any on this subject, pray send them me, or keep them at least together, for another day they may all meet.

I have writ to the Dean just now by Mr Elrington, who charges himself with this; and have inserted a hint or two of his libelling the lady of the family; in as innocent a manner as he does it, he will hardly suspect I had any information of it.

which he planted vines, and the best chosen fruit-trees, for the benefit of the Dean of St Patrick's for the time being.

* An eminent clergyman of the diocese of Armagh.

† Dean of Fernes. See *An excellent new ballad*, &c. in vol. 6. p. 338.

‡ Though this letter is not dated, it appears, by the mention here made of the Intelligencers, to be written in 1728; and by the Dean's libelling the lady, to be while he was at Sir Arthur's, where he wrote Hamilton's Bawn.

|| See this compliment elegantly returned in a poem addressed to Mr Pope, vol. 6. p. 206.

Though

Though I am a very ill correspondent, I shall at all times be glad to have the favour of a line from you. My eye-sight is bad, my head often in pain, my time strangely taken up. Were I my own master (which, I thank God, I am yet in all points but one, where humanity only constrains me), I would infallibly see Ireland before I die. But whether that, or many other of my little, though warm designs, will ever take effect,

Caliginosa nocte premit Deus !

I am (where ever I am) the Dean's, and the Dean's friends, and consequently faithfully,

S I R,

Your affectionate servant,

A. POPE.

L E T T E R CXXVIII.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

Dublin, March 27. 1733.

I Received your letter with some pleasure, and a good deal of concern. The condition you are in requires the greatest haste hither, although your school did not; and when you arrive, I will force Dr Hellsam * to see and direct you. Your scheme of riding and country-air, you find, hath not answered; and therefore you have nothing to trust to, but the assistance of a friendly, skilful doctor. For whether they can do any good or no, it is all we have for it; and you cannot afford to die at present, because the public, and all your family, have occasion for you. † Besides, I do not like the place you are in †, from your account, since you say people are dying there so fast. You cannot afford to lose daily blood; but I suppose you are no more regular than you have been

* A very eminent physician, of great learning.

† The free school of Cavan, in the gift of the crown; for which Dr Sheridan exchanged his living at Dunboyne, and in which he hath been since succeeded by Mr Moore.

in your whole life. I like the article very much which you propose in your will ; and if that takes place forty years hence, and God, for the sins of men, should continue that life so long, I would have it be still inserted ; unless you could make it a little sharper. I own you have too much reason to complain of some friends, who, next to yourself, have done you most hurt ; whom still I esteem and frequent, though I confess I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the case was not merely personal malice to you, (although it had the same effect), but a kind of I know not what job, which one of them hath often heartily repented, however it came to be patched up. I am confident your collection of *Bon mots* *, and *Contes à rire*, will be much the best extant ; but you are apt to be terribly sanguine about the profits of publishing : however it shall have all the pushing I can give. I have been much out of order with a spice of my giddiness, which began before you left us. I am better of late days, but not right yet, though I take daily drops and bitters. I must do the best I can, but shall never more be a night-walker. You hear they have in England passed the excise on tobacco ; and by their votes it appears they intend it on more articles. And care is taken by some special friends here, to have it the same way here. We are slaves already : and from my youth upwards, the great wise men whom I used to be among, taught me, that a general excise (which they now by degrees intend) is the most direct and infallible way to slavery. Pray G—— send it them in his justice ; for they well deserve it. All your friends and the town, are just as you left it. I humdrum it on, either on horseback, or dining and sitting the evening at home ; endeavouring to write, but write nothing, merely out of indolence, and want of spirits. No soul has broke his neck, or is hanged, or married ; only *Cancerina* † is dead, and I let her go to her grave without a coffin, and with-

* Perhaps *Bons mots de Stella*, and *Thoughts on various subjects*, are part of this collection. They are both in this volume.

† One of those poor people to whom the Dean used to give money, when he met them in his walks. Some of them he named thus, partly for distinction, and partly for humour ; *Cancerina*, *Stumpasymphæ*, *Pull-a-gown-a*, *Fruterilla*, *Flora*, *Stumpantiba*.

out fees. — So I am going to take my evening-walk after five, having not been out of doors yet. I wish you well and safe at home. Pray call on me on Sunday night.

I am your's, &c.

P. S. I believe there are a hundred literal blunders, but I cannot stay to mend them. — So pick as you are able.

I am not so FRANK a writer as you.

L E T T E R CXXIX.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

Sept. 12. 1735.

Here is a very ingenious observation upon the days of the week, and in rhyme, worth your observation, and very proper for the information of boys and girls, that they may not forget to reckon them. *Sunday's a pun-day, Monday's a dun-day, Tuesday's a news-day, Wednesday's a friend's-day, Thursday's a curs'd-day, Friday's a dry-day, Saturday's the latter-day.* I intend something of equal use upon the months; as, *January, women vary.* I shall likewise in due time make some observation upon each year as it passes. So for the present year:

*One thousand seven hundred and thirty-five,
When only the d—— and b——ps will thrive.*

And for the next:

*One thousand seven hundred and thirty six,
When the d—— will carry the b——ps to Styx.*

Perge:

*One thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven,
When the Whigs are so blind they mistake hell for heav'n.*

I will carry these predictions no further than to the year 2001, when the learned think the world will be at end, or the fine-all-cat-a strow-fee.

The

*The last is the period two thousand and one,
When m—— and b—— to bell all are gone.*

When that time comes, pray remember the discovery came from me.

It is now time I should begin my letter. I hope you got safe to Cavan, and have got no cold on those two terrible days. All your friends are well, and I as I used to be. I received yours. My humble service to your lady, and love to your children. I suppose you have all the news sent you. I hear of no marriages going on. One Dean Cross, an eminent divine, we hear is to be Bishop of Cork.——Stay till I ask a servant, what Patrick's bells ring for so late at night.——You, fellow, is it for joy or sorrow? I believe it some of our royal birthdays.——Oh, they tell me, it is for joy a new master is chosen for the corporation of butchers. So farewell.

L E T T E R CXXX.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

Sept. 30. 1735.

Yesterday was the going out of the last Lord Mayor, and to-day the coming in of the new, who is Alderman Grattan. The Duke * was at both dinners; but I thought it enough to go to-day, and I came away before six, with very little meat or drink. The club † meets in a week, and I determine to leave the town as soon as possible; for I am not able to live within the air of such rascals: but whither to go, or how far my health will permit me to travel, I cannot tell; for my mind misgives me, that you are neither in humour nor capacity to receive me as a guest. I had your law-letter. Those things require serious consideration. In order to bring them to a due perfection, a wise man will pre-

* The Duke of Dorset, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

† The Irish parliament. See the next letter, and the poem there mentioned.

pare a large fund of idioms; which are highly useful, when literally translated by a skilful, eloquent hand; and except our *Latino-Anglicus*, is the most necessary, as well as ornamental part of human learning. But then we must take special care of infusing the most useful precepts for the direction of human life, particularly for instructing princes and great ministers, distributing our praises and censures with the utmost impartiality and justice. This is what I have presumed to attempt, although very conscious to myself of my inferior abilities for such a performance. I begin with *lady*. And because the judicious Mr Locke says it is necessary to settle terms, before we write upon any subject, I describe a certain female of your acquaintance, whose name shall be *Dorothy*. It is in the following manner. *Dolis astra per, astra mel, a sus, a quoque et; atra pes, an id lar, alas ibo nes, a præ ter, at at lar, avi si ter, age ipsi, astro lar, an empti pate, aræ lar, aram lar, an et, ades e ver, ast rum pet, ad en, agam lar, agrum lar, ac ros pus, afflat error, ape e per, as noti nos, arraver, a buc stare, affo si ter, avi per, ad rive lar, age lar, apud lar, a fis lar, a fis ter, a far ter, as hi ter, anus lar, a mus lar, arat lar, a min-ximus, a prata pace, a gallo per, a si ve*. Most learned Sir, I intreat you will please to observe, (since I must speak in the vulgar language), that, in the above forty-three denominations for females, many of them end with the domestic deity *lar*, to shew that women were chiefly created for family-affairs; and yet I cannot hear, that any other author hath made the same remark. I have likewise begun a treatise of geography, (the *Anglo-Anglarians* call it erroneously *Jog Ralph 1*), *Mei quo te summo fit? Astra canis a miti citi; an dy et Ali cantis qui te as bigas it. Barba dos is more populus. An tego is a des arti here*. I have a third treatise, to direct young ladies in reading. *Ama dis de Gallis a fine his tori, an dy et Belli anis is ab et er. Summas eurus Valent in an Dorsò ne isthmos te legant ovum alto bis ure. I canna me fore do mæsti cani males o fallique nat ure; na mel i, ac at, arat, amassi, fanda læ-di; Imæ ad amo usto o; a lædi inde edi mite ex captas a beasti e werme et aram lingo ut. Præis mi cum pari sono dius orno?*

I believe some evil spirit hath got possession of you
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and a few others, in conceiving I have any power with the D—of D—, or with any one bishop, or man of power. I did but glance a single word to the D— about as proper a thing as he could do, and yet he turned it off to some other discourse. You say one word of my mouth would do, &c. I believe the rhyme of my word would do just as much. Am I not universally known to be one who dislikes all present persons and proceedings? Another writes to desire, that I would prevail on the Archbishop of Dublin * to give him the best prebend of St Patrick's. Let Bishop Clayton † allow the resignation, since Donellan is provided for. I mentioned to the D—, that Donellan should be Dean of Cork, on purpose to forward the resignation of old Caulfield: but it would not do; though Caulfield seems to have some hopes, and it is Bishop Clayton's fault if he does not yield, &c.

L E T T E R CXXXI.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

† *April 24. 1736.*

I Have been very ill for these two months past with giddiness and deafness, which lasted me till about ten days ago, when I gradually recovered; but still am weak and indolent, not thinking any thing worth my thoughts; and although (I forget what I am going to say, so it serves for nothing) I am well enough to ride, yet I will not be at the pains. Your friend Mrs Whiteway, who is upon all occasions so zealous to vindicate, is one whom I desire you to chide: for, during my whole sickness, she was perpetually plaguing and spunging on me; and though she would drink no wine herself, yet she increased the expence, by making me force it down her throat. Some of your eight rules I follow, some I re-

* Dr John Heady.

† Dr Clayton, Bishop of Cork.

‡ The paragraphs in Italic in this and the following letter, were written by Mrs Whiteway, a cousin-german of Dr Swift's.

jest, some I cannot compass, I mean merry fellows. Mr J. R. — never fails. I did within two days past ring him such a peal in relation to you, that he must be the d—I not to consider it. I will use him the same way, if he comes to-morrow (which I do not doubt) for a pint of wine. I like your project of a satire on Fair-brother *, who is an arrant rascal in every circumstance.

Every syllable that is worth reading in this letter, you are to suppose I writ it ; the Dean only took the hints from me ; but he has put them so ill together, that I am forced to tell you this in my own justification. Had you been worth hanging, you would have come to town this vacation, and I would have shewn you a poem on the legion-club. I do not doubt but that a certain person will pretend he writ it, because there is a copy of it in his hand, lying on his table ; but do not mind that ; for there are some people in the world will say any thing. I wish you could give some account of poor Dr Sheridan. I hear the reason he did not come to town this Easter, is, that he waited to see a neighbour of his hanged.

Whatever is said in this page by Goody Whiteway, I have not read, nor will read ; but assure you, if it relates to me, it is all a lie : for she says you have taught her that art ; and, as the world goes, and she takes you for a wise man, she ought to follow your practice. To be serious, I am sorry you said so little of your own affairs, and of your health ; and when will you pay me any money ? For, upon my conscience, you have half-starved me.

The plover eggs were admirable, and the worsted for the Dean's stockings so fine, that not one knitter here can knit them.

We neither of us know what the other hath writ ; so one answer will serve, if you write to us both, provided you justly give us both our share, and each of us will read our own part. Pray tell us how you breathe, and whether that disorder be better.

If the Dean should give you any hint about money, you need not mind him ; for, to my knowledge, he borrowed twenty pounds a month ago, to keep himself alive.

* See the next letter.

I am sorry to tell you, that poor Mrs Whiteway is to be hanged on Tuesday next, for stealing a piece of Indian silk out of Bradshaw's shop, and did not set the house on fire, as I advised her. I have wrote a very masterly poem on the *legion-club*; which, if the printer should be condemned to be hanged for it, you will see in a three-penny book; for it is 240 lines. Mrs Whiteway is to have half the profit and half the hanging.

The Drapier went this day to the Tholsel as a merchant, to sign a petition to the government against lowering the gold; where, we hear, he made a long speech, for which he will be reckoned a Jacobite. God send hanging does not go round.

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R CXXXII.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

Dublin, May 15. 1736.

MRS Whiteway and I were fretting, raging, storming, and fuming, that you had not sent a letter since you got to your Caban, (for the V consonant was anciently a B), I mean Cavan: but, however, we mingled pity; for we feared you had run away from school, and left the key under the door. We were much disappointed, that the spring and beginning of summer had not introduced the muses, and that your now walkable roads had not roused your spirits. We are here the happiest people in the universe. We have a year and a half before the club will meet, to be revenged further on the clesgy, who never offended them: and in England their parliament are following our steps, only with two or three steps for our one. It is well you have done with the church*; but pray take care to get money, else in a year or two more they will forbid all Greek and Latin schools, as Popish and Jacobite. I took leave of the Duke and Dukes to-day. He has prevailed on us to make a promise to bestow upon England 25,000 l. a-

* Dr Sheridan exchanged his living at Dunboyne, for the school of Cavan.

year

year for ever, by lowering the gold coin, against the petition of all the merchants, shopkeepers, &c. to a man. May his own estate be lowered the other forty parts; for we now lose by all gold two and a half *per cent.* He will be a better (that is to say, a worse) man by 60,000 l. than he was when he came over, and the nation better (that is to say worse) by above half a million; besides the worthy method he hath taken in disposal of employments in church and state. Here is a cursed long libel running about in manuscript on the *legion club*. It is in verse, and the foolish town imputes it to me. There were not above thirteen abused (as it is said) in the original; but others have added more, which I never saw; though I have once read the true one. I have often given my opinion, that an honest man never wished himself to be younger. My sentiment, I find, ought not to have been universal, because, to my sorrow, I have lived to change. I have seen since the death of the late Queen (who had few equals before her in every virtue, since monarchy began) so great a contempt of religion, morality, liberty, learning, and common sense, among us in this kingdom; a hundred degrees beyond what I ever met with in any writer, ancient or modern. I am very confident, that a complete history of the foolish, wicked, weak, malicious, ruinous, factious, unaccountable, ridiculous, absurd proceedings in this kingdom, would contain twelve large volumes in folio, of the smallest letter in the largest paper. What has Fowlbrother * done to provoke you? I either never heard, or have forgot your provocations; but he was a fellow I have never been able to endure. If it can be done, I will have it printed; and the title shall be, *Upon a certain bookseller (or printer) in Utopia.*— Mrs Whiteway will be here to morrow, and she will answer your sincere, open-hearted letter, very particularly; for which I will now leave room. So adieu for one night.

S I R,

I AM most sincerely obliged to you for all the civil things you have said to me, and of me to the Dean. I found the good effects of them this day: when I waited on him, he re-

* Fairbrother, See the last letter, and the subsequent part of this.

ceived me with great good humour; said something bad happened since he saw me last, that had convinced him of my merit; that he was sorry he had treated me with so little distinction, and that hereafter I should not be put upon the foot of an humble companion, but treated like a lady of wit, and learning, and fortune; that if he could prevail on Dr Sheridan to part with his wife, he would make her his friend, his nurse, and the manager of his family. I approved entirely of his choice; and at the same time expressed my fears, that it would be impossible for you to think of living without her. This is all that sticks with me. But considering the friendship you express to me for the Dean, I hope you will be persuaded to consider his good rather than your own, and send her up immediately; or else it will put him to the expence of giving three shillings and four pence for a wife; and he declares, that the badness of pay of his tithes, since the resolutions of the parliament of Ireland, puts this out of his power.

I could not guess why you were so angry at Fowl-brother; till Mrs Whiteway, who you find is now with me, said it was for publishing some works of yours and mine like a rogue; which is so usual to their trade, that I now am weary of being angry with it. I go on, to desire that Mrs Donaldson * will let me know what I owe her, not in justice, but generosity. If you could find wine and victuals, I could be glad to pass some part of the summer with you, if health would permit me; for I have some club-enemies, that would be glad to shoot me, and I do not love to be shot: it is a death I have a particular aversion to. But I shall henceforth walk with servants well armed, and have ordered them to kill my killers; however, I would have them be the beginners. I will do what I can with Mr R—, who (money excepted) is a very honest man. How is your breathing? As to myself, my life and health are not worth a groat. How shall we get wine to your cabin? I can spare some; and am preparing diaculum to save my skin as far as Cavan, and even to Belturbut. Pray God preserve you.

I am, &c.

* An inkeeper at Cavan.

L E T T E R CXXXIII.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

Dublin, June 5. 1736.

YOU must pay your groat (as if you had been drunk last night) for this letter; because I am neither acquainted with any frank cur, nor the of frank king. I am glad you have got the piles, because it is a mark of health, and a strong constitution. I believe what you say of the *legion-club* poem; for it plainly appears a work of a *legion-club*; for I hear there are fifty different copies; but what's that to me? And you are in the right, that they are not treated according to their merit. You never writ so regularly in your life; and therefore when you write to me, always take care to have the *piles*; I mean any *piles**, except those of lime and stone; and yet *piles* are not so bad as the *stone*. I find you intend to be here (by your date) in a dozen days hence. The room shall be ready for you; though I shall never have you in a morning, or at dinner, or in an evening; at all other times I shall be pestered with you. John R—— (for he does not deserve the name of Jack) is gone to his six-miles-off country-seat for the summer. I admire at your bill of 10l. odd; for I thought your first was double: or is it an additional one? When you satisfy me, I will send down to him with a vengeance; although, except that damped vice of avarice, he is a very agreeable man.—As to your venison, *vain is one* who expects it. I am *checking* you for your *chickens*, and could *lamb* you for your *lambs*.
Addenda quædam.

*My wife a rattling,
My children tattling,
My money spent is,
And due my rent is.*

* The author held puns in contempt, but would sometimes make himself merry with them,

My

*My school decreasing,
 My income ceasing.
 All people tease me,
 But no man pays me.
 My Worship is bit,
 By that rogue Nisbet.
 To take the right way,
 Consult friend Whiteway.
 Would you get still more!
 Go flatter Kilmore *.
 Your geese are old,
 Your wife a scold.*

*You live among ill folks in a dungbill.
 You never have an old friend at Cavan.*

Mrs Whiteway is ever your friend ; but your old ones have forsaken you, as mine have me. My head is very bad ; and I have just as much spirits left as a drowned mouse. Pray do not you give yourself airs of pretending to have flies in summer at Cavan ; and such a *no* summer as this. I, who am the best fly-catcher in the kingdom, have not thought it worth my time to show my skill in that art. I believe nothing of your garden-improvements ; for I know you too well. What you say of your leanness is incredible ; for when I saw you last, you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free, (which nothing but exercise can give), you may be safe with as little flesh as I, which is none at all.

I had your letter just before this was sealed ; but I cannot answer it now.

L E T T E R CXXXIV.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

July 10. 1736.

I Received your two letters. The first is mingled with Latin and English, one following the other : now

* Dr Josiah Hort, then Bishop of Kilmore.

I scorn that way, and put both languages in one. However, for the sake of order, I will begin with answering your second letter before the first, because it deserves one on account of your presents. From bogs, rivers, mountains, mosses, quagmires, heaths, lakes, kennels, ditches, weeds, &c. &c. &c. &c. — Mrs Whiteway was pleased, although very unjustly, to criticise upon every *curiosity*. She swears, the paper of gravel was of your own voiding, as she found by the smell: that your whole artichoke leaf shows its mother to be smaller than a nutmeg; and I confess you were somewhat unwary in exposing it to censure. Your raspberry she compared with the head of a corking-pin, and the latter had the victory. Your currants were invisible, and we could not distinguish the red from the black. Your purslane passed very well with me, but she swore it was house-leek. She denies your Cavan fly to be genuine; but will have it, that, for the credit of your town, you would have it born there, although Mrs Donaldson confesses it was sent her in a box of brown sugar, and died as it entered the gates. Mrs Whiteway proceeds further in her malice, declaring your nasturtium to be only a p-fs-a-bed; your beans as brown as herself, and of the same kind with what we fatten hogs in Leicestershire. In one thing she admires your generosity, that, for her sake, you would spare a drop or two of your canal-water, which by the spongy bottom needs it so much. The only defects of them all were, that they wanted colour, sight, and smell; yet, as to the last, we both acknowledged them all to exhale a general fustiness, which however did much resemble that of your Cavan air.

L E T T E R CXXXV.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

I Received your letter, which begun with *lings* *. You have thirteen in all, and I have got but a hundred

* A termination whimsically applied. See the next letter.

and

and sixty ; a trifle ! Find me ten more than mine, and I will give you ten guineas for the eleventh. Mine are all down, and only twelve, which are not entered in a letter ; which I will send you when health permits, and I have nothing else to do ; and that may be a twelve-month hence, if my disorder will let me hold out so long. You were born to be happy, for you take the least piece of good fortune chearfully. I suppose your arithmetic is, that three boys a-week are a hundred and fifty-nine in a year ; and seven guineas a-week are three hundred and sixty-five *per annum*. Can you reckon, that the county, and the next, and Dublin, will provide you with thirty lads in all, and good pay, of which a dozen shall be lodgers ? Does the cheapness of things answer your expectation ? Have you sent away your late younger-married daughter ? and will you send away the other ? Let me desire you will be very regular in your accounts ; because a very honest friend of your's and mine tells me, that, with all your honesty, it is an uneasy thing to have any dealings with you that relate to accounts, by your frequent forgetfulness and confusion ; for you have no notion of regularity ; and I do not wonder at it, considering the scattered, confused manner in which you have lived. Mrs Whiteway thanks you for the good opinion you have of her ; and I know she always loved and defended you. I cannot tell when I shall be able to travel. I have three other engagements on my hands, but the principal is to see the Bishop of Ossory. Yet I dread the lying abroad above five miles. I am never well. Some sudden turns are every day threatening me with a giddy fit ; and my affairs are terribly imbroided. I have a scheme of living with you, when the *College-green* club is to meet : for in these times I detest the town, and hearing the follies, corruptions, and slavish practices of those misrepresentative brutes ; and resolve, if I can stir, to pass that whole time at Bath or Cavan. I say again, keep very regular accounts, in large books, and a fair hand ; not like me, who, to save paper, confuse every thing. Your mind is honest, but your memory a knave ; and therefore the Scotch mean the same thing by *mind*ing, that we do by *remember*ing. Sirrah, said I to a Scotch footman, why did you not go
that

that errand ? Because I did not *mind* it, quo' Sawny. A curse on these twenty soldiers drumming through my liberty twice a-day, and going to a barrack * the government hath placed just under my nose. I think of a line in Virgil Travesty. *The d——l cut their yelping weapons.* We expect Lord Orrery and Bishop Rundle next week. — This letter was intended for last post, but interruptions and horses hindered it. Poor Mrs Acheson is relapsed at Grange, and worse than ever. I was there yesterday, and met Dr H—m, who hopes she was a little better. — 16. Here has no body been hanged, married, or dead, that I hear of. Dr Grattan is confined by a boil ; if you ask him where, he will sell you a bargain. My chief country-companion now is philosopher Webber ; for the Grattans and Jacksons are neither to be found at home or abroad, except Robin, who cannot stir a foot.

L E T T E R CXXXVI.

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

April 9. 1737.

ABout a month ago I received your last letter, wherein you complain of my long silence ; what will you do when I am so long in answering ? I have one excuse which will serve for all my friends ; I am quite worn out with disorders of mind and body ; a long fit of deafness, which still continues, hath unqualified me for conversing, or thinking, or reading, or hearing ; to all this is added an apprehension of giddiness, whereof I have frequently some frightful touches. Besides, I can hardly write ten lines without twenty blunders, as you will see by the number of scratchings and blots before this letter is done : in to the bargain, I have not one rag of memory left ; and my friends have all forsaken me, except Mrs Whiteway, who preserves some pity for my condition ; and a few others, who love wine that costs

* Called now the *poddle-guard*, and kept within the liberties of St Patrick's to suppress riots,

them

them nothing. As to my taking a journey to Cavan, I am just as capable as of a voyage to China, or of running races at Newmarket. But to speak in the *Latinitas Grattianiana*, *Tu clamas meretrix primus*; for we have all expected you here at Easter, as you were used to do. — Your muster-roll of meat is good, but of drink in sup port able. Yew wann twine. My stress Albavia has eaten here all your hung beef, and said it was very good. The affair of high importance in their family is, that Miss Molly hath issued out orders, with great penalties, to be called Mrs Harrison: which causeth many speck you'll ash owns. — I am now come to the noli me tan jerry, which-begg inns wyth Mad dam. — So I will go on, by the strength of my own wit, upon points of the high est imp or taunts. I have been very curious in considering that fruitful word *ling*; which explains many fine qualities in ladies; such as, *grow ling*, *ray ling*, *tip ling*, (seldom) *toy ling*, *mumb ling*, *grumb ling*, *curr ling*, *puss ling*, *buss ling*, *strow ling*, *ramb ling*, *quarry ling*, *tat ling*, *whiff ling*, *dabb ling*, *doub ling*. These are but as ample o fan hunn dread mower: they have all got cold this winter, big owing tooth in lick lad ink old wet her, and dare ink you rabble. — Well, I triumph over you, Is corn urine cap a city. Pray tell me, does the land of Quilca pay any rent? or is any paid by the tenant? or is there not any part of 50 l. to be got? But before you make complaints of ill payments from your school, I will declare I was never so ill paid as now, even by my richer debtors. I have finished my will for the last time; wherein I left some little legacy, which you are not to receive till you shall be entirely out of my debt, and paid all you owe me to my executors. And I have made very honourable mention of you in the will, as the consideration of my leaving these legacies to you.

Explain this proverb. *Salt dry fish, and the wedding-gold, is the vice of women both young and old.* Yes, you have it i nam o mento time. The old huncks Shepherd has buried his only son, who was a young huncks come to age.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Here is a rhyme; it is a satire on an inconstant lover.

You

You are as faithless as a Carthaginian,
To love at once Kate, Nell, Doll, Martha, Jenny, Anne.

A specimen of Latinitas Grattaniana.

EGO ludam diabolum super duos baculos cum te.
Voca super me cras.

Profecto ego dabo tibi tuum ventrem plenum legis.

Sine me solum cum illo. Ego capiam tempus.

Quid pestis velles tu esse apud?

Ego faciam te fumare.

Duc uxorem veni super.

Ego dabo tibi pyxidem in aure.

Ego faciam te secare saltum.

Veni, veni, solve tuum scotum, et fac non plura verba.

Id est plus expensi quam veneratio.

Si tu es pro lege, dabo tibi legem, tuum ventrem plenum.

Ut diabolus voluit habere id.

Quid est materia tecum?

Tu habes vetus proverbium super tuum latus:

Nihil est nunquam in periculo.

Cape me apud illud, et suspende me.

Ego capio te apud tuum verbum.

Tu venis in farti tempore.

Est formosus corporatus homo in facie.

Esne tu super pro omni die?

Morsus: Esne tu ibi cum tuis ursis?

Ille est ex super suam servationem.

Tu est carcer avis.

Ego amo mendacem in meo corde, et tu aptas me ad crinem.

Ego dicam tibi quid: Hic est magnus clamor, et parva lana.

Quid! tu es super tuum altum equum.

Tu nunquam servasti tuum verbum.

Hic est diabolus et omne agere.

Visne tu esse tam bonus, quam tuum verbum?

Ego faciam porcum vel canem de id.

Ego servo hoc pro pluvioso die.

Ego possum facere id cum digito madido.

Profecto ego habui nullam manum in id.

Esne tu in aure nido?

Tu est homo extranei renis.

Precor, ambula super.

Ego intro non in tuas querelas.

Ego feci amorem virgini bonoris.

Quomodo venit id circum, quod tu ludis stultum ita?

Vos ibi, fac viam pro meo domino.

Omnes socii apud pedem pilam.

Fæminæ et linteum aspiciunt optime per candelæ lucem.

L E T T E R CXXXVII. *

Dr SWIFT to Dr SHERIDAN.

I Will on Monday (this is Saturday, May 22. as you will read below in the date) send or talk to Mr Smith: but I distrust your sanguinity so much, (by my own desponding temper), that I know not whether that affair of your justiceship be fixed; but I shall know next week, and write or act accordingly. I battled in vain with the Duke and his clan against the lowering of gold, which is just a kind settlement upon England of 25,000 l. a-year for ever. Yet some of my friends differ from me, though all agree that the absentees will be just so much gainers. I am excessively glad that your difficulty of breathing is over; for what is life but breath? I mean not that of our nostrils, but our lungs. You must in summer ride every half-holiday, and go to church every Sunday some miles off. The people of England are copying from us to plague the clergy; but they intend far to outdo the original. I wish I were to be born next century, when we shall be utterly rid of parsons, of which, God be thanked, you are none at present; and until your Bishop give you a living, I will leave off (except this letter) giving you the title of *Reverend*. I did write him lately a letter with a witness, relating to his printer of *quadrille*, (did you ever see it?), with which he half ruined Faulkner. He

* This should have been dated 22d May 1737, but is not.

promises

promises (against his nature) to consider him ; but interposed an exception, which I believe will destroy the whole. Mrs Whiteway gives herself airs of loving you ; but do not trust her too much ; for she grows disobedient, and says, she is going *for* to get another favourite. In short, she calls you names, and has neither Mr nor Dr on her tongue, but calls you plain Sheridan, and pox take you. She is not with me now, else she would read this in spite of me ; and, between ourselves, she sets up to be my governor. I wish you had sent me the Christian name of Knatchbull, and I would have writ to him ; but I will see him on Monday, if he will be visible. The poem on the *legion-club* is so altered and enlarged, as I hear, (for I only saw the original), and so damnably murdered, that they have added many of the club to the *true number*. I hear it is charged to me, with great personal threatenings from the puppies offended. Some say they will wait for revenge to their next meeting ; others say the privy council will summon the suspected author. If I could get the true copy, I would send it you. Your Bishop writes me word, that the real author is manifest by the work.—— Your loss of flesh is nothing, if it be made up with spirit. God help him who hath neither, I mean myself. I believe I shall say with Horace, *Non omnis moriar* ; for half my body is already spent.

L E T T E R CXXXVIII.

Dr SWIFT to Mr POPE.

Dear S I R,

Dublin, April 28. 1739.

THE gentleman who will have the honour to deliver you this, although he be one related to me, which is by no means any sort of recommendation ; for I am utterly void of what the world calls natural affection ; and with good reason, because they are a numerous race degenerating from their ancestors, who were of good esteem for their loyalty and sufferings in the rebellion against King Charles I. : this cousin of mine, who is so desirous to wait on you, is named *Deane*

A a 2

Swift

Swift *, because his great-grandfather by the grandmother's side was Admiral Deane; who having been one of the regicides, had the good fortune to save his neck by dying a year or two before the restoration.

I have a great esteem for Mr Deane Swift, who is much the most valuable of any in his family. He was first a student in this university, and finished his studies in Oxford; where Dr King, Principal of St Mary Hall, assured me, that Mr Swift behaved himself with good reputation and credit. He hath a very good taste for wit, writes agreeable and entertaining verses, and is a perfect master, equally skilled in the best Greek and Roman authors. He hath a true spirit for liberty, and with all these advantages is extremely decent and modest. Mr Swift is heir to the little paternal estate of our family at Goodrich in Herefordshire. My grandfather was so persecuted and plundered two and fifty times, by the barbarity of Cromwell's hellish crew, (of which I find an account in a book called *Mercurius Rusticus*), that the poor old gentleman was forced to sell the better half of his estate to support his family. However, three of his sons had better fortune; for coming over to this kingdom, and taking to the law, they all purchased good estates here; of which Mr Deane Swift hath a good share, but with some incumbrance.

I had a mind that this young gentleman should have the honour of being known to you, which is all the favour I ask for him; and that if he stays any time longer in London than he now intends, you will permit him to wait on you sometimes.

I am,

My dearest friend,

Your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

* Author of *An essay upon the life, writings, and character of Dr Swift*, published in 1755.

A L E T T E R.

DOCTOR,

URE verens is as fit amanto tellus to ris assi. It is as illi gesto me. E veri lædi is a prata pace: sum arlo denti i cursum at a venture. A manto mari ad rapido cetis a miti folli. Ime metum at Annibal. A tu es de se nite sed ito a lædi in eum pani offa delatoris, præsit in mi lapsu. Dicti camina furiatus, orto præventus: his cot is vel vetas sine assa hero. Histrix arlo rudi cantabit en durum. His arsis ne ver atqui et. Cæsi, de vilis in uti fora puppi. Præ heris anser. Sursum denis agrum, agros, aras calli, as ausi, an empti, an das curvitori. A pacatoris sat at superbius, sed ito Dic; Serra, ærugo, origo, I mæres mi angor in as lapithæ belli: I promissu as suras urina gaudi coti intendit; fori de testa vi olent parti rogas mi ene mi. As suras veni sonis fit fora pastu. Ima deni se; far ab ove ad rumor, ora piper, or a caper in fartor. Sed ito an ebur nec sto misi de; Ago, arundo formica ne, lætabo beat mi merci. I seda punis mi de lite, ora cupa claret; an di cæso fore ver. Alludo dic isto callus aras calido deni it. Dic sedi in ager, cantu ride mi mare inani para bootes, ora nupera sues? Dic has hyems in his pate. His cum pani i tecum fora veri scilicet o puppis: iras cullum tuenti times a de. Dic sed, i amabo, i sedi detestabo, i findit: cantu curabo? Prædixit an do tellus sum tales. Cannibal a sudo? Olet Serapis in ure bootes: olet hircum. A curru artis apparent. As sine as ure cotis, itis as Græci assa candelis; nota sum tuus habet forabo. Atlas tu sed: Serra dicti, sensu arlo rude tomis ter deni se, ure nos in mi ars.

Præ se Doctor, musti visit mi par sonas i intendit? I definit a tu es de nite nec stat his labora tori; an de at mi superaturus.

Itis ab ova forte nite ago sinceri ritu notis offa define tomus ter almi tori parti at super. Se, musti bipes forum, orno? An ebur omine has sum veri sine stipes; I præ ubi sumto fata porcas i intendat sum time for a

meri Es ter, orat Crista mas de. As tomi pes, i avum redi in atro.

Is dicor is mari deflet me tecum in tomi cum pani; formidinis in mi pate. Fori cantherina dea bellet alpha quarter offa miles distans.

Sed ito dic, præis mi lædi Mari abuti orno? Heris anser; O, as feras ab lac amore, affuet as Ajax, as meri as an apis, an das redito fartas a marina rodīs.

Præbe specus a satur de nec stat superaturus: Ime beaturus Tori rori, as meri assa piper.

Res tore mi in cornu curru stola satur de. Udi diti se, an das suras agunto, it istos hamus. Ime comi tuto nugator inani gelu deservit. Atlas tu me sufferat a gallus fora robur. Itis veri es ito paca juri. Cani se imas Indis Creta manas ubi? I cano. Præ surdo me justis. Sed ito dixit quietas alam. Sensu arso pertica nata ni time triumpho vero prætor; itis notat alto me. I va-
luit nota quarto vale.

Mi puppi is solaminis legas i cantu sim inani errant.

Seras de lite isto stat ter. Afflat error is redito puta nos inani ars. Sera sed i, pullus sum frutor lætus pullum, an apri coxa bitumen de lite in. Ire alimenta civi lite fora lædi, butio nimis tecum. Itis inveni findito trito humorem. Itis as longa timeas ire membra jumento fume fora det: at ipsi rogato poto vale: uno Io nomen agro at. I meto non est as urnæ, a foto mi en emi; an dipedit in hisco in.

Sinciput Eumenides ago in a furi, Iambicum more care fulto repent it: Atom, cantu culmen fit fora meri cum pani? Atri forum, prædo. Finalis mi de lite. Obruit as sine assis inani citi. Ure caris in ops notabit fusti. Aduncis mi de lite, justas a paratis ures; I herum, I en cur age, an di secundum in almi follis, fora de or so.

Tomi ad visu toris torisque nota peni inani Hanno veri an interest. Arma gessi Caro lina has no credit. An das tomi Georgica notabit en dure. Mi cur doctor toral ordinis nupera bootēs.

Miser vi ceto ure datur An. Præ rem embrio hera peni. I sum times castas ipsi ater. I mis terat urus.

Siriam,

Satur de at nite.

Ures.

A

*A humorous letter to Dr SHERIDAN *, on a literalia scheme of writing.*

S I R,

AS you are a famous instructor of youth in the learned languages, I cannot doubt of your being willing to encourage all *useful inventions*, that may further improve knowledge. I have often lamented the unnecessary

* Swift was naturally fond of seeing his works in print; and he was encouraged in this fondness by his friend Dr Sheridan, who had the *cacoethes scribendi*, to the greatest degree, and was continually letting off squibs, rockets, and all sorts of little fire-works from the press: by which means he offended many particular persons, who, although they stood in awe of Swift, held Sheridan at defiance. The truth is, the poor Doctor, by nature the most peaceable, inoffensive man alive, was in a continual state of warfare with the minor poets; and they revenged themselves, or, in the style of Mr Bays, often gave him *flask for flask*, and *singed his feathers*. The affection between Theseus and Pirithous was not greater than the affection between Swift and Sheridan. But the friendship that cemented the two ancient heroes, probably commenced upon motives very different from those which united the two modern divines. As in a former letter I drew a picture of Swift's wife, [p. 291. of this volume], let me here give you some sketches of Swift's friend.

Dr Sheridan was a schoolmaster, and, in many instances, perfectly well adapted for that station. He was deeply versed in the Greek and Roman languages, and in their customs and antiquities. He had that kind of good nature, which absence of mind, indolence of body, and carelessness of fortune, produce; and although not over strict in his own conduct, yet he took care of the morality of his scholars, whom he sent to the university remarkably well grounded in all classical learning, and not ill instructed in the social duties of life. He was slovenly, indigent, and chearful. He knew books much better than men; and he knew the value of money least of all. In this situation, and with this disposition, Swift fastened upon him, as upon a prey with which he intended to regale himself, whenever his appetite should prompt him. Sheridan therefore was kept constantly within his reach: and the only time he was permitted to go beyond the limits of his chain, was to take possession of a living in the county of Cork, which had been bestowed upon him by the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the present Earl of Granville. Sheridan, in one fatal moment, or by one fatal text, effected his own ruin. You will find the story told by Swift himself, in *vol. 3. p. 182*. So that here I need only tell you, that this ill-starred, good-natured, improvident man returned to Dublin, unhinged from all favour at court, and even banished

cessary loss of time we suffer in transcribing our thoughts, by dividing our words into syllables, and writing the vowels at length, which so frequently occur; that although they be but five, yet by occurring so frequently as they do, they double our labour. Besides the great loss of paper, pens, and ink, which many among the learned are not so well able to spare.

I confess, that, in this polite and learned age of ours, many laudable attempts have been made for some remedy against this evil; partly by abbreviating words

banished from the castle. But still he remained a punster, a quibbler, a fidler, and a wit. Not a day passed without a rebus, an anagram, or a madrigal. His pen and his fiddlestick were in continual motion; and yet to little or no purpose, if we may give credit to the following verses, which shall serve as the conclusion of his poetical character.

With music and poetry equally blest'd,
A bard thus Apollo most humbly address'd;
Great author of poetry, music, and light,
Instructed by thee, I both fiddle and write:
Yet unheeded I scrape, or I scribble all day,
My tunes are neglected, my verse sung away.
Thy substitute here, Vice-Apollo *, disdains,
To vouch for my numbers, or list to my strains.
Thy manual sign he refuses to put
To the airs I produce from the pen, or the gut.
Be thou then propitious, great Phœbus, and grant
Relief; or reward to my merit, or want.
Though the Dean and Delany † transcendently shine,
O! brighten one solo, or sonnet of mine.
Make one work immortal; 'tis all I request.
Apollo look'd pleas'd, and resolving to jest,
Replied, honest friend, I've consider'd your case,
Nor dislike your unmeaning and innocent face.
Your petition I grant, the boon is not great,
Your works shall continue, and here's the receipt,
On a *roundos* ‡ hereafter your fiddlestrings spend,
Write verses in circles, they never shall end.

Orrery.

See a further account of Dr Sheridan in Dr Swift's life, prefixed to vol. 1.

* Dr Swift.

† Now Dean of Down.—See Swift's will, at the end of this volume.

‡ A song or peculiar kind of poetry, which returns to the beginning of the first verse, and so continues in a perpetual rotation.

with

with apostrophes, and partly by lopping the polysyllables, leaving only one or two at most: as thus, 'Tis 'n't, 't'nt, won't, can't, poz, 'pon, rep' phis, and many more. But alas, these are poor expedients, and do not go to the root of the disease.

My scheme is much more useful and extensive: although I confess myself not to be altogether the original inventor. For I observe, that the ingenious gentlemen who play at White's chocolate-house, have some imperfect idea of it; and I have seen some instances of it many years older, but very imperfect. By these examples, I have these nine years past been considering the force of letters in our alphabet, with relation to each other; as schoolmistresses teach young children to pronounce them in their horn-books; which is in this manner: A, Be or Bee, See, Dee, E, Ef, Gee, Each or Ach, I or Eye, Ka or Key, El, Em, En, O, Pee or Pe, Qu or Cue, Are or Err, Els, Tee or Tea, U or You, Double U or Double You, Ex, Wy, Izzard. Now this, I say, the very gaming lords at the chocolate-houses have already some imperfect notion of, as far as concerns the vowels. The same thing also men of business are not ignorant of; for thus three vowels shall stand, with the sum affixed, for a good promissory note, JOU 20 £.

In short, you need only read the letters as they are pronounced by boys and girls, when they are taught first to read, as A, Bee, Cee; and six letters shall go as far as ten. This is only for dispatch in writing; of which take the following specimens. But I have materials for a treatise to contract words in speaking, which, as this finds encouragement, I shall publish afterwards.

A letter to your mistress.

DR In ur a but; I stm-u a dit. Ur mpr ndurs. O b ur but ndls. A tr faces ur but. Ur a gm; a gul; a rub. I c a b p q ur i: I b c h u t k a r o u r i, I c q u a r med. U r etn; u r yy. U r aprs. I c a pr b for u. I d fir ur pt, ur gnroset; ur prspquit; dene, enerit, fablit, ur exlmes apr. Ur a qrioet. Rittr nobls
ur

ur log. Ur a qn ma. Ur but dñs apls a pntr. I c ur
but prefs ur nmi.

Another letter in the literalia style.

BT, ur nt ; u dñl ur krks dli. I c ur a grr. I ph u.
I aqq u. Ur nmii aqq u. Mli aqq u. Q pd d fi
i u. U r r r mprs. U th kt. O g m ni ! u a thr. U
th a br. Ur ri, Id fi u. I sk p u. I sq u. I k tquis
u. U a but. Ur rc a but. U rsmbl ur ldr eñr kt on.
I rmmbr dr Ptr. On Squir. B guptr I c ur gloc. Qep
ur tmpr.

A punning EPISTE on MONEY.

Worthy Mr PENNYFEATHER,

MAdam Johnson has been very ill used by her ser-
vants ; they put shillings into her broth instead
of groats, which made her stamp. I hear they had them
from one Tom Ducket, a tenant to Major Noble, who,
I am told, is reduced to nine pence. We are doubting
whether we shall dine at the Crown or the Angel. Ho-
nest Mark Cob, who has been much moydored of late,
will dine with us ; but 'Squire Manypenny, and Captain
Sterling, desire to be excused ; for they are engaged with
Ned Silver to dine in Change-alley. They live in great
har-mony ; they met all-together last week, and sat as
lovingly as horses in a pond. I suppose you have heard
of the rino-ceros lately arrived here. A captain was
calf-eered on Wednesday. A scavenger abused me this
morning ; but I made him down with his dust, which
indeed was a far-thing from my intentions. Mrs Brent
had a pi-stole from her ; I would a' ginny'e a good deal
for such another, Mrs Dingley has made a souse for
your collared eel. Alderman Coin presents his service
to you. I have nothing but half-pens to write with, so
that you must excuse this scrawl. One of my seals fell
into a chink. I am, without allay,

Your most obedient,

TOM. MITE.

P. S.

P. S. Mr Cole presents his service to you, of which I am a-tester.

A Letter from a gentleman in the country to his friend in town.

De te

Fabula narratur.

S I R,

AS you have been pleased very generously to honour me with your friendship, I think myself obliged to throw off all disguise, and discover to you my real circumstances; which I shall do with all the openness and freedom imaginable. You will be surpris'd at the beginning of my story, and think the whole a joke; but you may depend upon its being actually true, and, if need were, I can bring the parson of the parish to testify the same.

You must know then, that, at this present time, I live in a poor, little, sorry house of clay, that stands upon the waste, as other cottages do; and what is worst of all, am liable to be turned out at a minute's warning. It is a sort of copyhold tenure; and the custom of the manor is this: for the first thirty years I am to pay no rent, but only to do suit and service, and attend upon the courts, which are kept once a-week, and sometimes oftener: for twenty years after this, I am to pay a rose every year; and further than this, during the remainder of my life, I am to pay a tooth, (which you will say is a whimsical kind of acknowledgment), every two or three years, or oftener, if it be demanded: and when I have nothing more to pay, *out* must be the word, and it will not be long ere my person will be seized. I might have had my tenement (such as it is) upon better terms, if it had not been for a fault of my great-grandfather. He and his wife together, with the advice of an ill neighbour, were concerned in robbing an orchard belonging to the lord of the manor, and so forfeited this great privilege, to my sorrow I am sure. But however, I must do as well as I can, and shall endeavour to keep my house in tolerable repair.

My

My kitchen, where I dress my victuals, is a comical little roundish sort of a room, somewhat like an oven; it answers very well to the purpose it was designed for, and that is enough. My garrets (or rather my cock-lofts indeed) are very indifferently furnished; but they are rooms which few people regard now, unless to lay lumber in; however, I make shift to rub on in my little way; and when rent-day comes, I must see and discharge it as well I can.

Whenever I am turned out, I understand my lodge, or whatever you please to call it, descends upon a low-spirited creeping family, remarkable for nothing, but being instrumental in advancing the reputation of the great Moor in Abchurch-lane*. But be that as it will, I have one snug apartment that lies on the left side of my house, which I reserve for my chiefest friends. It is very warm, where you will always be a welcome guest; and you may depend upon a lodging, as long as the edifice shall be in the tenure and occupation of,

S I R,

Your humble servant.

A letter from Dr SWIFT to the Rev. Mr KENDALL, vicar of Thornton in Leicestershire †.

S I R,

Feb. 11. 1691.

IF any thing made me wonder at your letter, it was your almost inviting me to do so in the beginning; which indeed grew less upon knowing the occasion, since it is what I have heard from more than one in and about Leicester. And for the friendship between us, as I suppose *yours* to be real, so I think it would be proper to imagine *mine*, until you find any cause to believe it pretended; though I might have some quarrel at you in three or four lines, which are very ill bestowed in com-

* An apothecary in London, remarkable for selling worm-powder.

† This letter is not in Hawkesworth's nor the Dublin edition. It is taken from the 11th volume of Swift's miscellanies, printed at London in 1753.

plimenting me. And as to that of my great prospects of making my fortune, on which, as your kindness only looks on the best side, so my own cold temper and unconfined humour is much greater hindrance than any fear of that which is the subject of your letter. I shall speak plainly to you, that the very ordinary observations I made with going half a mile beyond the university, have taught me experience enough, not to think of marriage, till I settle my fortune in the world; which I am sure will not be in some years. And even then itself, I am so hard to please, that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world. How all this suits with my behaviour to the woman in hand, you may easily imagine, when you know that there is something in me which must be employed; and, when I am alone, turns all, for want of practise, into speculation and thought; insomuch, that, in these seven weeks I have been here, I have writ and burnt, and writ again, upon almost all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England. And this is it, which a person of great honour in Ireland (who was pleased to stoop so low as to look into my mind) used to tell me, that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment. It is this humour that makes me so busy when I am in company, to turn all that way: and since it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common conversation, it is all alike. This is so common, that I could remember twenty women in my life, to whom I have behaved myself just the same way, and, I profess, without any other design, than of entertaining myself when I am very idle, or when something goes amiss in my affairs. This I always have done, as a man of the world, when I had no design for any thing grave in it, and what I thought (at worst) a harmless impertinence. But whenever I began to take sober resolutions, or (as now) to think of entering into the church, I never found it would be hard to put off this kind of folly at the porch. Besides, perhaps in so general a conversation among that sex, I might pretend a little to understand where I am, when I go to chuse for a wife; and think, that though the cunningest sharper of the town may have a cheat put upon him, yet it must

be cleanlier carried than this, which you think I am going to top upon myself. And truly, if you know how metaphysical I am that way, you would little fear I should venture on one, who has given so much occasion to tongues. For though the people is a lying sort of beast, (and, I think, in Leicester above all parts that I ever was in); yet they seldom talk without some glimpse of a reason; which I declare so unpardonably jealous I am) to be a sufficient cause for me to hate any woman, any farther than a bare acquaintance, except all things else were agreeable, and that I had mathematical demonstrations for the falsehood of the first, which, if it be not impossible, I am sure is very like it. Among all the young gentlemen that I have known, who have ruined themselves by marrying, (which, I assure you, is a great number) I have made this general rule, That they are either young, raw, and ignorant scholars, who, for want of knowing company, believe every silk petticoat includes an *angel*; or else they have been a sort of honest young men, who perhaps are too literal, in rather marrying than burning, and so entail miseries on themselves and posterity, by an over-acting modesty. I think I am very far excluded from lighting under either of these heads. I confess I have known one or two men of sense enough, who, inclined to frolics, have married, and ruined themselves out of a maggot. But a thousand house-hold thoughts, which always drive matrimony out of my mind, whenever it chances to come there, will, I am sure, fright me from that. Besides, I am naturally temperate, and never engaged in the contrary, which usually produces those effects. Your hints at particular stories I do not understand, having never heard them, but just so hinted. I thought it proper to give you this, to shew you how I thank you for your regard of me: and I hope my carriage will be so, as my friends need not be ashamed of the name. I should not have behaved myself after the manner I did in Leicester, if I had not valued my own entertainment beyond the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which I solemnly pronounce the inhabitants of Leicester to be; and so I content myself with retaliation. I hope
you

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you will forgive this trouble; and so, with my service to your good wife, I am,

Good cousin,

*Your very * friend and servant,*

JON. SWIFT.

A prayer used by the Dean for Mrs JOHNSON in her last sickness, written Oct. 17. 1727 †.

Most merciful Father, accept our humblest prayers in behalf of this thy languishing servant. Forgive the sins, the frailties, and infirmities of her life past. Accept the good deeds she hath done, in such a manner, that

* There seems to have been a word omitted here through haste.

† Mrs Johnson was the daughter of Sir William Temple's steward, and the concealed, but undoubted wife of Dr Swift. Sir William Temple bequeathed her in his will 1000 l. as an acknowledgment of her father's faithful services. I cannot tell how long she remained in England, or whether she made more journeys than one to Ireland, after Sir William Temple's death; but, if my informations are right, she was married to Dr Swift in the year 1716, by Dr Ashe, then Bishop of Clogher.

Stella was a most amiable woman in mind and person. She had an elevated understanding, with all the delicacy and softness of his sex. Her voice, however sweet in itself, was still rendered more harmonious by what she said. Her wit was poignant without severity. Her manners were humane, polite, easy, and unreserved. Wherever she came, she attracted attention and esteem. As virtue was her guide in morality, sincerity was her guide in religion. She was constant, but not ostentatious, in her devotions. She was remarkably prudent in her conversation. She had great skill in music, and was perfectly well versed in all the lesser arts that employ a lady's leisure. Her wit allowed her a fund of perpetual cheerfulness: her prudence kept that cheerfulness within proper limits. She exactly answered the description of Penelope in Homer:

*A woman loveliest of the lovely kind,
In body perfect, and complete in mind.*

Such was Stella: yet, with all these accomplishments, she never could prevail upon Dr Swift to acknowledge her openly as his wife. A great genius must tread in unbeaten paths, and deviate from the common road of life; otherwise surely a diamond of so much lustre might have

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that at whatever time thou shalt please to call her, she may be received into everlasting habitations. Give her grace to continue sincerely thankful to thee for the many favours thou hast bestowed on her, the ability, and inclination, and practice, to do good, and those virtues

have been publicly produced, although it had been fixed within the collet of matrimony. But the flaw which in Dr Swift's eye reduced the value of such a jewel, was the servile state of her father, who, as has been said before, was a menial servant to Sir William Temple. Ambition and pride will, at any time, conquer reason and justice; and each larger degree of pride, like the larger fishes of prey, will devour all the less. Thus the vanity of boasting such a wife, was suppressed by the greater vanity of keeping free from a low alliance.

Dr Swift and Mrs Johnson continued the same œconomy of life after marriage, which they had pursued before it. They lived in separate houses; he remaining at the deanery, she in lodgings at a distance from him, and on the other side of the river Liffy. Nothing appeared in their behaviour inconsistent with decorum, or beyond the limits of Platonic love. They conversed like friends; but they industriously took care to summon witnesses of their conversation: A rule to which they adhered so strictly, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to prove they had ever been together without some third person.

A conduct so extraordinary in itself always gives room for various comments and reflections. But however unaccountable this renunciation of marriage-rights might appear to the world, it certainly rose not from any consciousness of too near a consanguinity between him and Mrs Johnson, although the general voice of fame was willing to make them both the natural children of Sir William Temple. I am persuaded, that Dr Swift was not of that opinion; because the same false pride that induced him to deny the legitimate daughter of an obscure servant, might have prompted him to own the natural daughter of so eminent a man as Sir William Temple.

There are actions of which the true sources will never be discovered. This perhaps is one. I have told you the fact, in the manner I have received it from several of Swift's friends and relations; and I must leave you to make your own observations upon it.

You may imagine, that a woman of Stella's delicacy must repine at such an extraordinary situation. The outward honours which she received, are as frequently bestowed upon a mistress, as upon a wife. She was absolutely virtuous; and yet was obliged to submit to all the appearances of vice, except in the presence of those few people who were witnesses of the cautious manner in which she lived with her husband, who scorned even to be married like any other man.

Inward anxiety affected by degrees the calmness of her mind, and the strength of her body. She began to decline in her health, in the year 1724; and from the first symptoms of decay, she rather hastened than

tues which have procured the esteem and love of her friends, and a most unspotted name in the world. O God, thou dispenshest thy blessings and thy punishments as it becometh infinite justice and mercy; and since it was thy pleasure to afflict her with a long, constant, weakly state of health, make her truly sensible, that it was for very wise ends, and was largely made up to her in other blessings more valuable and less common. Continue to her, O Lord, that firmness and constancy of mind, wherewith thou hast most graciously endued her, together with that contempt of worldly things and vanities, that she hath shewn in the whole conduct of her life. O all powerful Being, the least motion of whose will can create or destroy a world; pity us, the mournful friends of thy distressed servant, who sink under the weight of her present condition, and the fear of losing the most valuable of our friends: restore her to us, O Lord, if it be thy gracious will, or inspire us with constancy and resignation, to support ourselves under so heavy an affliction. Restore her, O Lord, for the sake of those poor, who, by losing her, will be desolate; and those sick, who will not only want her bounty, but her care and tending; or else, in thy mercy, raise up some other in her place, with equal disposition, and better abilities. Lessen, O Lord, we beseech thee, her bodily pains, or give her a double strength of mind to support them. And if thou wilt soon take her to thyself, turn our thoughts rather upon that felicity which we hope she shall enjoy, than upon that unspeakable loss we shall endure. Let her memory be ever dear unto us; and the example of her many virtues, as far as human infirmity will admit, our constant imitation. Accept, O Lord, these prayers, poured from the very bottom of our hearts, in thy mercy, and for the merits of our blessed Saviour. *Amen.*

than shrunk back in the descent; tacitly pleased to find her footsteps tending to that place where *they neither marry, nor are given in marriage*. She died towards the end of January 1727-8, absolutely destroyed by the peculiarity of her fate; a fate which perhaps she could not have incurred by an alliance with any other person in the world. *Orrery.*

See a further account of Stella in Dr Swift's life, prefixed to vol. i.

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*Another, written November 6. 1727 *.*

O Merciful Father, who never afflictest thy children, but for their own good, and with justice, over which thy mercy always prevaieth, either to turn them to repentance, or to punish them in the present life, in order to reward them in a better; take pity, we beseech thee, upon this thy poor afflicted servant, languishing so long and so grievously under the weight of thy hand. Give her strength, O Lord, to support her weakness; and patience to endure her pains, without repining at thy correction. Forgive every rash and inconsiderate expression, which her anguish may at any time force from her tongue, while her heart continueth in an entire submission to thy will. Suppress in her, O Lord, all eager desires of life, and lessen her fears of death, by inspiring into her an humble, yet assured hope of thy mercy. Give her a sincere repentance for all her transgressions and omissions, and a firm resolution to pass the remainder of her life in endeavouring, to her utmost, to observe all thy precepts. We beseech thee likewise to compose her thoughts; and preserve to her the use of her memory and reason, during the course of her sickness. Give her a true conception of the vanity, folly, and insignificancy of all human things; and strengthen her so as to beget in her a sincere love of thee in the midst of her sufferings. Accept, and impute all her good deeds, and forgive her all those offences against thee, which she hath sincerely repented of, or, through the frailty of memory, hath forgot. And now, O Lord, we turn to thee, in behalf of ourselves, and the rest of her sorrowful friends. Let not our grief afflict her mind, and thereby have an ill effect on her present distemper. Forgive the sorrow or weakness of those among us, who sink under the grief and terror of losing so dear and useful a friend. Accept and pardon our most earnest prayers and wishes for her longer continuance in this evil world, to do what thou art pleased to

* Mrs Johnson, alias Stella, died on the 28th of January following in the 44th year of her age.

call thy service, and is only her bounden duty ; that she may be still a comfort to us, and to all others, who will want the benefit of her conversation, her advice, her good offices, or her charity. And since thou hast promised, that where two or three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt be in the midst of them, to grant their request ; O gracious Lord, grant to us who are here met in thy name, that those requests, which, in the utmost sincerity and earnestness of our hearts, we have now made in behalf of this thy distressed servant, and of ourselves, may effectually be answered ; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

BONS MOTS de STELLA.

A Lady of my intimate acquaintance both in England and Ireland, in which last kingdom she lived from the eighteenth year of her age, twenty-six years, had the most and finest accomplishments of any person I ever knew of either sex. It was observed by all her acquaintance, that she never failed in company to say the best thing that was said, whoever was by ; yet her companions were usually persons of the best understanding in the kingdom. Some of us, who were her nearest friends, lamented that we never wrote down her remarks, and what the French call *bons mots*. I will recollect as many as I can remember.

We were diverting ourselves at a play called *What is it like ?* One person is to think, and the rest, without knowing the thing, to say what it is like. The thing thought on was the spleen : she had said it was like an oyster ; and gave her reason immediately, because it is removed by taking steel inwardly.

Dr Sheridan, who squandered more than he could afford, took out his purse as he sat by the fire, and found it was very hot : she said, the reason was, that his money burnt in his pocket.

She called to her servants to know what ill smell was in the kitchen ? they answered, they were making matches : Well, said she, I have heard matches were made

made in heaven ; but, by the brimstone, one would think they were made in hell.

After she had been eating some sweet thing, a little of it happened to stick on her lips ; a gentleman told her of it, and offered to lick it off ; she said, No, Sir, I thank you, I have a tongue of my own.

In the late king's time, a gentleman asked Jervas the painter, where he lived in London ? he answered, Next door to the king, (for his house was near St. James's). The other wondering how that could be ; she said, You mistake Mr Jervas, for he only means next door to the *sign* of a king.

A gentleman who had been very silly and pert in her company, at last began to grieve at remembering the loss of a child lately dead. A bishop sitting by comforted him, that he should be easy, because the child was gone to heaven. No, my Lord, said she, that is it which most grieves him, because he is sure never to see his child there.

Having seen some letters writ by a king in a very large hand, and some persons wondering at them, she said it confirmed the old saying, *That kings had long hands.*

Dr Sheridan, famous for punning, intending to sell a bargain, said, he had made a very good pun. Somebody asked what it was ? He answered, My a——. The other taking offence, she insisted the doctor was in the right ; for every knew that punning was his *blind side*.

When she was extremely ill, her physician said, Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavour to get you up again. She answered, Doctor, I fear I shall be *out of breath* before I get up to the top.

A dull person talking of a very smart thing said to another person as he came out of the pulpit, he was hammering a long time, but could not remember the jest : she being impatient, said, I remember it very well, for I was there, and the words were these : Sir, you have been blundering at a story this half-hour, and can neither make head nor tail of it.

A very dirty clergyman of her acquaintance, who affected smartness and repartee, was asked by some of the company, how his nails came to be so dirty ? He was at

at a loss ; but she solved the difficulty, by saying, The Doctor's nails grew dirty by scratching *himself*.

A Quaker apothecary sent her a vial corked ; it had a broad brim, and a label of paper about its neck. What is that, said she, my apothecary's son ? The ridiculous resemblance, and the suddenness of the question, set us all a-laughing.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS *.

LAWS penned with the utmost care and exactness, and in the vulgar language, are often perverted to wrong meanings ; then why should we wonder that the Bible is so ?

Although men are accused for not knowing their weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength.

A man seeing a wasp creeping into a vial filled with honey, that was hung on a fruit-tree, said thus : Why, thou sottish animal, art thou mad to go into the vial, where you see many hundred of your kind there dying before you ? The reproach is just ; answered the wasp : but not from you men, who are so far from taking example by other people's follies, that you will not take warning by your own. If, after falling several times into this vial, and escaping by chance, I should fall in again, I should then but resemble you.

An old miser kept a tame jackdaw, that used to steal pieces of money, and hide them in a hole ; which the cat observing, asked, why he would hoard up those round shining things that he could make no use of ? Why, said the jack-daw, my master has a whole chestful, and makes no more use of them than I.

Men are contented to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.

If the men of wit and genius would resolve never to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

* These *Thoughts*, and the *Bons mots de Stella*, seem to be part of Sheridan's collection of *Contes à rire*, and *Bons mots*, mentioned in letter 128.

After all the maxims and systems of trade and commerce, a stander-by would think the affairs of the world were most ridiculously contrived.

There are few countries, which, if well cultivated, would not support double the number of their inhabitants, and yet fewer, where one third part of the people are not extremely stinted, even in the necessaries of life. I send out twenty barrels of corn, which would maintain a family in bread for a year, and I bring back in return a vessel of wine, which half a dozen good fellows would drink in less than a month, at the expence of their health and reason.

A motto for the Jesuits :

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?

A man would have but few spectators, if he offered to shew for three pence how he could thrust a red hot iron into a barrel of gunpowder, and it should not take fire*.

Query. Whether churches are not dormitories of the living as well as of the dead?

Harry Killebrew said to Lord Wharton, " You would not swear at that rate, if you thought you were doing God honour."

A copy of verses kept in the cabinet, and only shewn to a few friends, is like a virgin much sought after and admired ; but when printed and published, is like a common whore, whom any body may purchase for half a crown.

Lewis XIV. of France spent his life in turning a good name into a great.

Since the union of divinity and humanity is the great article of our religion, it is odd to see some clergymen in their writings of divinity wholly devoid of humanity.

The Epicureans began to spread at Rome in the empire of Augustus, as the Socinians, and even the Epicureans too, did in England towards the end of King Charles II.'s reign ; which is reckoned, though very absurdly, our Augustan age. They both seem to be corruptions occasioned by luxury and peace, and by politeness beginning to decline.

* See *The wonder of wonders*, in vol. 4. p. 336.

Sometimes I read a book with pleasure, and detest the author.

At a bookseller's shop, some time ago, I saw a book with this title, *Poems by the author of the Choice* *. Not enduring to read a dozen lines, I asked the company with me, whether they had ever seen the book or heard of the poem from whence the author denominated himself; they were all as ignorant as I. But I find it common with these small dealers in wit and learning, to give themselves a title from their first adventure, as Don Quixote usually did from his last. This ariseth from that great importance which every man supposeth himself to be of.

One Dennis, commonly called *the critic*, who had writ a three-penny pamphlet against the power of France, being in the country, and hearing of a French privateer hovering about the coast, although he were twenty miles from the sea, fled to town, and told his friends, they need not wonder at his haste; for the King of France having got intelligence where he was, had sent a privateer on purpose to catch him †.

Dr Gee, prebendary of Westminster, who had writ a small paper against Popery, being obliged to travel for his health, affected to disguise his person and change his name, as he passed through Portugal, Spain, and Italy; telling all the English he met, that he was afraid of being murdered, or put into the inquisition. He was acting the same farce at Paris, till Mr Prior (who was then secretary to the embassy) quite disconcerted the Doctor, by maliciously discovering the secret, and offering to engage body for body, that not a creature would hurt him, or had ever heard of him or his pamphlet.

A chambermaid to a lady of my acquaintance, thirty miles from London, had the very same turn of thought. When talking with one of her fellow-servants, she said, "I hear it is all over London already, that I am going to leave my lady." And so had a footman, who being newly married, desired his comrade to tell him freely what the town said of it.

* The Rev. Mr Pomfret, a dissenting minister.

† See *An account of the phrenzy of John Dennis*, in vol. 5. p. 308.

When somebody was telling a certain great minister, that people were discontented; "Poh," said he, "half a dozen fools are prating in a coffeehouse, and presently think their own noise about their ears is made by the world."

The death of a private man is generally of so little importance to the world, that it cannot be a thing of great importance in itself; and yet I do not observe, from the practice of mankind, that either philosophy or nature have sufficiently armed us against the fears which attend it. Neither do I find any thing able to reconcile us to it, but extreme pain, shame, or despair; for poverty, imprisonment, ill fortune, grief, sickness, and old age, do generally fail.

Whence comes the custom of bidding a woman look upon her apron-strings to find an excuse? Was it not from the apron of fig-leaves worn by Eve, when she covered herself, and was the first of her sex who made a bad excuse, for eating the forbidden fruit?

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

Do not we see how easily we pardon our own actions and passions, and the very infirmities of our bodies; why should it be wonderful to find us pardon our own dullness?

Dignity and station, or great riches, are in some sort necessary to old men, in order to keep the younger at a distance, who are otherwise too apt to insult them upon the score of their age.

There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage, as vanity; nor any which by ill management makes so contemptible a figure.

Observation is an old man's memory.

Politics are nothing but corruptions, and are consequently of no use to a good king or a good ministry; for which reason all courts are so full of politics.

Eloquence smooth and cutting, is like a razor whetted with oil.

Imaginary evils soon becomes real ones, by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil,
make

make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road, by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my Lord Bolingbroke, and desired he would observe, that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge, to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a strong hand; whereas, if they should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it go often out of the crease, and disfigure the paper.

He who does not provide for his own house, St Paul says, is worse than an infidel. And I think, he who provides only for his own house, is just equal with an infidel.

Jealousy, like fire, may shrivel up horns, but it makes them stink.

A footman's hat should fly off to every body; and therefore Mercury, who was Jupiter's footman, had wings fastened to his cap.

When a man pretends love, but courts for money, he is like a juggler, who conjures away your shilling, and conveys something very indecent under the hat.

All panegyrics are mingled with an infusion of poppy.

I have known men happy enough at ridicule, who, upon grave subjects, were perfectly stupid; of which Dr Echard of Cambridge, who writ *The contempt of the clergy*, was a great instance.

One top of Parnassus was sacred to Bacchus, the other to Apollo.

Matrimony hath many children; Repentance, Discord, Poverty, Jealousy, Sickness, Spleen, Loathing, &c.

Vision is the art of seeing things invisible.

The two maxims of any great man at court are, Always to keep his countenance; and, Never to keep his word.

I asked a poor man how he did? He said, he was like a washball, always in decay.

Hippocrates, *apb. 32. sect. 6.* observes, that stuttering people are always subject to a looseness. I wish physicians had power to remove the profusion of words in many people to the inferior parts.

A man dreamed he was a cuckold ; a friend told him it was a bad sign, because when a dream is true, Virgil says it passes through the horned gate.

Love is a flame ; and therefore we say, beauty is attractive ; because physicians observe that fire is a great drawer.

Civis, the most honourable name among the Romans ; a citizen, a word of contempt among us.

A lady who had gallantries and several children, told her husband, he was like the austere man, who reaped where he did not sow.

We read that an ass's head was sold for eighty pieces of silver ; they have been lately sold ten thousand times dearer, and yet they were never more plentiful.

I must complain the cards are ill shuffled, till I have a good hand.

Very few men do properly live at present, but are providing to live another time.

When I am reading a book, whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive, and talking to me.

Whoever live at a different end of the town from me, I look upon as persons out of the world, and only myself and the scene about me to be in it.

When I was young, I thought all the world, as well as myself, was wholly taken up in discoursing upon the last new play.

My Lord Cromarty, after fourscore, went to his country-house in Scotland, with a resolution to stay six years there, and live thriftily, in order to save up money, that he might spend in London.

It is said of the horses in the vision, that their power was in their mouths and in their tails. What is said of horses in the vision, in reality may be said of women.

Elephants are always drawn smaller than the life, but a flea always larger.

When old folks tell us of many passages in their youth between them and their company, we are apt to think how much happier those times were than the present.

Why does the elder sister dance barefoot, when the younger is married before her ? Is it not that she may appear shorter, and consequently be thought younger than the bride ?

No

No man will take counsel, but every man will take money; therefore money is better than counsel.

I never yet knew a wag (as the term is) who was not a dunce.

A person reading to me a dull poem of his own making, I prevailed on him to scratch out six lines together; in turning over the leaf, the ink being wet, it marked as many lines on the other side; whereof the poet complaining, I bid him be easy, for it would be better if those were out too.

At Windsor I was observing to my Lord Bolingbroke, that the tower where the maids of honour lodged (who at that time were not very handsome) was much frequented with crows. My Lord said, it was because they smelt carrion.

The STORY of the INJURED LADY.

Written by herself.

In a Letter to her FRIEND.

With his ANSWER.

S I R,

BEing ruined by the inconstancy and unkindness of a lover, I hope a true and plain relation of my misfortunes may be of use and warning to credulous maids, never to put too much trust in deceitful men.

A gentleman * in the neighbourhood had two mistresses, another and myself †; and he pretended honourable love to us both. Our three houses stood pretty near one another. His was parted from mine by a river ‡, and from my rival's by an old broken wall ||. But before I enter into the particulars of this gentleman's hard usage of me, I will give a very just impartial character of my rival and myself.

* England.

† Scotland and Ireland.

‡ The Irish sea.

|| The Picts' wall.

As to her person, she is tall and lean, and very ill shaped ; she hath bad features, and a worse complexion ; she hath a stinking breath, and twenty ill smells about her besides ; which are yet more unsufferable, by her natural sluttishness ; for she is always lousy, and never without the itch. As to her other qualities, she hath no reputation either for virtue, honesty, truth, or manners : and it is no wonder, considering what her education hath been. Scolding and cursing are her common conversation. To sum up all ; she is poor and beggarly, and gets a sorry maintenance by pilfering wherever she comes. As for this gentleman, who is now so fond of her, she still beareth him an invincible hatred ; revileth him to his face, and railleth at him in all companies. Her house is frequented by a company of rogues, and thieves, and pick-pockets, whom she encourageth to rob his henroosts, steal his corn and cattle, and do him all manner of mischief. She hath been known to come at the head of these rascals, and beat her lover until he was sore from head to foot, and then force him to pay for the trouble she was at. Once attended with a crew of raggamuffins, she broke into his house, turned all things topsy-turvy, and then set it on fire. At the same time she told so many lies among his servants, that it set them all by the ears, and his poor steward * was knocked on the head ; for which I think, and so doth all the country, that she ought to be answerable. To conclude her character : She is of a different religion, being a Presbyterian of the most rank and virulent kind, and consequently having an inveterate hatred to the church ; yet I am sure, I have been always told, that in marriage there ought to be an union of minds as well as of persons.

I will now give my own character ; and shall do it in few words, and with modesty and truth.

I was reckoned to be as handsome as any in our neighbourhood, until I became pale and thin with grief and ill usage. I am still fair enough, and have, I think, no very ill feature about me. They that see me now, will hardly allow me ever to have had any great share of

* Charles I.

beauty ; for, besides being so much altered, I go always mobbed, and in an undress, as well out of neglect, as indeed for want of cloaths to appear in. I might add to all this, that I was born to a good estate, although it now turneth to little account, under the oppressions I endure, and hath been the true cause of all my misfortunes.

Some years ago this gentleman taking a fancy either to my person or fortune, made his addressee to me ; which, being then young and foolish, I too readily admitted. He seemed to use me with so much tenderness, and his conversation was so very engaging, that all my constancy and virtue were too soon overcome ; and, to dwell no longer upon a theme that causeth such bitter reflections, I must confess with shame, that I was undone by the common arts practised upon all easy credulous virgins, half by force, and half by consent, after solemn vows and protestations of marriage. When he had once got possession, he soon began to play the usual part of a too fortunate lover, affecting on all occasions to shew his authority, and to act like a conqueror. First, he found fault with the government of my family, which I grant was none of the best, consisting of ignorant illiterate creatures ; for at that time I knew but little of the world. In compliance to him, therefore, I agreed to fall into his ways and methods of living. I consented that his steward should govern my house, and have liberty to employ an under-steward *, who should receive his directions. My lover proceeded farther, turning away several old servants and tenants, and supplying me with others from his own house. These grew so domineering and unreasonable, that there was no quiet, and I heard of nothing but perpetual quarrels ; which although I could not possibly help, yet my lover laid all the blame and punishment upon me ; and, upon every falling out, still turned away more of my people, and supplied me in their stead with a number of fellows and dependents of his own, whom he had no other way to provide for. Overcome by love, and to avoid noise and contention, I yielded to all his usurpations ; and finding it in vain to

* Lord Lieutenant.

resist, I thought it my best policy, to make my court to my new servants, and draw them to my interests. I fed them from my own table with the best I had, put my new tenants on the choice parts of my land, and treated them all so kindly, that they began to love me as well as their master. In process of time all my old servants were gone, and I had not a creature about me, nor above one or two tenants, but what were of his chusing; yet I had the good luck, by gentle usage, to bring over the greatest part of them to my side. When my lover observed this, he began to alter his language; and to those who inquired about me, he would answer, that I was an old dependent upon his family, whom he had placed on some concerns of his own; and he began to use me accordingly, neglecting by degrees all common civility in his behaviour. I shall never forget the speech he made me one morning, which he delivered with all the gravity in the world. He put me in mind of the vast obligations I lay under to him, in sending me so many of his people for my own good, and to teach me manners: that it had cost him ten times more than I was worth to maintain me: that it had been much better for him if I had been damned, or burnt, or sunk to the bottom of the sea: that it was but reasonable I should strain myself as far as I was able, to reimburse him some of his charges: that, from henceforward, he expected his word should be a law to me in all things: that I must maintain a parish-watch against thieves and robbers, and give salaries to an overseer, a constable, and others, all of his own chusing, whom he would send from time to time to be spies upon me: that, to enable me the better in supporting these expences, my tenants shall be obliged to carry all their goods cross the river, to his own town-market, and pay toll on both sides, and then sell them at half value. But because we were a nasty sort of people, and that he could not endure to touch any thing we had a hand in, and likewise, because he wanted work to employ his own folks, therefore we must send all our goods to his market just in their naturals; the milk immediately from the cow, without making it into cheese or butter; the corn in the ear; the grass as it is mowed; the wool as it cometh from the sheep's back; and

and bring the fruit upon the branch, that he might not be obliged to eat it after our filthy hands: that, if a tenant carried but a piece of bread and cheese to eat by the way, or an inch of worsted to mend his stockings, he should forfeit his whole parcel; and because a company of rogues usually plied on the river between us, who often robbed my tenants of their goods and boats, he ordered a waterman of his to guard them, whose manner was, to be out of the way untill the poor wretches were plundered; then to overtake the thieves, and seize all as lawful prize to his master and himself. It would be endless to repeat a hundred other hardships he hath put upon me; but it is a general rule, that whenever he imagines the smallest advantage will redound to one of his footboys, by any new oppression of me and my whole family and estate, he never disputeth it a moment. All this hath rendered me so very insignificant and contemptible at home, that some servants, to whom I pay the greatest wages, and many tenants, who have the most beneficial leases, are gone over to live with him; yet I am bound to continue their wages, and pay their rents: by which means one third part of my whole income is spent on his estate, and above another third by his tolls and markets; and my poor tenants are so sunk and impoverished, that instead of maintaining me suitably to my quality, they can hardly find me cloaths to keep me warm, or provide the common necessities of life for themselves.

Matters being in this posture between me and my lover; I received intelligence, that he had been for some time making very pressing overtures of marriage to my rival, untill there happened some misunderstandings between them. She gave him ill words, and threatened to break off all commerce with him. He, on the other side, having either acquired courage by his triumphs over me, or supposing her as tame a fool as I, thought at first to carry it with a high hand; but hearing at the same time, that she had thoughts of making some private proposals to join with me against him, and doubting, with very good reason, that I would readily accept them, he seemed very much disconcerted. This I thought was a proper occasion to shew some great example of generosity and love;

love; and so, without further consideration, I sent him word, that hearing there was like to be a quarrel between him and my rival, notwithstanding all that had passed, and without binding him to any conditions in my own favour, I would stand by him, against her and all the world, while I had a penny in purse, or a petticoat to pawn. This message was subscribed by all my chief tenants; and proved so powerful, that my rival immediately grew more tractable upon it. The result of which was, that there is now a treaty of marriage* concluded between them; the wedding-cloaths are bought, and nothing remaineth but to perform the ceremony, which is put off for some days, because they design it to be a public wedding. And, to reward my love, constancy, and generosity, he hath bestowed on me the office of being sempstress to his grooms and footmen, which I am forced to accept or starve. Yet, in the midst of this my situation, I cannot but have some pity for this deluded man, to cast himself away on an infamous creature; who, whatever she pretendeth, I can prove, would at this very minute rather be a whore to a certain great man, that shall be nameless, if she might have her will. For my part, I think, and so doth all the country too, that the man is possessed; at least none of us are able to imagine what he can possibly see in her, unless she hath bewitched him, or given him some powder.

I am sure I never sought this alliance; and you can bear me witness, that I might have had other matches; nay, if I were lightly disposed, I could still perhaps have offers, that some, who hold their heads higher, would be glad to accept. But alas! I never had any such wicked thought; all I now desire is, only to enjoy a little quiet, to be free from the persecutions of this unreasonable man, and that he will let me manage my own little fortune to the best advantage; for which I will undertake to pay him a considerable pension every year, much more considerable than what he now gets by his oppressions; for he must needs find himself a loser at last, when he hath drained me and my tenants so dry, that

* Treaty of union.

we shall not have a penny for him or ourselves. There is one imposition of his I had almost forgot, which I think insufferable, and will appeal to you or any reasonable person, whether it be so or not. I told you before, that, by an old compact, we agreed to have the same steward; at which time I consented likewise to regulate my family and estate by the same method with him, which he then shewed me written down in form, and I approved of. Now, the turn he thinks fit to give this compact of ours is very extraordinary; for he pretends, that whatever orders he shall think fit to prescribe for the future in his family, he may, if he will, compel mine to observe them, without asking my advice, or hearing my reasons. So that I must not make a lease without his consent, or give any directions for the well governing of my family, but what he countermands whenever he pleaseth. This leaveth me at such confusion and uncertainty, that my servants know not when to obey me, and my tenants, although many of them be very well inclined, seem quite at a loss.

But I am too tedious upon this melancholy subject; which, however, I hope, you will forgive, since the happiness of my whole life dependeth upon it. I desire you will think a while, and give your best advice what measures I shall take with prudence, justice, courage, and honour, to protect my liberty and fortune against the hardships and severities I lie under from that unkind, inconsistent man.

The ANSWER to the INJURED LADY.

MADAM,

I Have received your Ladyship's letter, and carefully considered every part of it; and shall give you my opinion how you ought to proceed for your own security. But, first, I must beg leave to tell your Ladyship, that you were guilty of an unpardonable weakness t'other day, in making that offer to your lover, of standing by him in any quarrel he might have with your rival. You know very well, that she began to apprehend

hence he had designs of using her as he had done you; and common prudence might have directed you, rather to have entered into some measures with her for joining against him, until he might, at least, be brought to some reasonable terms: but your invincible hatred to that lady hath carried your resentments so high, as to be the cause of your ruin. Yet if you please to consider, this aversion of yours began a good while before she became your rival, and was taken up by you and your family in a sort of compliment to your lover, who formerly had a great abhorrence for her. It is true, since that time you have suffered very much by her incroachments upon your estate, but she never pretended to govern or direct you: and now you have drawn a new enemy upon yourself; for I think you may count upon all the ill offices she can possibly do you by her credit with her husband; whereas, if instead of openly declaring against her, without any provocation, you had but sat still a while, and said nothing, that gentlemen would have lessened his severity to you out of perfect fear. This weakness of yours you call generosity; but I doubt there was more in the matter. In short, Madam, I have good reasons to think you were betrayed to it by the pernicious counsels of some about you: for, to my certain knowledge, several of your tenants and servants, to whom you have been very kind, are as arrant rascals as any in the country. I cannot but observe what a mighty difference there is in one particular between your Ladyship and your rival. Having yielded up your person, you thought nothing else worth defending; and therefore you will not now insist upon these very conditions for which you yielded at first. But your Ladyship cannot be ignorant, that some years since your rival did the same thing, and upon no conditions at all; nay, this gentleman kept her as a mistress, and yet made her pay for her very diet and lodging. But, it being at a time when he had no steward, and his family out of order, she stole away, and hath now got the trick very well known among the women of the town, to grant a man the favour over night, and the next day have the impudence to deny it to his face. But it is too late to reproach you with any former oversights, which cannot now be rectified. I know
the

the matters of fact, as you relate them, are true and fairly represented. My advice therefore is this: Get your tenants together as soon as you conveniently can, and make them agree to the following resolutions.

First, That your family and tenants have no dependence upon the said gentleman, further than by the old agreement, which obligeth you to have the same steward, and to regulate your household by such methods as you shall both agree to.

Secondly, That you will not carry your goods to the market of his town, unless you please, nor be hindered from carrying them any where else.

Thirdly, That the servants you pay wages to, shall live at home, or forfeit their places.

Fourthly, That whatever lease you make to a tenant, it shall not be in his power to break it.

If he will agree to these articles, I advise you to contribute as largely as you can to all charges of parish and county.

I can assure you, several of that gentleman's ablest tenants and servants are against his severe usage of you, and would be glad of an occasion to convince the rest of their error, if you will not be wanting to yourself.

If the gentleman refuses these just and reasonable offers, pray let me know it, and perhaps I may think of something else that will be more effectual.

I am,

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's, &c.

A consultation of four physicians upon a lord that was dying.

First Doctor. **I**S his honor sic? Præ lætus felis puls.
It do es beat veris loto de.

Second Doctor. No notis as qui cassi e ver fel tu metri
it. Inde edit is as fastas an alarum, ora fire bellat nite.

Third Doctor. It is veri hi.

Fourth Doctor. Noto contra dictu in mi juge mentitis
veri

veri loto de. It is as orta maladi sum callet. Here e
ver id octo reti resto a par lori na mel an coli post ure.

— *First Doctor.* It is a megri mas I opi ne.

Second Doctor. No docto rite quit fora quin si. Heris
a plane sim tomo fit. Sorites Para cellus : præ re adit.

First Doctor. Nono doctor I never quo te aqua casu do,

Second Doctor. Sum arso : mi autoris no ne.

Third Doctor. No quare lingat præ senti des ire. His
honor is sic offa colli casure as i sit here.

Fourth Doctor. It is æther an atro phi ora colli casu
sed. Ire membri re ad it in doctor me ades esse, here itis.

Third Doctor. I ne ver re ad apage init, no re ver in
tendit.

Second Doctor. Fer ne lis offa qui te deferent noti o
nas i here.

First Doctor. Notis ab ludi fluxit is veri plene.

Second Doctor. I fitis a fluxit me re qui re ac lis ter.

Third Doctor. I a ver his cassis venire a lassu disco ver
edit in as hanc cor ; an da poli pus in his no se. An di
fit be as i cetis, ago no rea me en sue.

First Doctor. It is ad ange rus casus ani.

Fourth Doctor. I mus tellure alitis ago uti humor in
his belli. Hi sto macto is empti.

First Doctor. It me bea pluri si ; avo metis veri pro per
fora manat his age.

Second Doctor. Ure par donat presenti des ire ; his dis
eas is a cataride clare it.

Third Doctor. Atlas tume findit as tone in his quid ni
es.

Fourth Doctor. It is alea pro si fora uti se. Præ hos
his a poti cari ? cantu tellus. Ab lis ter me bene cessa
risum decens. It is as urem edi in manicas es.

Third Doctor. I findit isto late tot hinc offa rem edi ;
fori here his honor is de ad.

Second Doctor. His time is cum.

First Doctor. Is it trudo ut hinc ?

Fourth Doctor. It is veri certa in, His par is belli sto
ringo ut foris de partu re.

Third Doctor. Næ, i sis ecce lens is de ad lætus en dum
apri esto præ foris sole. His honor has bina cato liquor
a de isti here.

First

First Doctor. Alor dis sum times as tingi as an usu reris.

Second Doctor. A pi stolis aligo time a verbi mi at en dans fora forte nite.

Third Doctor. O mei ne vera tendo na nil ordinis sic nes ani more.

Fourth Doctor. Api stolis ne a quin in a nil ordo fis qua liti; sum pes fore times more. It istos mala fito a doc tor o fis hic.

Second Doctor. Lætus paco fitis time.

First Doctor. Abigo ditis hi time inde editis forus alto fallas campe ringo fas fastas arato ut offa da iri; fori fera bea tinge veri minute; bimi solido. His lac quis, an das turdis aulli sto ut valet is rea di forus.

Second Doctor. Ali feris ab ast in a do, fori here ano is at adis stans.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

For the honour of the KINGDOM of IRELAND.

THis is to inform the public, that a gentleman of long study, observation, and experience, hath employed himself for several years in making collections of facts, relating to the conduct of *divines, physicians, lawyers, soldiers, merchants, traders, and esquires*; containing an historical account of the most remarkable *corruptions, frauds, oppressions, knaveries, and perjuries*; wherein the names of all the persons concerned shall be inserted at full length, with some account of their families and stations.

But, whereas the said gentleman cannot complete his history without some assistance from the public, he humbly desires, that all persons who have any memoirs, or accounts, relating to *themselves, their families, their friends, or acquaintance*, which are well attested, and fit to enrich the work, will please to send them to the printer of this advertisement: and if any of the said persons who are disposed to send materials, happen to live in the country, it is desired their letters may be either franked, or the post paid.

314 CHARACTER OF P—TE M—H.

This collection is to commence with the year 1700, and be continued to the present year 1738. The work is to be intitled, *The author's critical history of his own times.*

It is intended to be printed by subscription, in a large octavo ; each volume to contain five hundred facts, and to be sold for a British crown. The author proposeth that the whole work (which will take in the period of thirty eight years) shall be contained in eighteen volumes.

Whoever shall send the author any accounts of persons who have performed any acts of *justice, charity, public spirit, gratitude, fidelity*, or the like, attested by indubitable witnesses within the same period ; the said facts shall be printed, by way of appendix, at the end of each volume, and no addition to the price of the work demanded. But lest such persons may apprehend, that the relating of these facts may be injurious to their reputations, their names shall not be set down without particular direction.

N. B. There will be a small number printed on royal paper for the curious, at only two British crowns. There will also be the *effigies* of the most eminent persons mentioned in this work, prefixed to each volume, curiously engraved by Mr. Hogarth.

Subscriptions are taken in by the printer hereof, and by the booksellers of London and Dublin.

A character of P—TE M—H.

M— has the reputation of most profound and universal learning : this is the general opinion, neither can it be easily disproved. An old rusty iron chest in a banker's shop, strongly locked, and wonderful heavy, is full of gold ; this is the general opinion, neither can it be disproved, provided the key be lost, and what is in it be wedged so close that it will not by any motion discover the metal by the chinking. Doing
good

good is his pleasure ; and as no man consults another in his pleasures, neither does he in this ; by his awkwardness and unadvisedness disappointing his own good designs. His high station hath placed him in the way of great employments ; which, without the least polishing his native rusticity, have given him a tincture of pride and ambition. But these vices would have passed concealed under his natural simplicity, if he had not endeavoured to hide them by art. His disposition to study is the very same with that of an usurer to hoard up money, or of a vitious young fellow to a wench ; nothing but avarice and evil concupiscence, to which his constitution has fortunately given a more innocent turn. He is sordid and suspicious in his domestics, without love or hatred ; which is but reasonable, since he has neither friend nor enemy ; without joy or grief ; in short, without all passions but fear, to which of all others he hath least temptation, having nothing to get or to lose ; no posterity, relation, or friend, to be solicitous about ; and placed by his station above the reach of fortune or envy. He hath found out the secret of preferring men without deserving their thanks ; and where he dispenses his favours to persons of merit, they are less obliged to him than to fortune. He is the first of human race, that, with great advantages of learning, piety, and station, ever escaped being a great man. That which relishes best with him, is mixed liquor and mixed company, and he is seldom unprovided with very bad of both. He is so wise to value his own health more than other mens noses ; so that the most honourable place at his table is much the worst, especially in summer. It hath been affirmed, that originally he was not altogether devoid of wit, till it was extruded from his head to make room for other mens thoughts. He will admit a governor, provided it be one who is very officious and diligent, outwardly pious, and one that knows how to manage and make the most of his fear. No man will be either glad or sorry at his death, except his successor.

The blunders, deficiencies, distreffes, and misfortunes of **QUILCA**.

Proposed to contain one and twenty volumes in quarto. Begun April 20. 1724. To be continued weekly, if due encouragement be given.

BUT one lock and a half in the whole house.

The key of the garden-door lost.

The empty bottles all uncleanable.

The vessels for drink few and leaky.

The new house all going to ruin before it is finished.

One hinge of the street-door broke off, and the people forced to go out and come in at the back door.

The door of the Dean's bed-chamber full of large chinks.

The beaufet letting in so much wind that it almost blows out the candles.

The Dean's bed threatening every night to fall under him.

The little table loose and broken in the joints.

The passages open over head, by which the cats pass continually into the cellar, and eat the victuals; for which one was tried, condemned, and executed by the sword.

The large table in a very tottering condition.

But one chair in the house fit for sitting on, and that in a very ill state of health.

The kitchen perpetually crouded with savages.

Not a bit of mutton to be had in the country.

Want of beds, and a mutiny thereupon among the servants, till supplied from Kells.

An egregious want of all the most common necessary utensils.

Not a bit of turf this cold weather, and Mrs Johnson and the Dean in person, with all their servants, forced to assist at the bog in gathering up the wet bottoms of old clamps.

The grate in the ladies bed-chamber broke, and forced to be removed, by which they were compelled to be without

without fire ; the chimney smoking intolerably ; and the Dean's great coat was employed to stop the wind from coming down the chimney, without which expedient they must have been starved to death.

A messenger sent a mile to borrow an old broken tun-dish.

Bottles stopped with bits of wood and tow, instead of corks.

Not one utensil for a fire, except an old pair of tongs, which travels through the house, and is likewise employed to take the meat out of the pot, for want of a flesh-fork.

Every servant an arrant thief as to victuals and drink, and every comer and goer as arrant a thief of every thing he or she can lay their hands on.

The spit blunted with poking into bogs for timber, and tears the meat to pieces.

Bellum atque sæminam : or, A kitchen-war between nurse and a nasty crew of both sexes ; she to preserve order and cleanliness, they to destroy both ; and they generally are conquerors.

April 28. This morning the great fore-door quite open, dancing backwards and forwards with all its weight upon the lower hinge, which must have been broken, if the Dean had not accidentally come and relieved it.

A great hole in the floor of the ladies chamber, every hour hazarding a broken leg.

Two damnable iron spikes erect on the Dean's bedstead, by which he is in danger of a broken shin at rising and going to bed.

The ladies and Dean's servants growing fast into the manners and thieveries of the natives ; the ladies themselves very much corrupted ; the Dean perpetually storming, and in danger of either losing all his flesh, or sinking into barbarity for the sake of peace.

Mrs Dingley full of cares for herself, and blunders, and negligence for her friends. Mrs Johnson sick and helpless. The Dean deaf and fretting ; the lady's maid awkward and clumsy ; Robert lazy and forgetful ; William a pragmatistical, ignorant, and conceited puppy ;

Robin and nurse the two great and only supports of the family.

Bellum lacteum ; or The milky battle, fought between the Dean and the crew of Quilca ; the latter insisting on their privilege of not milking till eleven in the forenoon ; whereas Mrs Johnson wanted milk at eight for her health. In this battle the Dean got the victory : but the crew of Quilca begin to rebel again ; for it is this day almost ten o'clock, and Mrs Johnston hath not got her milk.

A proverb on the laziness and lodgings of the servants
The worse their sty, the longer they lie.

Two great holes in the wall of the ladies bed-chamber, just at the back of the bed, and one of them directly behind Mrs Johnson's pillow, either of which would blow out a candle in the calmest day.

A modest DEFENCE of a late POEM by an unknown author, called, THE LADY'S DRESSING ROOM*.

Written in the year 1732.

[*The poem on the Lady's Dressing-room having given offence to a few squeamish ladies, and some fine gentlemen, it was thought proper to publish the following defence.*]

A Poem, or pamphlet, published in this kingdom without a name, will not long want one, if the paper maketh any noise.

There is a certain *person* of distinction among us, who is conjectured to have written many things, both in prose and verse, for the service of the nation, which undoubtedly were published with his own consent. It is also believed, that he has composed others occasionally, for the amusement of himself and a few intimate friends ; which, by the indiscretion of others, were, from stolen and incorrect copies, *dragged into light*.

But I hold it for certain, that a much greater num-

* See this poem in vol. 6. p. 341.

ber have, by the boldness of *printers*, and the want of judgment in *readers*, been charged upon that *author*, wherein he never had the smallest finger, as I am assured he hath often declared; and, which is remarkable, was as free in disowning some writings charged upon him, of which he had no reason to be ashamed, as he could be of the meanest productions of Hibernian Grubstreet.

As to those *fatal verses*, called *The lady's dressing-room*, which have so highly inflamed the whole sex, (except a very few of better judgment); as I can by no means justify the vulgar opinion, that seemeth to fix it upon a person so well known for works of a very different nature; so I cannot but lament the prevailing ill taste among us, which is not able to discover that useful satire running through every line, and the matter as decently wrapped up as it is possible the subject could bear.

Cleanliness hath, in all polite ages and nations, been esteemed the chief corporal perfection in *women*; as it is well known to those who are conversant with the ancient *poets*. And so it is still among the young people of judgment and sobriety, when they are disposed to marry. And I do not doubt, but that there is a great number of young ladies in this town and kingdom, who, in reading that poem, find great complacency in their own minds, from a consciousness, that the satirical part in the *Lady's dressing-room* doth not in the least affect them.

Wherefore it is manifest, that no *poem* was ever written with a better design for the service of the *sex*: wherein our *author* hath observed, to a title, the precepts of his master Horace; or, indeed, rather hath gone very far beyond him, in the article of *decency*.

That great *poet*, instructing us what actions are fittest to be produced openly upon the *scene*, and which are most proper to be only related to the audience, goeth many lengths beyond the *author* of the *Lady's dressing-room*; for, at the same instant when he saith, some actions should not appear as done upon the stage, he allows, they may be *recited* with pleasure and *elegance*; and yet when he cometh to particulars, his recital is extremely gross, and so are his very *precepts* which forbid the actions: that if our infinitely more modest *author* had

had imitated his *master's style*, the whole world might, with great appearance of reason, have been up in arms against him.

Therefore, to set those two *poets* in a true light, I have ventured, for the satisfaction of both sexes, to translate as literally as I could, ten lines in Horace, upon the very same subject, which our *author* hath handled with a decency so far superior to his Roman master.

To justify the truth of my translation, I desire all fine gentlemen and ladies will appeal from me to the information of the learned, that I may be wholly clear from the least censure of misrepresenting so great an authority ; for, indeed, if I have been guilty of any fault, it is in palliating the gross expressions in the original, and softening them very much to the *politeness* of the *present age*.

The Latin is word for word as follows.

*Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.
Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator. Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in scenam ; multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.
Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet ;
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus.
Aut in avem Progne vertetur, Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

The literal translation whereof is thus.

Some ladies *do their need* before your face :
Some only tell the *action* and the *place*.
Our mind is less provok'd by what it hears,
Than what the fact before our eyes appears.
In closet dark, your *cedar-box* be hid ;
Not in a parlour shown without the lid.
Some *actions* must be always out of sight,
Yet, *elegantly told*, may give delight.

Nurse

Nurse must not hold the child, and cry *Eee Hee*,
 When Madam and her friends are o'er their tea.
 Atreus, with ladies by, mistakes his wit,
 In new born t——s to run a red-hot spit.
 Miss Progne must not cry, *A bird, a bird!*
 Before good company, and shew a t——d.
 Cadmus, who voids out worms of monstrous size,
 In mere good manners should deceive our eyes;
 Must do his dirty work behind the scene,
 And ere he shews the *vermin*, wipe them clean.
 To bring such odious objects full in view,
 Though *fools* may laugh, 'twill make a *wise man* spue.

I desire the reader will compare the least exceptionable lines in the *Lady's dressing-room* with the least offensive of these in Horace; although purged by me, as much as could consist with preserving the true sense of the original. Yet this was the great *master of politeness* in the Roman empire, at the time it flourished most in *arts and arms*.

Horace, you see, makes use of the plain slovenly words, which our decent Irish *poet* industriously avoideth, and skippeth over a hundred dirty places, without fouling his shoes. Horace, on the contrary, plainly calleth a *spade*, a *spade*, when there was not the least necessity; and when, with equal ease, as well as significance, he might have expressed his meaning in homely terms, fit for the nicest ears of a *queen* or a *duchess*.

I do therefore positively decide in favour of our *Hibernian bard*, upon the article of *decency*; and am ready to defend my proposition against all mankind; that, in the ten lines of Horace, here faithfully and favourably translated, there are ten times more *slovenly expressions*, than in the whole *poem* called *The lady's dressing-room*; and for the truth of this proposition, I am ready to appeal to all the young ladies of the kingdom, or to such a *committee* as my very adversaries shall appoint.

The

The Address of the Inhabitants of the liberty of
the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's, Dublin*.

WE, the inhabitants of the liberty of the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and the neighbourhood of the same, having been informed, by universal report, that a certain man of this city hath openly threatened and sworn, before many hundred people, as well persons of quality as others, that he resolves, upon the first opportunity, by the help of several ruffians, to murder or maim the Reverend the Dean of St. Patrick's, our neighbour, benefactor, and head of the liberty of St. Patrick's, upon a frivolous unproved suspicion, of the said Dean's having written some lines in verse reflecting on the said man :

Therefore we, the said inhabitants of the said liberty, and in the neighbourhood thereof, from our great love and respect to the said Dean, to whom the whole kingdom hath so many obligations, as well as we of the liberty, do unanimously declare, that we will endeavour to defend the life and limbs of the said Dean against the said man, and all his ruffians and murderers, as far as the law will allow : if he, or any of them, presume to come into the said liberty, with any wicked malicious intent, against the house, or family, or person, or goods of the said Dean. To which we have chearfully, sincerely, and heartily set our hands.

The Dean being in bed, very much indisposed, and not able to receive the said persons, dictated the following answer.

GENTLEMEN,

I receive with great thankfulness these many kind expressions of your concern for my safety, as well as your declared resolution to defend me (as far as the laws of God and man will allow) against all murderers and ruffians, who shall attempt to enter into the liberty with

* See an account of the occasion of this address, and the answer, in Dr Swift's life, prefixed to vol. i.

any bloody or wicked designs, upon my life, my limbs, my house, or my goods. Gentlemen, my life is in the hands of God ; and whether it may be cut off by treachery, or open violence, or by the common way of other men, as long as it continues, I shall ever bear a grateful memory for this favour you have shewn, beyond my expectation, and almost exceeding my wishes. The inhabitants of the liberty, as well as those of the neighbourhood, have lived with me in great amity for near twenty years ; which, I am confident, will never diminish during my life. I am chiefly sorry, that by two cruel disorders of deafness and giddiness, which have pursued me for four months, I am not in a condition either to hear, or to receive you, much less to return my most sincere acknowledgments, which in justice and gratitude I ought to do. May God bless you and your families in this world, and make you for ever happy in the next.

A LETTER from the GRAND MISTRESS of
the FEMALE FREE MASONS to GEORGE
FAULKNER, Printer.

*Ixion, impious, lewd, profane,
Bright Juno woo'd, but woo'd in vain.
Long had he languish'd for the dame,
Till Jove, at length, to quench his flame,
Some say for fear, some say for pity,
Sent him a cloud, like Juno pretty,
As like as if 'twere drawn by painters,
On which he got a race of Centaurs.
A bite, quoth VENUS.——*

A. B. C. lib. 6. p. 107.

Seeing it is of late become a fashion in town, in writing to all the world, to address to you, our society of *Female Free Masons*, has also chosen you for our printer ; and so, without preface, art, or embellishment, (for truth and a short paper needs none of them), our *female lodge* has the whole mystery as well as any lodge
in

in Europe, with proper instructions in writing; and, what will seem more strange to you, without the least taint of *perjury*. By this time any *reader* who is a *ma-son*, will, I know, laugh, and not without indignation. But that matters not much; our sex has long owed yours this good turn. You refused to admit Q. Elisabeth, and even Semiramis Queen of Babylon, though each of them (without *punning*) had a great deal of *male flesh* upon their bodies; but, at last, you will be forced to own we have it; and thus it was we came by it.

A gentleman, who is a great friend to all our members, who has since instructed and formed us into a *lodge*, and whom we therefore call our *guardian*, fell in lately with a *lodge of Free Masons* at Omagh in Ulster. They pressed him hard to come into their society, and at length prevailed. They wanted an *Old Testament* to swear him by. The *innkeeper's Bible* having both *Old* and *New* bound up together, would not do: for the *Free Masons* oath being of much older date than the *New Testament*, that is, from the building of Solomon's temple, (for till then it was but a protestation well larded over with *curses and execrations*) they are always sworn on the *Old Testament* only. They offer to buy the fellow's *Bible*; he consents; but finding they were to cut away the *New Testament* from the *Old*, concluded them at once a pack of profane wretches, and very piously rescued his *Bible*. This custom of swearing on the *Old Testament* only, is what has given birth to the vulgar error, That *Free Masons* renounce the *New Testament*. So they proceed to the rest of the ceremony, deferring the oath till next morning, one of them having an *Old Testament* for the purpose, at his house hard by. This, it is true, was a hainous blunder against the cannons of *Free Masonry*. But the gentlemen were far gone in *punch* and *whisky*. In short, our friend and present guardian is made a *Free* but *unsworn Mason*, and was three hours gone on his journey next morning, before the merry *Free Masons* awoke to send for their *Old Testament*; and, what was worse, they had taught him the form of the oath, against he was to swear in the morning.

Now, as to the secret words and signals used among *Free Masons*, it is to be observed, that in the Hebrew alphabet,

alphabet, (as our guardian has informed our *Dodge* in writing) there are four pair of letters, of which each pair is so like, that, at first view, they seem to be the same; *Beth* and *Caph*, *Gimel* and *Nun*, *Cheth* and *Thau*, *Daleth* and *Resch*; and on these depend all their signals and grips.

Cheth and *Thau* are shaped like two standing gallowses, of two legs each. When two *maçons* accost each other, one cries *Cheth*, the other answers *Thau*; signifying, that they would sooner be hanged on the gallows than divulge the *secret*.

Then again, *Beth* and *Caph* are each like a gallows lying on one of the side-posts, and, when used as above, imply this pious prayer, *May all who reveal the secret, hang upon the gallows till it falls down*. This is their *master-secret*, generally called the *great word*.

Daleth and *Resch* are like two half-gallowses, or a gallows cut in two at the cross stick on top; by which, when pronounced, they intimate to each other, that they would rather be half hanged, than name either *word* or *signal* before any but a *brother*, so as to be understood.

When one says *Gimel*, the other answers *Nun*; then the first again joining both letters together, repeats three times, *Gimel-Nun*, *Gimel-Nun*, *Gimel-Nun*; by which they mean, that they are united as one in interests, secrecy, and affection. This last word has in time been depraved in the pronunciation from *Gimel-Nun* to *Gimelum*, and at last to *Giblun*, and sometimes *Giblin*; which word being by some accident discovered, they now-a-days pretend it is but a *mock-word*.

Another of their words has been maimed in the pronunciation by the illiterate; that is, the letter *Lamech*, which was the *busb word*; for, when spoke by any *brother* in a *lodge*, it was a warning to the rest to have a care of listeners. It is now corruptly pronounced *La*; but the *maçons* pretended this also is a *mock-word*, for the same reason as *Giblin*. This play with the Hebrew alphabet is very anciently called the *MANABOLETH*.

When one *brother* orders another to walk like a *maçon*, he must walk four steps backwards; four, because, of the four pair of letters already mentioned; and back-

wards, because the Hebrew is writ and read backwards.

As to their *mysterious grips*, they are as follows. If they be in company, where they cannot with safety speak the above words, they take each other by the hand; one draws one of the letters of the *Manaboeth* with his finger on the other's hand, which he returns as in speaking.

It is worth observing, that a certain *lodge* in town published some time ago a sheet full of *mock-masonry*, purely to puzzle and banter the town, with several false signs and words, as *Mada* or *Adam*, writ backwards, *Boas*, *Nimrod*, *Jakins*, *Pectoral*, *Gutural*, &c. but not one word of the real ones, as you see by what has been said of the MANABOLETH.

After King James VI.'s accession to the throne of England, he revived *masonry*, of which he was *grand master*, both in Scotland and England: it had been entirely suppressed by Queen Elisabeth, because she could not get into the secret. All persons of quality, after the example of the King, got themselves admitted *Free Masons*; but they made a kind of MANABOLETH in English, in imitation of the true and ancient one; as I. O. U. H. a gold key; *I owe you each a gold key*, H. CCCC. his ruin. *Each foresees his ruin*. I. C. U. B. YY. for me, *I see you be too wise for me*. And a great deal more of the same foolish stuff, which took its rise from a silly pun upon the word *Bee*; for you must know, that —

—— A *bee* has, in all ages and nations, been the grand *hieroglyphic* of *masonry*, because it excels all other living creatures in the contrivance and commodiousness of its *habitation* or *comb*; as, among many other authors, Dr Macgregor, now professor of mathematics in Cambridge, (as our guardian informs us), hath learnedly demonstrated; nay, *masonry* or *building* seems to be the very essence or nature of the *bee*; for her building not the ordinary way of all other living creatures, is the generative cause which produces the young ones; (you know, I suppose, that *bees* are of *neither sex*.)

For this reason the Kings of France, both *Pagans* and *Christians*, always eminent *Free Masons*, carried three *bees* for their arms. But, to avoid the imputation of the Egyptian idolatry of worshipping a *bee*, Clodovæus, their

their first Christian King, called them *lilies*, or *flower-de-luces*; in which, notwithstanding the small change made for disguise sake, there is still the exact figure of a *bee*. You have perhaps read of a great number of golden bees found in the coffin of a *Pagan* King of France near Brussels, many ages after CHRIST, which he had ordered should be buried with him, in token of his having been a *mason*.

The Egyptians, always excellent and ancient *Free Masons*, paid divine worship to a *bee*, under the outward shape of a *bull*, the better to conceal the mystery; which *bull*, by them called *Apis*, is the Latin word for a *bee*. The *enigma* representing the *bee* by a *bull* consists in this; that, according to the doctrine of the *Pythagorean lodge* of *Free Masons*, the souls of all the *cow-kind* transmigrate into bees; as one Virgil a poet, much in favour with the Emperor Augustus, because of his profound skill in *masonry*, has described; and Mr Dryden has thus *showed*.

Aristæus

Four altars raises; from his herd he culls
For slaughter four the fairest of his *bulls*,
Four heifers from his female store he took,
All fair, and all unknowing of the yoke;
Nine mornings thence, with sacrifice and *pray'rs*,
The gods invok'd, he to the grove repairs.
Behold a prodigy! for from within
The broken bowels and the bloated skin,
A buzzing noise of *bees* his ears alarms;
Straight issue through the sides assembling swarms, &c.

What *modern masons* call a *lodge*, was, for the above reasons, by antiquity called a *HIVE* of *Free Masons*. And, for the same reasons, when a dissension happens in a *lodge*, the going off and forming another *lodge* is to this day called *SWARMING*.

Our guardian is of opinion, that the present *masonry* is so tarnished by the ignorance of the working, and some other illiterate *masons*, that very many, even whole *lodges*, fall under the censure of the venerable Chinese

brachman, whose history of the rise, progress, and decay of *Free Masonry*, writ in the Chinese tongue, is lately translated into a certain European language. This Chinese sage says, the greatest part of current *masons* judge of the mysteries and use of that sacred art, just as a man perfectly illiterate judges of an excellent book; in which, when opened to him, he finds no other beauties than the regular uniformity in every page, the exactness of the lines in length, and equidistance, and blackness of the *ink*, and whiteness of the paper; or, as the famous British *Free Mason* MERLIN says of the stars in the firmament, when viewed by a *child*, &c. But I shall not trouble you with the length of the quotation at present, because Merlin and Friar Bacon on *Free Masonry* are soon to be dressed up in modern English, and sold by our printer Mr Faulkner, if duly encouraged by subscribers; and also a key to *Raymundus Lullius*, without whose help, our guardian says, it is impossible to come at the quintessence of *Free Masonry*.

But some will perhaps object, How come your unsworn guardian by this refined and uncommon knowledge in the great art? To which I answer, that

The branch of the *lodge* of Solomon's temple, afterwards called *The lodge of St John of Jerusalem*, on which our guardian fortunately hit, is, as I can easily prove, the ancientest and purest now on earth; from whence came the famous old Scottish *lodge* of *Kilwinning*, of which all the kings of Scotland have been from time to time grand masters, without interruption, down from the days of Fergus, who reigned there more than two thousand years ago, long before the knights of St John of Jerusalem, or the knights of Malta; to which two *lodges* I must nevertheless allow the honour of having adorned the ancient Jewish and Pagan *masonry* with many religious and Christian rules.

Fergus being eldest son to the chief king of Ireland, was carefully instructed in all the arts and sciences, especially in the natural magic, and the cabalistical philosophy, (afterwards called the *Rosicrucians*), by the Pagan Druids of Ireland and Mona, the only true *cabalists* then extant in the *western* world. (For they had it immediately from the Phœnicians, Chaldeans, and Egyptians, which

which I, though but a woman, can prove). The Egyptians probably had it immediately from Abraham, as the scripture plainly hints in the life of that patriarch; and it is allowed, I am told, by men of learning, that the occult as well as moral philosophy of all the Pagans was well besprinkled and enriched from the cabalistical school of the patriarchs, and afterwards by the *Talmudists* and other inferior *rabbins*, though the prevailing idolatry of those days much depraved and vitiated it.

Fergus, before his descent upon the Picts in Scotland, raised that famous structure, called to this day *Carrick Fergus* after his name, the most mysterious piece of architecture now on earth, (not excepting the pyramids of the Egyptian masons, and their *hieroglyphics*, or *Free Masons* signs); as any skilful *Free Mason* may easily perceive, by examining it according to the rules of the art. He built it as a *lodge* for his college of *Free Masons*, in those days called *Druids*; which word, our guardian assures us, signifies an *oak* in the Greek language, because *oak* is one of the best timber trees for building, of which (especially the marine architecture) the *Druids* were the only masters, though your modern term of *mason* implies no more than a worker in stone; erroneously enough indeed, or at least far short of the true and ancient term of *Druid*; since the marine architecture, the most useful branch of the sacred art, corresponds naturally and perfectly with the word *Druid*, or *worker in oak*, and hath nothing at all to do with stones of any kind; till Jason, a famous *Druid* or *Free Mason*, used the *loadstone*, when he went in quest of the *golden fleece*, as it is called in the enigmatical terms of *Free Masonry*, or, more properly speaking, of the *cabala*, as *masonry* was called in those days. The use of the *loadstone* was then, and long after, kept as secret as any of the other mysteries of the art, till, by the unanimous consent of all the great *lodges*, the use of it was made public, for the common benefit of mankind. Jason's artificial *frog* had it fixed in his mouth; and having a free swing in an oaken bowl, half filled with water, always faced the *north* pole; which gave rise to the poetical fable, that Jason's frog was a *little familiar* or *sea-demon* presiding over the navigation, like any other angel-guardian; for *Free Masons* in all

ages, as well as now, have been looked upon to deal with *spirits* or *demons*. And hence came that imputation which they have in many nations lain under, of being *conjurers*, or *magicians*; witness Merlin and Friar Bacon.

It is perhaps further worth remarking, that Jason took one of the two sacred vocal *oaks* of the grove of Dodona to make the keel of the *Argos*, for so his ship was called; mysteriously joining together *architecture* or *masonry*, and the *Druidical* priesthood, or power of explaining the oracles. For our guardian will have it so, that the Pagan priesthood was always in the *Druids* or *masons*, and that there was a perceivable glimmering of the Jewish *rites* in it, though much corrupted, as I said; that the Pagan worship was chiefly in groves of *oak*; that they always looked upon the *oak* as sacred to Jupiter; which notion is countenanced (making allowance for the Paganism) by the *patriarchs*; for you see in Genesis, that Abraham sacrificed under the *oaks* of Mamre. Joshua indeed took a great stone, and put it up under the *oak*, emblematically joining the two great elements of *masonry* to raise an alter for the LORD.

Our guardian also says, that Cæsar's description of the *Druids* of Gaul, is as exact a picture of a *lodge* of *Free Masons* as can possibly be drawn.

His reasons for the *Manaboth* are the better worth discovering, for that I believe there are even some *masons* who know nothing of it, *viz.* That it hath been an ancient practice among the *cabalistic philosophers*, to make every Hebrew letter a *hieroglyphic*, mysterious in its figure above all other letters, as being thus shaped and formed by the immediate directions of the *Almighty*, whereas all other LETTERS are of *human invention*.

Secondly, That the *Manaboth* has a very close and unconstrained analogy with *masonry*, or *architecture*; for that every letter of the Hebrew alphabet, as also of the Syriac, Chaldaic, and Irish alphabets, derived from it, have their names from *timber-trees*, except some few who have their names from *stones*; and I think it is pretty plain, that *timber* and *stone* are as much the elements of *masonry*, as the alphabet is of books; which is a near relation enough between *architecture* and *learning* of all kinds, and naturally shews why the *Druids*, who took
their

their title from a tree, kept *learning* and *architecture* jointly within themselves.

Next week shall be published the *Free Masons* oath, with the remarks upon it of a young *clergyman*, who has petitioned to be admitted *chaplain* to our *lodge*, which is to be kept at Mrs Prater's female coffeehouse, every Tuesday, from nine in the morning to twelve, and the tenth day of every month in the year; where all ladies of true hearts, and sound morals, shall be admitted without swearing.

I think it proper to insert the *Free Masons* SONG, commonly sung at their meetings; though, by the by, it is of as little signification as the rest of their secrets. It was writ by one Anderson, as our guardian informs me, just to put a good gloss on the mystery, as you may see by the words.

S O N G.

I.

Come let us prepare
We brothers that are
Assembled on merry occasion;
Let's drink, laugh, and sing,
Our wine has a spring;
Here's a health to an accepted MASON.

H.

The world is in pain
Our secrets to gain,
And still let them wonder and gaze on;
They ne'er can divine
The word or the sign
Of a free and an accepted MASON.

III.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why so many great men of the nation
Should aprons put on,
To make themselves one
With a free and an accepted MASON.

IV.

IV.

Great kings, dukes, and lords,
 Have laid by their swords
 Our myst'ry to put a good grace on,
 And ne'er been ashamed
 To hear themselves nam'd
 With a free and an accepted MASON.

V.

Antiquity's pride
 We have on our side,
 And it maketh men just in their station;
 There's nought but what's good
 To be understood
 By a free and an accepted MASON.

VI.

Then join hand in hand,
 To each other firm stand;
 Let's be merry and put a bright face on.
 What mortal can boast
 So noble a toast,
 As a free and an accepted MASON?

P O S T S C R I P T.

Mr FAULKNER,

Our lodge unanimously desire you will give their sincere respects to your ingenious DRAPER, to whose pen we, as well as the rest of the nation, own ourselves obliged. If he be not already a *Free Mason*, he shall be welcome to be our *deputy-guardian*.

Your humble servant,

THALESTRIS.

Tsif eht Tsugua Nilbud.

The

The LAST WILL of Dr SWIFT, Dean of St Patrick's in Dublin *

IN the name of God, *Amen.* I JONATHAN SWIFT, Doctor in Divinity, and Dean of the cathedral church of St Patrick, Dublin, being at this present of sound mind, although weak in body, do here make my last will and testament, hereby revoking all my former wills.

Imprimis, I bequeath my soul to God, (in humble hopes of this mercy through Jesus Christ), and my body to the earth. And I desire, that my body may be buried in the great isle of the said cathedral, on the south side, under the pillar next to the monument of Primate Narcissus Marsh †, three days after my decease, as privately as possible, and at twelve o'clock at night; and that a black marble of feet square, and seven feet from the ground, fixed to the wall, may be erected, with the following inscription in large letters, deeply cut, and strongly gilded ‡.

* Swift's will, like all his other writings, is drawn up in his own peculiar manner. Even in so serious a composition he cannot help indulging himself, in leaving legacies that carry with them an air of raillery and jest. He disposes of his three hats (his best, his second best, and his third best beaver) with an ironical solemnity, that renders the bequests ridiculous. He bequeaths "to Mr John Grattan a silver box," &c. [below, p. 339.]. But his legacy to Mr Robert Grattan is still more extraordinary. "*Item*, I bequeath to the Reverend Mr Robert Grattan," &c. [below, p. 339.]. These are so many last impressions of his turn, and way of thinking: and I dare say, the persons thus distinguished, look upon these instances, as affectionate memorials of his friendship, and as tokens of the jocose manner in which he had treated them during his lifetime. *Orrery.*

† See his character, above, p. 314.

‡ His monumental inscription, written by himself, may confirm to you the observation which I formerly made [in vol. vi. p. 5.], that he was not an elegant writer of Latin. An harsher epitaph has seldom been composed. It is scarce intelligible; and if intelligible, is a proof how difficult a task it is, even for the greatest genius, to draw his own character, or to represent himself and his actions in a proper manner to posterity. *Orrery.*

Hic

HIC DEPOSITVM EST CORPVS
JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.
HVIVS ECCLESIAE CATHEDRALIS DECANI,

VBI SÆVA INDIGNATIO
VLTERIVS COR LACERARE NEQVIT.

ABI, VIATOR,
ET IMITARE, SI POTERIS,
STRENVVM PRO VIRILI LIBERTATIS VINDICEM.

OBIIT ANNO [MDCCLV.]
MENSIS [OCTOBRIS] DIE [19]
ÆTATIS ANNO [LXXVIII.]

Item, I give and bequeath to my executors all my worldly substance, of what nature or kind soever, (excepting such part thereof as is herein after particularly devised), for the following uses and purposes: that is to say, to the intent that they, or the survivors or survivor of them, his executors, or administrators, as soon as conveniently may be after my death, shall turn it all into ready money, and lay out the same in purchasing lands of inheritance in fee simple, situate in any province of Ireland, except Connaught, but as near to the city of Dublin as conveniently can be found, and not incumbered with, or subject to any leases for lives renewable, or any terms for years longer than thirty-one. And I desire, that a yearly annuity of twenty pounds Sterling, out of the annual profits of such lands, when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said fortune devised to my executors as aforesaid, until such purchase shall be made, shall be paid to Rebecca Dingley of the city of Dublin, spinster, during her life, by two equal half-yearly payments, on the feasts of All saints, and St Philip and St Jacob; the first payment to be made on such of the said feasts as shall happen next after my death. And that the residue of the yearly profits of the said lands, when purchased, and, until such purchase be made, the residue of the yearly income and interest of my said fortune, devised as aforesaid to my executors, shall be laid out in purchasing a piece of land, situate near Dr Steven's hospital, or, if it cannot be

be there had, somewhere in or near the city of Dublin, large enough for the purposes herein after mentioned, and in building thereon an hospital large enough for the reception of as many idiots and lunatics as the annual income of the said lands and worldly substance shall be sufficient to maintain. And I desire, that the said hospital may be called ST PATRICK'S HOSPITAL, and may be built in such a manner, that another building may be added unto it, in case the endowment thereof should be enlarged; so that the additional building may make the whole edifice regular and complete. And my further will and desire is, that, when the said hospital shall be built, the whole yearly income of the said lands and estate shall, for ever after, be laid out in providing victuals, cloathing, medicines, attendance, and all other necessaries for such idiots and lunatics as shall be received into the same; and in repairing and enlarging the building from time to time, as there may be occasion. And, if a sufficient number of idiots and lunatics cannot readily be found, I desire that incurables may be taken into the said hospital to supply such deficiency; but that no person shall be admitted into it, that labours under any infectious disease: and that all such idiots, lunatics, and incurables, as shall be received into the said hospital, shall constantly live and reside therein, as well in the night as in the day; and that the salaries of agents, receivers, officers, servants, and attendants, to be employed in the business of the said hospital, shall not in the whole exceed one fifth part of the clear yearly income or revenue thereof. And I further desire, that my executors, the servivors or servivor of them, or the heirs of such, shall not have power to demise any part of the said lands so to be purchased as aforesaid, but with consent of the Lord Primate, the Lord High Chancellor, the lord Archbishop of Dublin, the Dean of Christ-church, the Dean of St Patrick's, the physician to the state, and the surgeon-general, all for the time being, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing; and that no leases of any part of the said lands shall ever be made, other than leases for years not exceeding thirty-one, in possession, and not in reversion or remainder, and not dispunishable of waste, whereon
shall

shall be reserved the best and most improved rents that can reasonably and moderately, without racking the tenants, be gotten for the same, without fine. Provided always, and it is my will and earnest desire, that no lease of any part of the said lands, so to be purchased as aforesaid, shall ever be made to, or in trust for any person any way concerned in the execution of this trust, or to, or in trust for any person any way related or allied, either by consanguinity or affinity, to any of the persons who shall at that time be concerned in the execution of this trust; and that if any leases shall happen to be made contrary to my intention above expressed, the same shall be utterly void and of no effect. And I further desire, until the charter herein after mentioned be obtained, my executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, his heirs, executors, or administrators, shall not act in the execution of this trust, but with the consent and approbation of the said seven additional trustees, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing; and shall, with such consent and approbation as aforesaid, have power, from time to time, to make rules, orders, and regulations, for the government and direction of the said hospital. And I make it my request to my said executors, that they may, in convenient time, apply to his Majesty for a charter to incorporate them, or such of them as shall be then living, and the said additional trustees, for the better management and conduct of this charity, with a power to purchase lands; and to supply by election such vacancies happening in the corporation as shall not be supplied by succession; and such other powers as may be thought expedient for the due execution of this trust, according to my intention herein before expressed. And when such charter shall be obtained, I desire, that my executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such survivor, may convey to the use of such corporation in fee simple, for the purposes aforesaid, all such lands and tenements as shall be purchased in manner above mentioned. Provided always, and it is my will and intention, that my executors, until the said charter, and afterwards the corporation to be hereby incorporated, shall, out of the yearly profits of the said lands, when purchased, and

and out of the yearly income of my said fortune, devised to my executors as aforesaid, until such purchase be made, have power to reimburse themselves for all such sums of their own money as they shall necessarily expend in the execution of this trust; and that, until the said charter be obtained, all acts which shall at any time be done, in execution of this trust, by the greater part of my executors then living, with the consent of the greater part of the said additional trustees, under their hands in writing, shall be as valid and effectual, as if all my executors had concurred in the same.

Item, Whereas I purchased the inheritance of the tithes of the parish of Effernock near Trin, in the county of Meath, for two hundred and sixty pounds Sterling, I bequeath the said tithes to the vicars of Laracor for the time being; that is to say, so long as the present Episcopal religion shall continue to be the national established faith and profession in this kingdom; but, whenever any other form of Christian religion shall become the established faith in this kingdom, I leave the said tithes of Effernock to be bestowed, as the profits come in, to the poor of the said parish of Laracor, by a weekly proportion, and by such officers as may then have the power of distributing charities to the poor of the said parish, while Christianity, under any shape, shall be tolerated among us, still excepting professed *Jews, Atheists, and Infidels.*

Item, Whereas I have some leases of certain houses in Kevin's-street, near the deanery-house, built upon the Dean's ground, and one other house now inhabited by Henry Land *, in Deanery-lane, alias Mitre-alley, some of which leases are let for forty one years, or forty at least, and not yet half expired, I bequeath to Mrs Martha Whiteway my lease or leases of the said houses. I also bequeath to the said Martha, my lease of forty years of Goodman's holding, for which I receive ten pounds *per annum*: which are two houses, or more, lately built. I bequeath also to the said Martha, the sum of three hundred pounds Sterling, to be paid her by my executors out of my ready money, or bank-bills, immediately af-

* Sexton of St Patrick's cathedral.

ter my death, as soon as the executors meet. I leave, moreover to the said Martha, my repeating gold watch, my yellow tortoise-shell snuff-box, and her choice of four gold rings, out of seven which I now possess.

Item, I bequeath to Mrs Mary Swift, alias Harrison, daughter of the said Martha, my plain gold watch made by Quare; to whom also I give my Japan writing-desk, bestowed to me by my Lady Worsely, my square tortoise-shell snuff-box, richly lined and inlaid with gold, given to me by the Right Honourable Henrietta now Countess of Oxford, and the seal with a Pegasus, given to me by the Countess of Granville.

Item, I bequeath to Mr Ffolliot Whiteway, eldest son of the aforesaid Martha, who is bred to be an attorney, the sum of sixty pounds, as also five pounds to be laid out in the purchase of such law-books, as the Honourable Mr Justice Lindsay, Mr Stannard *, or Mr M'Aulay †, shall judge proper for him.

Item, I bequeath to Mr John Whiteway, youngest son of the said Martha, who is to be brought up a surgeon, the sum of one hundred pounds, in order to qualify him for a surgeon, but under the direction of his mother; which said sum of one hundred pounds is to be paid to Mrs Whiteway, in behalf of her said son John, out of the arrears which shall be due to me from my church-livings, (except those of the deanery-tithes, which are now let to the Reverend Dr Wilson), as soon as the said arrears can be paid to my executors. I also leave the said John five pounds, to be laid out in buying such physical and chirurgical books as Dr Grattan, and Mr Nichols ‡, shall think fit for him.

Item, I bequeath to Mrs Anne Ridgeway ||, now in my family, the profits of the lease of the two houses let to John Cownly, for forty years, of which only eight or nine are expired, for which the said Cownly payeth

* Eaton Stannard, Esq; Recorder of the city of Dublin. See considerations—concerning the choice of a Recorder, in vol. 3. p. 337.

† Alexander M'Aulay, Esq; counsellor at law, and made judge of the consistorial court. Nov. 1745.

‡ John Nichols, Esq; surgeon general.

|| Daughter to Mrs Brent, and who, for many years, had been his faithful domestic friend.

me nine pounds Sterling for rent yearly. I also bequeath to the said Anne, the sum of one hundred pounds Sterling, to be paid her by my executors in six weeks after my decease, out of whatever money or bank-bills I may possess when I die ; as also three gold rings, the remainder of the seven above mentioned, after Mrs Whiteway hath made her choice of four ; and all my small pieces of plate, not exceeding in weight one ounce and one third part of an ounce.

Item, I bequeath to my dearest friend Alexander Pope of Twittenham, Esq; * my picture in miniature, drawn by Zinck, of Robert late Earl of Oxford.

Item, I leave to Edward, now Earl of Oxford, my seal of Julius Cæsar, as also another seal, supposed to be a young Hercules, both very choice antiques, and set in gold ; both which I chuse to bestow to the said Earl, because they belonged to her late most excellent Majesty Queen Anne, of ever glorious, immortal, and truly pious memory, the real nursing mother of all her kingdoms.

Item, I leave to the Reverend Mr James Stopford, Vicar of Finglass, my picture of King Charles I. drawn by Vandike, which was given to me by the said James ; as also my large picture of birds, which was given to me by Thomas Earl of Pembroke.

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Mr Robert Grattan, Prebendary of St Audeon's, my gold bottle-screw, which he gave me, and my strong box, on condition of his giving the sole use of the said box to his brother Dr James Grattan, during the life of the said Doctor, who hath more occasion for it, and the second best beaver hat I shall die possessed of.

Item, I bequeath to Mr John Grattan, Prebendary of Clonmethan, my silver box, in which the freedom of the city of Cork was presented to me ; in which I desire the said John to keep the tobacco he usually cheweth, called *pigtail*.

Item, I bequeath all my horses and mares to the Reverend Mr John Jackson, Vicar of Santry, together with

* Mr Pope did not live to receive his legacy, having died May 30. 1744.

all my horse-furniture ; lamenting that I had not credit enough with any chief governor (since the change of times) to get some additional church-preferment for so virtuous and worthy a gentleman. I also leave him my third best beaver hat.

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Dr Francis Wilson, the works of Plato in three folio volumes, the Earl of Clarendon's history in three folio volumes, and my best Bible ; together with thirteen small Persian pictures in the drawing room, and the small silver tankard given to me by the contribution of some friends whose names are engraved at the bottom of the said tankard.

Item, I bequeath to the Earl of Orrery * the enamelled silver plates to distinguish bottles of wine by, given to me by his excellent Lady, and the half-length picture of the late Countess of Orkney in the drawing-room.

Item, I bequeath to Alexander M'Aulay, Esq; the gold box in which the freedom of the city of Dublin was presented to me, as a testimony of the esteem and love I have for him, on account of his great learning, fine natural parts, unaffected piety, and benevolence, and his truly honourable zeal in defence of the legal rights of the clergy, in opposition to all their unprovoked oppressors.

Item, I bequeath to Deane Swift, Esq; † my large silver standish, consisting of a large silver-plate, an ink-pot, a sand-box, and a bell of the same metal.

Item, I bequeath to Mrs Mary Barber, the medal of Queen Anne and Prince George, which she formerly gave me.

Item, I leave to the Reverend Mr John Worral ‡ my best beaver hat.

Item,

* Author of the *Remarks on the life and writings of Dr Swift* published in 1752.

† Author of the *Essay on the life, writings, and character of Dr Swift*, published in 1755.

‡ Vicar to the Dean of Christ-church, and master of both choirs. He was a foundling, for which reason Swift used to call him *Melchisedek*. Though he was not a man of an improved understanding, nor a man of humour, yet he was a good walker, ever in the way, and
always

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Dr Patrick Delany * my medal of Queen Anne in silver, and on the reverse the bishops of England kneeling before her Most Sacred Majesty.

Item, I bequeath to the Reverend Mr James King, Prebendary of Tipper, my large gilded medal of King Charles I. and on the reverse a crown of martyrdom, with other devices. My will nevertheless is, that, if any of the above-named legatees should die before me, that then, and in that case, the respective legacies to them bequeathed shall revert to myself, and become again subject to my disposal.

Item, Whereas I have the lease of a field in trust for me, commonly called the *vineyard*, let to the Reverend Dr Francis Corbet, and the trust declared by the said Doctor; the said field, with some land on this side of the road, making in all about three acres, for which I pay yearly to the dean and chapter of St Patrick's * *

Whereas I have built a strong wall round the said piece of ground, eight or nine feet high, faced to the south aspect with brick, which cost me above six hundred pounds Sterling; and likewise another piece of

always at the command of Dr Swift. His wife, a neat, clean looking woman in her dress, understood the business of marketing perfectly well; had studied what the Dean liked; and if the markets afforded any thing nice, when the Dean's stomach, as years came on, began to be in some measure weak and capricious, she constantly bought it for him, and sent it home to the deanery. From a principle of wisdom, taking the world as he found it, no man ever studied more than Swift did, to reduce every man's talents to his own particular gratification. He could feast upon the delicacies of wit and learning, when they happened to fall in his way; and at other times be content with plain common entertainment. He could laugh, and drink a bottle with Sheridan over night; and the next morning walk into the fields, and prattle to Worrall. Perhaps there never was a man equally desirous with Dr Swift, to have a companion always at his beck, of some sort or other; and, without dispute, throughout all Dublin he could not have fixed upon another so exactly calculated to receive his commands, and especially to attend him in his morning exercise, as Mr Worrall. He died some time after the Dean, worth a good deal of money; 500 l. of which his executors appropriated to the Doctor's hospital, and 500 l. each to two other hospitals. *Swift*.

* The same to whom the Dean addresses several copies of verses, in vol. 6. and of whom he gives an excellent character in vol. 8. p. 148.

342 DEAN SWIFT'S LAST WILL.

ground, as aforesaid, of half an acre, adjoining to the burial-place, called the *Cabbage-garden*, now tenanted by William White, gardener; my will is, that the ground inclosed by the great wall may be sold for the remainder of the lease, at the highest price my executors can get for it, in belief and hopes, that the said price will exceed three hundred pounds at the lowest value. For which my successor in the deanery shall have the first refusal; and it is my earnest desire, that the succeeding deans and chapters may preserve the said *vineyard*, and piece of land adjoining, where the said White now liveth, so as to be always in the hands of the succeeding deans, during their office, by each dean lessening one fourth of the purchase-money to each succeeding dean, and for no more than the present rent.

And I appoint the Honourable Robert Lindsay *, one of the judges of the court of common pleas; Henry Singleton, Esq; Prime Serjeant to his Majesty; the Reverend Dr Patrick Delany, Chancellor of St Patrick's; the Reverend Dr Francis Wilson, Prebendary of Kilmacktolway; Eaton Stannard, Esq; Recorder of the city of Dublin; the Reverend Mr Robert Grattan, Prebendary of St Audeon's; the Reverend Mr John Grattan, Prebendary of Clonmethan; the Reverend Mr James Stopford, Vicar of Finglass; the Reverend Mr James King, Prebendary of Tipper; and Alexander M'Aulay, Esq; my executors.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, and published and declared this as my last will and testament, this third day of May, 1740.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Signed, sealed, and published by the above-named Jonathan Swift, in the presence of us who have subscribed our names in his presence,

JO. WYNNE.
JO. ROCHFORD.
WILLIAM DUNKIN.

* See a poem wrote by this gentleman, intituled, *A dialogue between a lawyer and Dr Swift*, in vol. 7. p. 87.

TWO LETTERS to the Earl of ORRERY, describing the melancholy situation of Dr SWIFT's health and understanding.

I. Mrs MARTHA WHITEWAY's * LETTER.

MY LORD,

Dublin, Nov. 22. 1742.

THE easy manner in which you reproach me for not acquainting you with the poor Dean's situation, lays a fresh obligation upon me; yet mean as an excuse is for a fault, I shall attempt one to your Lordship; and only for this reason, that you may not think me capable of neglecting any thing you could command me. I told you in my last letter, the Dean's understanding was quite gone, and I feared the farther particulars would only shock the tenderness of your nature, and the melancholy scene make your heart ach, as it has often done mine. I was the last person whom he knew; and when that part of his memory failed, he was so outrageous at seeing any body, that I was forced to leave him, nor could he rest for a night or two after seeing any person; so that all the attendance which I could pay him was, calling twice a-week to inquire after his health, and to observe that proper care was taken of him, and durst only look at him while his back was towards me, fearing to discompose him. He walked ten hours a-day, would not eat or drink if his servant staid in the room. His meat was served up ready cut, and sometimes it would lie an hour on the table before he would touch it, and then eat it walking. About six weeks ago, in one night's time, his left eye swelled as large as an egg, and the lid Mr Nichols (his surgeon) thought would mortify, and many large boils appeared upon his arms and body. The torture he was in, is not to be described. Five persons could scarce hold him for a week, from tearing out his own eyes; and,

* The lady mentioned in several of Swift's letters, and in his will, in this volume.

for near a month, he did not sleep two hours in twenty-four: yet a moderate appetite continued; and, what is more to be wondered at, the last day of his illness he knew me perfectly well, took me by the hand, called me by my name, and shewed the same pleasure as usual in seeing me. I asked him, if he would give me a dinner? He said, to be sure, my old friend. Thus he continued that day, and knew the doctor and surgeon, and all his family so well, that Mr Nichols thought it possible he might return to a share of understanding, so as to be able to call for what he wanted, and to bear some of his old friends to amuse him. But, alas! this pleasure to me was but of short duration; for the next day or two it was all over, and proved to be only pain that had roused him. He is now free from torture; his eye almost well; very quiet, and begins to sleep; but cannot, without great difficulty, be prevailed on to walk a turn about his room; and yet, in this way, the physicians think he may hold out for some time. I am, my Lord,

*Your Lordship's most obedient,
humble servant,*

M. WHITEWAY.

What a shocking, what a melancholy account is this! of how small estimation must the greatest genius appear in the sight of God!

II. MR DEANE SWIFT'S * LETTER.

MY LORD,

Dublin, April 4. 1744.

AS to the story of *O poor old man!* I inquired into it. The Dean did say something upon his seeing himself in the glass; but neither Mrs Ridgeway, nor the lower servants, could tell me what it was he said. I desired them to recollect it, by the time when I should come again to the deanery. I have been there since,

* Author of the *Essay on the life, character, &c. of Dr Swift.*

they

they cannot recollect it. A thousand stories have been invented of him within these two years, and imposed upon the world. I thought this might have been one of them: and yet I am now inclined to think there may be some truth in it: for, on Sunday the 17th of March, as he sat in his chair, upon the housekeeper's moving a knife from him as he was going to catch at it, he shrugged his shoulders, and, rocking himself, said, *I am what I am, I am what I am*: and, about six minutes afterwards, repeated the same words two or three times over.

His servant shaves his cheeks, and all his face as low as the tip of his chin, once a-week: but under the chin, and about the throat, when the hair grows long, it is cut with scissars.

Sometimes he will not utter a syllable; at other times he will speak incoherent words; but he never yet, as far as I could hear, talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing.

About four months ago he gave me great trouble: he seemed to have a mind to talk to me. In order to try what he would say, I told him, I came to dine with him; and immediately his housekeeper, Mrs Ridgeway, said, "Won't you give Mr Swift a glass of wine, Sir?" He shrugged his shoulders, just as he used to do when he had a mind that a friend should spend the evening with him. Shrugging his shoulders, your Lordship may remember, was as much as to say, "You'll ruin me in wine." I own I was scarce able to bear the sight. Soon after, he again endeavoured, with a good deal of pain, to find words to speak to me: at last, not being able, after many efforts, he gave a heavy sigh, and, I think, was afterwards silent. This puts me in mind of what he said about five days ago. He endeavoured several times to speak to his servant, (now and then he calls him by his name): at last, not finding words to express what he would be at, after some uneasiness, he said, "I am a fool." Not long ago, the servant took up his watch that lay upon the table to see what o'clock it was; he said, "Bring it here;" and when it was brought, he looked very attentively at it. Some time ago, the servant was breaking a large stubborn coal; he said, "That's a stone, you blockhead."

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In a few days, or some very short time, after guardians had been appointed for him, I went into his dining-room, where he was walking; I said something to him very insignificant, I know not what; but, instead of making any kind of answer to it, he said, "Go, go," pointing with his hand to the door; and immediately afterwards, raising his hand to his head, he said, "My best understanding;" and so broke off abruptly, and walked away. I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and most humble servant,

DEANE SWIFT.

An account of the situation of Dr SWIFT's health and mind, from 1739 to his death, at the latter end of October 1745; with a DISSERTATION ON LUNACY and IDIOTISM.

By the Earl of ORRERY.

THE total deprivation of Dr Swift's senses came upon him by degrees. In the year 1736, I remember him seized with a violent fit of giddiness. He was at that time writing a satirical poem, called *The legion-club*; but he found the effects of his giddiness so dreadful, that he left the poem unfinished; and never afterwards attempted a composition of any length either in verse or prose. However, his conversation still remained the same, lively and severe; but his memory gradually grew worse and worse; and as that decreased and was impaired, he appeared every day more fretful and impatient. From the year 1739 to the latter end of 1741, his friends found his passions so violent and ungovernable, his memory so decayed, and his reason so depraved, that they took the utmost precautions to keep all strangers from approaching him; for, till then, he had not appeared totally incapable of conversation: but, early in the year 1742, the small remains of his understanding became entirely confused, and the violence of

of his rage increased absolutely to a degree of madness. In this miserable state, he seemed to be appointed as the first proper inhabitant for his own hospital: especially, as from an outrageous lunatic, he sunk afterwards into a quiet, speechless idiot; and dragged out the remainder of his life in that helpless situation. He died towards the latter end of October 1745. The manner of his death was easy, without the least pang or convulsion. Even the rattling in his throat was scarce sufficient to give any alarm to his attendants, till within some very little time before he expired. A man in full possession of his reason would have wished for such a kind of dissolution; but Swift was totally insensible of happiness or pain. He had not even the power or expression of a child; appearing, for some years before his death, reserved only as an example to mortify human pride, and to reverse that fine description of human nature, which is given us by Shakespear in an inimitable manner. "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals." Thus poets paint; but how vain and perishable is the picture? The smallest thunderbolt from heaven blasts it in a moment, and every tinct is so effectually obliterated, that scarce the outlines of the figure remain.

Swift certainly foresaw his fate. His frequent attacks of giddiness, and his manifest defect of memory, gave room for such apprehensions. I have often heard him lament the state of childhood and idiotism, to which some of the greatest men of this nation were reduced before their death. He mentioned, as examples within his own time, the Duke of Marlborough, and Lord Somers: and when he cited those melancholy instances, it was always with a heavy sigh, and with gestures that shewed great uneasiness, as if he felt an impulse of what was to happen to him before he died.

Unless I am misinformed, he died worth about twelve thousand pounds, inclusive of the specific legacies mentioned in his will, and which may be computed at the sum of twelve hundred pounds; so that the remainder,

near

near eleven thousand pounds, is entirely applicable to the hospital for idiots and lunatics: a charitable foundation, particularly beneficial in these kingdoms, where the epidemic distemper of lunacy is so prevalent, that it will constantly furnish the largest building with a sufficient number of inhabitants.

Lunacy may in general be considered, as arising from a depraved imagination, and must therefore be originally owing to a fault in the body, or the mind. We see instances every day, where, in fevers, all the powers of sense and reason are utterly overturned by a raging madness. This frenzy conquers, or is conquered soon: but, from more slow and chronical causes, such obstructions may be formed, as gradually to produce various degrees of this disorder, and to remain invincible to the very last moments of life. Nothing more strongly disposes the mind to this depraved state, than too fixed an attention to any particular object. Mr Locke, if my memory does not deceive me, defines madness as arising from some particular idea, or set of ideas, that make so strong an impression upon the mind as to banish all others; and the persons affected are chearful or melancholy, well-tempered or fierce, according as the objects and ideas of their minds are different. From hence it is evident, that we ought to consider the strength of the mind, even in the pursuit of knowledge, and often to vary our ideas by exercise and amusements; constantly fixing a strict guard against any passion that may be prevalent in too high a degree, or may acquire an habitual strength and dominion over us. Passions are the gales of life; and it is our part to take care that they do not rise into a tempest.

Love, with all its charms, must be restrained within proper bounds, otherwise it will torture that breast which it was formed to delight. Love contains within itself a variety of other passions, and lays such a foundation of madness in the mind, that the frenzy in this particular case, never fails to appear in its full force, and to display itself in all its strength of horror.

Religion, which can only make the mind happy, and is our surest and best defence against the passions, if considered in a wrong and melancholy view, has often per-
verted

verted the seat of reason, and given more inhabitants to Bedlam than any other cause. A religious lunatic is miserable, even to the deepest tortures of despair.

The miser, whom I must always rank among madmen, heaps up gold with an anxiety that affects his looks, his appetite, and his sleep. The wretch dreads poverty in the centre of plenty; and starves, only because he dares not taste those fruits which appear most agreeable to his desires.

In some other species of madness, the persons affected are really more happy than in their senses, and it is almost a crime to banish the agreeable delusion. You remember the case of the citizen of Argos, who, after a salutiferous dose of hellebore, cried out,

*Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis (ait) cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.*

Such again would be the case of the beau of Bedlam who, amidst darkness and confinement, still retains his pride and self-admiration; dresses himself up in straw instead of embroidery; and when suffered to go to the window, imagines that he captivates every female, who chances to pass through Moor-fields. Is not such a man happier in his madness, than in his senses?

To specify the many different classes of madmen, would be endless. They are innumerable: so that it is almost a rare felicity to enjoy *mens sana in corpore sano*. Some men have owed their reputation and success in the world to a tincture of madness; while others, merely from a superior understanding, have been ranked among lunatics. Of the latter sort Hippocrates (whom I wish you to look upon as a classic author, as well as a physician) gives a remarkable instance in one of his letters. He says, he was sent for by the people of Abdera to cure Democritus of madness; but, to his surprise, he found him the wisest man of the age, and, by his laughing manner of talking and reasoning, he almost convinced Hippocrates, that all the rest of the world except Democritus were mad. It is not improbable, that madness has been coæval with mankind. There have certainly been many instances of it among the Greeks and Romans. Among

the Jews, the enthusiastic fury of Saul is equally remarkable with the ecstatic rage of Nebuchadnezzar. Nor have any parts of the world, I believe, entirely escaped this raging evil. It was frequently mistaken for inspiration; and the prophetic Sybils were obliged to put on the airs and looks of madness, to obtain an implicit belief to their prophecies. From these sacerdotal impositions, mad people reaped some remarkable advantages. They were often looked upon as messengers sent by heaven, to declare the will of the gods, and the prophetic decrees of fate; they were revered as persons sacred and divine; and, instead of scourges, they received tokens of adoration. In how great a degree must the subtilty of priests have prevailed, when they could make one of the greatest curses that attends human life appear one of the greatest blessings?

Lunatics are so called from the influence which the moon has over bodies, when its attractive power is greatest, by which means the pressure of the atmosphere being lessened, the humours of the body are more rarefied, and produce a greater plenitude in the vessels of the brain. This has been illustrated by our good and learned friend Dr Mead, in his treatise *De imperio lune et solis*: and I have particularly observed, that, in the last book which he published, intitled, *Monita et precepta medica*, he takes notice, in his chapter *de insaniam*, “that
 “the blood of such persons, who have been most liable
 “to this malady, was thick and sily, and, upon dis-
 “section, their brain always appeared dry, and their
 “vessels filled with black sluggish blood:” from whence perhaps we may, in some measure, account for the principal source of Swift’s lunacy; his countenance being dark, bilious, and gloomy, and his eyes sometimes fixed and immoveable for a long time. Horace, I remember, attributes the madness of Orestes to a physical cause, where he says,

vocando
Hanc furiam, hunc aliud, jussit quod splendida bilis.

So that diseases formed originally in the mind, often bring on this disorder, and by degrees affect the body; especially in such constitutions as have any tendency to
 this

this distemper. But what can be the reason that it is so remarkably epidemical in these kingdoms? I am inclined to believe, that it must be owing to the grossness of our food, and to our immoderate use of spirituous liquors; the one frequently causing the deepest melancholy, the other the most unlimited rage. Our climate is so variable and uncertain, and our atmosphere is so perpetually filled with clouds and sulphureous vapours, that these causes must necessarily have a great effect upon the natural impatience and inconstancy of the inhabitants. We are apt to revel in a free indulgence of our passions; and they are as apt to agitate and enervate the fibres of the brain, and to imprint by degrees many fatal impressions, that can never be eradicated from the mind. Even the greatest blessing we enjoy, the freedom of our laws, may, I am afraid, in some measure, contribute to those rash actions, that often end in dreadful murders of the worst kind, parricide, and suicidium. Men must be reckoned in the highest class of lunatics, who are capable of offending the great Author of nature, by depriving themselves of that life which he only has a right of taking away, because he only had the power of giving it. No person in his senses can voluntarily prefer death to life. Our desires of existence are strong and prevalent; they are born with us: and our ideas of a future state are not sufficiently clear, to make us fond of hurrying into eternity: especially as eternity itself must ever remain incomprehensible to finite beings. Human nature has an abhorrence, and a terror of its own dissolution. The philosopher submits to death, because he looks upon it as a necessary event; in the mean time, he uses every method of prudence, and every art of caution, to lengthen out life as far as he possibly can extend it, and to prevent the least accident that may bring on death one hour sooner than the laws of the human structure require. The military hero meets the king of terrors more from the dictates of reason, than the impulses of nature. His fame, his fortune, every object that can be dear to him, depend upon his resolution to die. He exposes himself to the danger of being destroyed, because an effort of securing his life, must be attended with contempt and infamy. But, on

the other hand, who would wantonly chuse death, unless he were agitated to such a choice by the fumes and vapours of a distempered brain?

The subjects, where arbitrary power is established, live in a continual state of dread and apprehension, and all their other passions are subdued by fear: so that fewer instances of suicide have appeared in despotic governments, than in kingdoms where liberty is more prevalent, and where the passions are less restrained.

The diet, the air, and the political constitution of a country, give the peculiar, and distinguishing character of the people: and as the characteristics change, the inhabitants undergo the same metamorphoses. How different are the modern Italians from the ancient Romans? If Brutus were now living, he would probably acquiesce in the depending state of a cardinal, and the Papal crown would be unanimously presented to Cæsar.

The melancholy case of Dr Swift, has, I find, seduced me into a long digression. When I am writing to you, I give a full scope to my thoughts, and wander licentiously out of my sphere. I aim at placing all observations in your way, which I think can be of any use in your future road of life. But why talk to you on the melancholy effects of madness? only to observe in general, that temperance, exercise, philosophy, and true religion, are the surest means to make men happy, and to preserve them from a contagious malady, to which the inhabitants of these kingdoms are unfortunately liable.

A state of idiotism is less deplorable, not less shocking, than that of madness. Idiots are afflicted with no turbulent passions. They are innocent and harmless, and often excite pity, but never occasion fear. The proverb tells us, *They are the favourites of Fortune.* But I suppose it alludes only to those fools who can number twenty rightly, and can tell the days of the week: and alas! those are no idiots in the eye of the law. The absolute naturals owe their wretchedness to a wrong formation in their brain, or to accidents in their birth, or the dregs of fevers and other violent distempers. The last was the case of the Dean of St Patrick's, according to the account sent me by his two relations Mrs Whiteway and Mr

Mr Swift *: neither of whom, I think, make the least mention of a deafness that, from time to time, attacked the Dean, and rendered him extremely miserable. You will find him complaining of this misfortune in several parts of his writings; especially in his letters (of the eighth volume) to Dr Sheridan. Possibly some internal pressure upon his brain might first have affected the auditory nerves, and then, by degrees, might have increased, so as entirely to stop up that fountain of ideas, which had before spread itself in the most diffusive and surprising manner.

Having just now hinted to you the advantages that have accrued to madmen, I ought not to omit the honours that have been paid to fools. In former ages the courts of France and England were not thought completely imbellished without a favourite idiot, who bore the title of the King's jester, and who was as remarkably distinguished by a cap and bells, as his royal master was distinguished by a diadem and robes. This animal, like Junius Brutus, frequently assumed the face and behaviour of folly, to answer his own particular views and advantages. His bluntness and simplicity recommended him in those places, where truths, if spoken by a man of sense, were disagreeable and dangerous. If he had not the honour, like Brutus, to save his country, at least he had the happiness to secure himself: and his expressions were often so full of humour and sarcasm, that, to this day, they are recorded as pieces of wit. Such was the famous reply of Archy to K. James I. when his Majesty, amidst all his wisdom, was sufficiently inspired with folly, to send his only son into Spain. But fools at present are no longer admired in courts; or, if they are, they appear there without their cap and bells.

And now, to quit reflections that tend in general rather to terrify than to improve the understanding, let me observe, in honour of my friend Swift, that his establishment of an hospital for idiots and lunatics, is remarkably generous; as the unhappy persons who receive the benefit, must for ever remain insensible of their benefactor.

* Above, p. 343——346.

An account of a MONUMENT erected to the
memory of Dr SWIFT in Ireland.

Taken from the DUBLIN JOURNAL.

S I R,

I Have at last finished what you have often heard me wish I might be able to do, a monument for the greatest genius of our age, the late Dean of St Patrick's. The thing in itself is but a trifle; but it is more than I should ever have attempted, had I not with indignation seen a country (so honoured by the birth of so great a man, and so faithfully served by him all his life) so long and so shamefully negligent in erecting some monument of gratitude to his memory. Countries are not wise in such a neglect; for they hurt themselves. Men of genius are encouraged to apply their talents to the service of their country, when they see in it gratitude to the memory of those that have deserved well of them. The ingenious Pere Castell told me at Paris, that he reckoned it the greatest misfortune to him, that he was not born an Englishman; and when he explained himself, it was only for this, that, after two hundred years, they had erected a monument to Shakespear; and another to a modern, but to the greatest of them, Sir Isaac Newton. Great souls are very disinterested in the affairs of life; they look for fame and immortality, scorning the mean paths of interest and lucre: and, surely, in an age so mercenary as ours, men should not be so sparing to give public marks of their gratitude to men of such virtue, dead, however they may treat them living; since, in so doing, they bespeak, and almost insure to themselves a succession of such useful persons in society. It was with this view that I determined to throw in my mite.

In a fine lawn below my house, I have planted an hippodrome. It is a circular plantation, consisting of five walks; the central of which is a horse-course, and three rounds make exactly a mile. All the lines are so laid out, that, from the centre, the six rows of trees appear but one, and form 100 arches round the field; in the centre of which I have erected a mount, and placed

placed a marble column on its proper pedestal, with all the decorations of the order; on the summit of which I placed a Pegasus, just seeming to take flight to heaven; and on the dye of the pedestal I have engraved the following inscription, wrote by an ingenious friend.

In memoriam JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P. viri sine pari.

*Aonidum fontes aperis, divine poeta,
Arte nova; aethereas propriis ut Pegasus alis
Scande domos: æternum addet tua fama columna
Huic memori decus; hic, tanti qua possumus umbram
Nominis in mentem, sacro revocare quædam
Ludorum ritu juvat; hic, tibi parvus honorum
Offertur cumulus: laudum quo sine tuarum
Copia claudatur qui quærit, gentis Ierne
Pectora scrutetur, latumque interroget orbem.*

1750.

I have also appointed a small fund for annual premiums to be distributed in the celebration of games at the monument yearly. The ceremony is to last three days, beginning the 1st of May yearly. On this day, young maids and men in the neighbourhood are to assemble in the hippodrome, with their garlands and chaplets of flowers, and to dance round the monument, singing the praises of this ingenious patriot, and strowing with flowers all the place: after which they are to dance for a prize; the best dancer among the maids is to be presented with a cap and ribands; and after the dance, the young men are to run for a hat and gloves.

The second day, there is to be a large market upon the ground: and the girl who produces the finest hank of yarn, and the most regular reel and count, is to have a guinea premium; and the person who buys the greatest quantity of yarn, is to have a premium of two guineas.

The third day, the farmer who produces the best yearling calf of his own breed, is to have two guineas premium; and he that produces the fairest colt or filly, of his own breed likewise, not over two years old, shall receive a premium of two guineas also.—Thus the whole will not exceed ten pounds; and all these useful branches of our growth and manufacture will be encouraged, in remembering the patron who with so much care and tenderness recommended them to others, and cherished them himself.

I am, &c.

Anec.

Anecdotes of Dr SWIFT and STELLA.

Taken from the Gentleman's Magazine, Nov.
1757.

S I R,

AS the lives of eminent persons are the most instructive parts of history, and are more read, perhaps, than any other compositions; so there are very few pieces that are more justly censured for partiality; for they are generally the works of persons interested in the praise or censure of the heroes of their history. Wisely therefore have the sovereign pontiffs decreed, that no person shall receive the honour of being *sainted*, before the expiration of a complete century after their decease; in order to take off, by length of time, all sense of favour, or resentment, in such parties, as might have connections with the friends or enemies of the future saint, which might otherwise have influenced their evidence in the examination which always precedes the making of a new saint.

These reflections naturally occur upon reading any of our modern lives; and they occurred to me, on my reading, a few days since, the life of Dean Swift, in one of the *London Magazines* for 1755 *, extracted from Lord Orrery, the critic upon his Lordship, and the memoirs published by Deane Swift, Esq; in which, though very concise, the writer has inserted most of the errors of the preceeding works: and as the Dean's charity, his tenderness, and even his humanity, have been impeached, in consequence of his hitherto unaccountable behaviour to his Stella, and of his long resentment shewn to his sister; and as no person has yet thought proper to redeem that extraordinary genius from these imputations of cruelty and pride, by shewing his con-

* The account of Dr Swift's life, prefixed to the 1st volume of this work, was extracted from the several books here mentioned; and is the most complete account of the Dean that has hitherto appeared: so that the following anecdotes apply equally to it, as to that imperfect one in the *London Magazine*.

nections with Stella in their true light ; although I think that there are some living, who have it in their power, from authentic materials, I flatter myself that I shall not be censured for endeavouring to do this justice to his memory myself.

It is said, that Swift made an acquaintance with Mrs Johnson (the lady celebrated by the name of *Stella*) at Sir William Temple's ; that she was the daughter of Sir William's steward ; and that Sir William, in his last will, left her 1000 l. as an acknowledgment of her father's faithful services ; that she was married to the Dean in 1716 ; and his never owning her for his wife is imputed, by Lord Orrery, to his pride, which made him disdain an alliance with one descended from so mean a family ; though others impute it to the common rumour, of her being Sir William's natural daughter, as Swift was said to be his son. She died (says Lord Orrery) absolutely destroyed by the peculiarity of her fate. His Lordship likewise declares Swift's pride to have been such, as to have induced him to refuse all reconciliation with his sister, for having married a tradesman, though in good circumstances, and with the approbation of her uncle and relations.

But I am certain Lord Orrery will be pleased to be convinced, that these accusations are false. Dr Swift would have laid down his life, could it have preserved his Stella ; that Stella, who was no otherwise related to Sir William Temple's steward, than by her mother's marriage with him many years after the death of Sir William. And as for his cruelty to his sister, it is well known, that he maintained Mrs Fenton many years, when a widow ; and that she used to shew his picture to her visitants, with expressions of the highest gratitude and affection. That I may, however, leave no room for doubt, permit me to oppose to these imputations the true history of Miss Johnson, better known to the world by the name of *Stella*.

When Sir William Temple left Sheen to reside at Moore Park in Surry, he brought down with him, one summer, a gentlewoman, in the character of a house-keeper, whose name was *Johnson*. She was a person of

a surprising genius: few women ever exceeded her in the extent of her reading; none in the charms of conversation. She had seen the world; her address and behaviour were truly polite; and whoever had the pleasure of conversing with her for a quarter of an hour, were convinced that she had known a more genteel walk in life than her present situation confined her to. She was not so happy in her person as her mind; for she was low of stature, and rather fat and thick, than well shaped: yet the imperfection of her shape was fully compensated by a set of fine features, and an excellent complexion, animated by eyes that perfectly described the brightness of her genius. She was, in few words, the same among women, that Sir William Temple was among men. Is it surprising, then, that such similar perfections should attract each other's notice?

This gentlewoman was the widow (as she always averred) of one Johnson, a merchant, who having been unfortunate in trade, afterwards became master of a trading loop, which ran between England and Holland, and there died. He left her, as she said, three children.——The eldest, a daughter, was brought up in London, and there married one Filby, a baker, by whom she had eighteen or nineteen children; and living in a genteel manner, he was soon ruined, and was sent by their friends into the west of England, as a salt-officer; whither she accompanied him, with such of her children as lived.—The second of her children was a son, Edward Johnson; who was put to school at Farnham; and, when of a proper age, was sent abroad, in order to qualify him for trade; but he died there young.—The third and last was her daughter Esther; who only, of all her children, was permitted to reside with her at Moore Park; where she was educated: and her appearance and dress so far exceeded the rank and fortune of her mother, and the rest of the children, that the world soon declared Miss Johnson to be Sir William's daughter. But had dress shewn no distinction between her and the rest of her mother's children, nature had already distinguished her sufficiently. Her mother and brother were both fair; her sister

is said to have been the same. The boy was said to like his father: he therefore must be fair too, as the boy was so to an uncommon degree. Yet Esther's, or, as she was usually called in the family, *Miss Hetty's* eyes and hair were of a most beautiful black; and all the rest of her features bore so strong a resemblance to those of Sir William T——, that no one could be at a loss to determine what relation she had to that gentleman. And could the striking likeness have been overlooked, Sir William's uncommon regard for her, and his attention to her education, must have convinced every unprejudiced person, that Miss Hetty Johnson was the daughter of one who moved in a higher sphere than a Dutch trader.—The respect that Sir William affected to shew the child, induced his family to copy his example; and the neighbouring families behaving in the same manner, she early lost all that servility that must have tinged her manners and behaviour, had she been brought up in dependence, and without any knowledge of her real condition. When or where Sir William thought proper to acquaint her with the history of her birth, we profess not to know; but that he did inform her of the secret, we have reason to presume from the following circumstances. As soon as she was woman enough to be intrusted with her own conduct, she left her mother and Moore Park, and went to Ireland to reside, by the order of Sir William, who was yet alive. She was conducted thither by Swift. But of this I am not so positive, as I am, that her mother parted with her as one who was never to see her again.

Here let me leave the daughter, and return to Mrs Johnson, her mother; who continued to live at Moore Park till the death of Sir William Temple. Soon after which she resided with Lady Gifford*, sister to

* Miss Temple, Sir William's favourite sister, was a lady of uncommon merit and goodness. She was addressed by Sir William Gifford; who dying during the courtship, he begged the young lady to bear his name; and to enable him to leave her his estate, as a proof of his affection, she was married to him on his deathbed, by which means she became intitled to the enjoyment of his large estate.

to Sir William Temple, and his great favourite, as her woman, or house-keeper, or perhaps in both capacities. Upon Lady Gifford's death, she retired to Farnham, and boarded with one Filby, a brother of her daughter's husband; and some time after intermarried with Mr Ralph Mose, a person who had for a long series of years been intrusted, as steward, with the affairs of the family, and had successively served Sir William Temple, Lady Gifford, and Mr Temple. He was a widower, and his first wife had been cook to Sir William Temple. Upon the death of Mr Mose, she went to board with Mrs Mayne of Farnham, a gentlewoman who had a particular esteem for her; and at length retired to Mr Filby's again, and there died, not long after the year 1743. I saw her myself in the autumn of 1742: and although far advanced in years, she still preserved the remains of a very fine face.

The reader may wonder, as numbers have done before, that a woman of her refined sentiments and exquisite taste, should marry such a man as Mose. Many have been the conjectures upon the occasion. Perhaps her eldest daughter's distress might make her desirous of relieving her with the spoils of the old steward; or Mose might be privy to certain secrets that she was unwilling to have divulged; and therefore she might not dare to reject his proposals, for fear of drawing his resentment upon her. It was certainly a match of policy, and the most refined sensibility was in her sacrificed to one who had not the least idea of delicacy. The lady to whom I am obliged for many of these anecdotes, assured me, that she had heard Mrs Mose, in her freer hours, declare, that she was obliged, by indispensable necessity, to marry the man whose servile manners her soul despised; but that religion taught her to fulfil every duty that could possibly be expected from the most affectionate of wives. She had frequently rejected his offers, but was compelled at length to acquiesce.

And that she might not shew herself unworthy of his esteem, she made a vow, (though in her tender youth), never to marry any other man, but to live his widow; and this she faithfully performed.

Were

Were I to attempt to describe her at full length, I might be thought guilty of the highest adulation, so extraordinary was the woman that was destined to please Sir William Temple. Pomfret, in his little poem called *The choice*, is said to have given an exact description of Moor Park; to have delineated Sir William in the account of his own fancy and taste; and to have taken his picture of the female friend and companion from Mrs Johnson; to that piece therefore do I recommend my reader.

While the mother thus spent her hours under the most painful restraint at Farnham, the daughter made surprising advances towards perfection under the tuition of Dr Swift. In her poem, dated Nov. 30. 1721, intitled, *Stella to Dr Swift on his birth-day*, we see, that she attributes all that was excellent in her to his instructions. It is not surprising that her affection towards the Dean should be so great, when we recollect, that it commenced from her earliest age, at a time when she thought that affection entirely innocent; that it was increased by Sir William's often recommending her tender innocence to the protection of Swift, as she had no declared male relation that could be her defender. It was from Sir William's own lessons that she received the first rules for her future conduct, which were afterwards continued by the Dean. And that the world may know what was the result of the joint labours of these two exalted geniuses, I shall relate a little anecdote for which I have undoubted authority.

When Stella, or Miss Johnson, resided at Dublin, her noble air, her genteel appearance, and the visits of many persons of distinction, soon gave rise to a report, that she had a large fortune, and that she kept in her lodgings cash, jewels, and furniture, to a very great value. Such a report in Ireland could not fail of attracting the notice of indigent villany. Stella had no male servant in the house, and no resistance could be expected from a few timorous women. On the night destined to deprive the world of one of its most distinguished ornaments, (for robbery and murder are terms synonymous there), Stella had dismissed her woman for the night; and not finding an inclination for sleep,

she took a book, and read for some time, being all undressed, with only a wrapping gown over her. When she had read a while, she removed the candle to its place for the night, as she always kept a light burning; and kneeling by her bedside, she was more than once disturbed by a noise at her window. She performed her devotions, however, with great calmness and attention; a duty that she never omitted; and then arising, and advancing towards the place from whence the sound proceeded, she saw, through the sash, a man who seemed to stand upon a ladder, and to be waiting for her putting out the candle, to begin his enterprize. The sex in general, upon such an occasion, would have fainted, screamed out, or attempted to have run out of the chamber. Not so the daughter of Sir William Temple. She knew the cruel temper of the vulgar Irish, and took not the least apparent notice of the thief; but seeming to look for something, she went directly to her closet; from whence she returned immediately; and throwing up the sash with her left hand, and drawing out a pistol from under her loose wrapping gown with her right, she fired at the villain; who immediately dropped from the ladder. She then called up the family; and the watch coming soon after at the noise of the pistol, his confederates were obliged to fly, and never afterwards attempted to disturb her. In this case Providence seems to have assisted her in an extraordinary manner: for had she gone to bed at her usual time, or had she not employed an hour or two in reading, the censorious world would never have had it in their power to attribute her death to the pride of Dean Swift.

Lord Orrery thinks this accomplished lady fell a sacrifice to the peculiarity of her fate. I cannot oppose this opinion of his Lordship: a person of her delicate sensibility might be greatly affected by her frequent reflections on her disagreeable situation. But was it in Swift's power to prevent it?

When Stella went to Ireland, a marriage between her and the Dean could not be foreseen; but when she thought proper to communicate to her friends the Dean's proposal, and her approbation of it, it was then become absolutely necessary for that person, who alone
knew

knew the secret history of the parties concerned, to reveal what otherwise might have been buried in oblivion. But was the Dean to blame, because he was ignorant of his natural relation to Stella? or can he be justly censured, because it was not made known before the day of marriage? — He admired her; he loved her; he pitied her; and when fate had placed the everlasting barrier between them, their affection became a true Platonic love, if not something yet more exalted. I do not deny, but that she might lament the particular oddness of her fate; nor do I deny, but that Swift's natural temper might acquire an additional severity and moroseness from hence, and that he might vent his passion, and revenge himself on the rest of mankind. But his affection for Stella became truly fraternal; and whenever she lamented her unhappy situation, the friend, the tutor, the husband, all in one, mingled his sympathetic tears with hers, and soothed the sharpness of her anxiety and sorrow. — But he despised her family. Was Swift's reputed father then so noble? and to whom did the Dean declare the secret of his soul?

We are sometimes told, that upon the Hanoverian family's succeeding to the throne of Great Britain, Swift renounced all hopes of farther preferment; and that his temper became more morose and more intolerable every year. I acknowledge the fact in part; but it was not the loss of his hopes that soured Swift alone. This was the unlucky epocha of that discovery, that convinced the Dean, that the only woman in the world who could make him happy as a wife, was the only woman in the world who could not be that wife. Could so turbulent a temper be easy under such a mortification? Let those judge, who have been so happy as to have seen this Stella, this Hetty Johnson; and let those who have not, judge from the following description. — Her shape was perfectly easy and elegant; her complexion exquisitely fine; her features were regular, with the addition of that nameless something, that so often exceeds the most exact beauty, and which never fails to add to it when they meet together. Her teeth were beyond comparison; her eyebrows and hair, of the most glossy black; and her

eyes — but those I pretend not to describe; her mein and air were equal to the rest of the piece. Such was her exterior appearance: her mind was yet more beautiful than her person, and her accomplishments were such as to do honour to the man who was so happy as to call her daughter.

Can we wonder, after reflecting upon the foregoing passages, that the Dean and Stella always took care to converse before witnesses, or at least a third person, from that time when they received the proper notice of the secrets of the family, even though they had never taken such precautions before? Can we wonder that they should spend one day in the year in fasting, praying, and tears, from this period to her death? Might it not be the anniversary of their marriage? But it would be unnecessary to say more, since every unprejudiced person must be convinced from the preceeding circumstances, that Hetty Johnson was neither daughter to Sir William Temple's steward, nor could Sir William leave her 1000 l. as a reward for her father's faithful execution of his office, when that steward was not married to her mother till long after the decease of Sir William. He must be convinced also, that Swift had more forcible reasons for not owning Stella for his wife, than his Lordship has allowed; and that it was not his behaviour, but her own unhappy situation, that might perhaps shorten her days.

I have yet a word to say, with respect to Mrs Fenton, the Dean's sister. He is said by Lord Orrery, to have refused all reconciliation with her, on the account of her marriage. But why should he have resented her marriage with a tradesman, any more than her going to service? She lived many years with Lady Gifford, as her woman; and although it is probable that the Dean might disapprove of the match, as her husband, Fenton, was an extravagant careless fellow, and a notorious drunkard; yet, after her husband's and Lady Gifford's death, she retired to Farnham, and boarded with Mrs Mayne, Mrs Mose boarding there at the same time, with whom she lived in the greatest intimacy; and as she had not enough to maintain

tain her, the Dean paid her an annuity as long as she lived; — neither was that annuity a trifle.

If these anecdotes prove agreeable to the public, or should they incite any other persons, who are possessed of proper materials, to throw a new light on these transactions, hitherto so extremely misrepresented; I shall think myself fortunate in having contributed something toward so generous an attempt, as that of acquitting the innocent from the imputation of guilt.

Yours, &c.

C. M. P. G. N. S. T. N. S.

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